Miss America

TEEN-LIFE

September

10¢

Fashions-COMICS CHARM STORIES MOVIES

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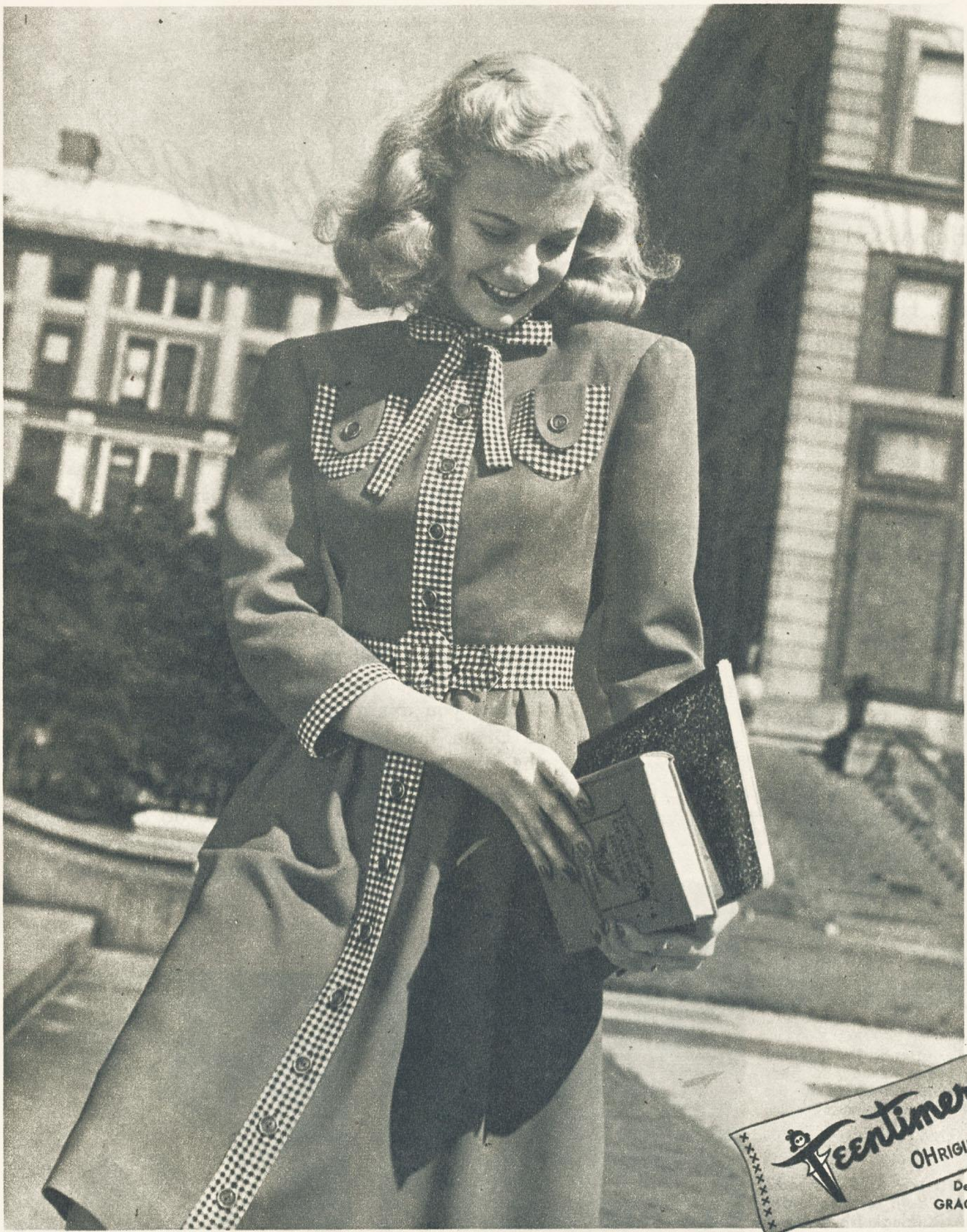


Teentimer
OHRIGINALS
Designed by
GRACE NORMAN

"Checks Appeal" No wonder all the girls at school have such a crush on popular Teentimer fashions. Look at this pretty-bowed check-trimmed honey, so smart for classrooms, so extra smart for dates. In Tecadet cavalry twill rayon, a Labtex Fabric. Teen sizes 8-16. Colors: Red, Royal, Gold, Kelly. About $9.

TECADET
a Labtex Fabric

Look for the Teentimer label at your favorite teen shop, or write for name of nearest store, to:

TEENTIMERS, INC., 1359 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

HOLLYWOOD'S *Younger Set*

Your Hollywood reporter brings you little items of big interest about those West Coast wonders, Hollywood's busy young people. Let's follow May around her star-studded beat . . . .

By May Mann

THERE'S a certain lad in New York who has a terrific crush on Diana Lynn—or so I gather from his letters requesting Yours Truly to play a John Alden to his Miles Standish. (There, Chickies, if you're up on your literature, you'll know what I mean.) Anyway, since I'm a girl, he knows I won't be speaking for myself, so I called up Diana to let her know the good news: that she has another admirer!

Now you might think this wouldn't matter to Diana, because she has *soooo* many. But she was very pleased. At the time, she was busy packing to leave on a Purple Heart tour, and I said, "Diana, what do you do on your tours?" She replied that she visits the servicemen in the hospitals. (*Continued on page* 49)

Shirley Temple attends the opening of the Icecapades Revue and finds herself an added attraction to the show as fans swarm for autographs.

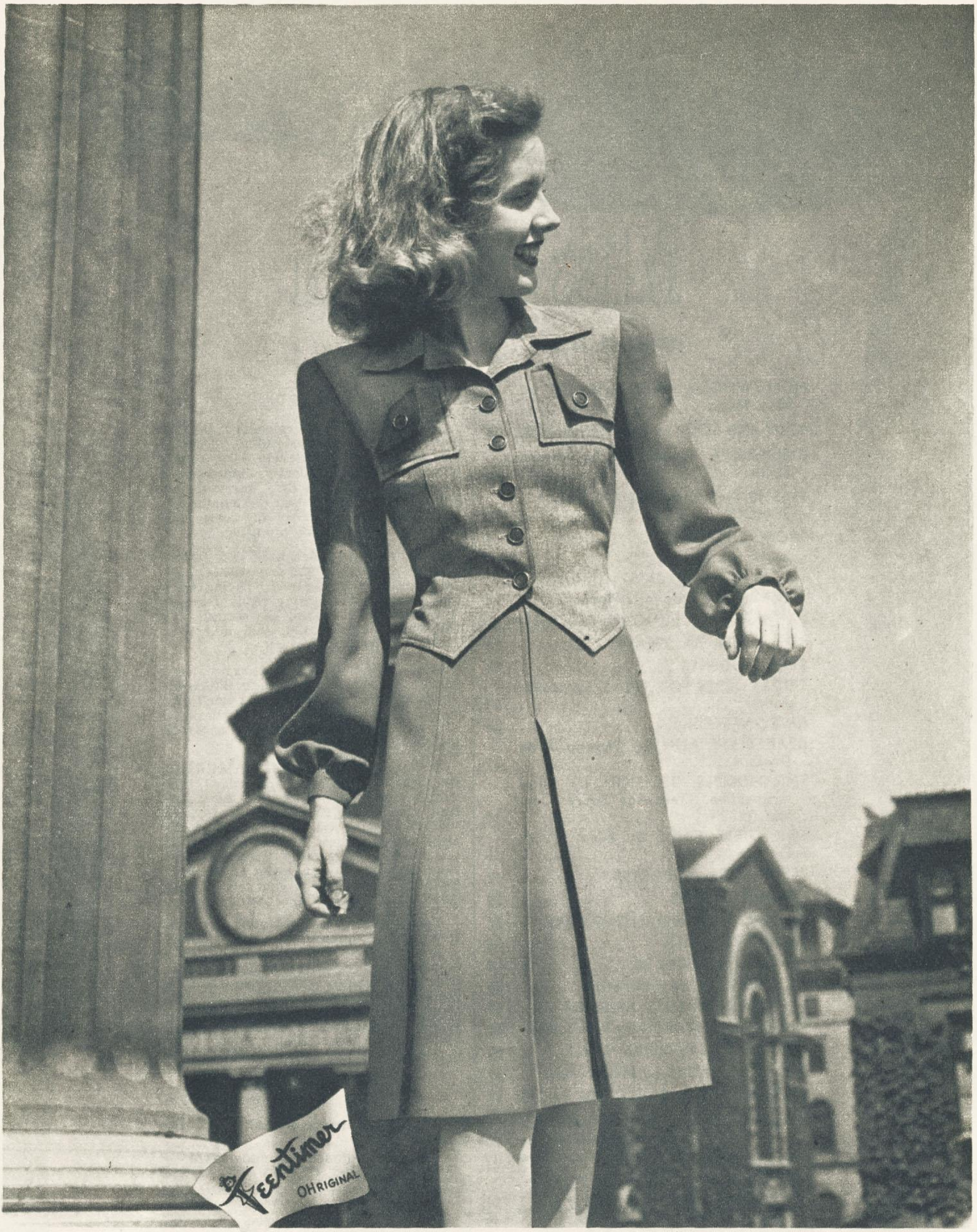
☆

Frankie is guest star on Bing's radio show—and they both seem so happy about the whole thing! It's a dream come true for all their enthusiasts.

☆

Gloria de Haven, new and charming young star, finds friendly fans waiting wherever she goes. Looks as if she'll get writer's cramp—and love it!

☆



Jordan Marsh

STUDENT PRINCESS BY TEENTIMER is a neat little treat for the fashion-right teen-ager! The weskit jacket in Cohama Frostpoint rayon with contrasting full sleeves—and trim, slim skirt in cavalry twill, a Labtex rayon fabric.

In Teen Sizes 10 to 16. Red with grey, green with grey, royal with grey and fuchsia with grey. $9.95.

Marsha Jordan Shop, Fourth Floor.

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in this issue...

Miss America

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HELLO, GIRLS:

Take a look at that calendar! Isn't it awful the way *"tempus fugit!"* I mean, of course, that those lovely, lazy, sunny summer *daze* have silently slipped away as though they were in a hurry to get somewhere. It seems that the minute our backs are turned another day comes and goes into a mysterious unknown.

But it's good to look back at a yesterday full of laughter and fun, meeting new people, seeing new places; saying hello and goodbye and getting ready for that Tomorrow just around the corner. It's the little things, really, that add to a richer and fuller life.

And talking about Tomorrow, isn't school inching its way back into your young life in a vast hurry! I don't like to rub it in, girls, but isn't this the time of year you get your school wardrobe together?

Well, in this month's MISS AMERICA we present a collection of school time clothes chosen to express *you*, the American school girl. Clothes for classrooms that will inspire you to be your most efficient self; clothes for extra-curricular fun; clothes for rainy Saturdays, for sunny Sundays, for every day of the term: So help yourself to your own MISS AMERICA fashions for back to school.

Your next issue is chockful of surprises. It was my intention to keep our surprises a surprise—but—well, after all, I am a daughter of Eve; therefore, how can anybody expect me to refrain from shouting the news that Esther Williams tells you about her date with VAN JOHNSON. Esther promised me she would really tell all—and she has. (Sigh! Sigh!) But that's only *one* surprise; there'll be more!

Affectionately,
Jean Goodman

Cover: Kodachrome by Hal Reiff: • Jackets by Derby Sportswear • Hats by Dobbs
Sweaters by Lynn Knitting Mills

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ΦΔΘ
Back To Books
with
Judy Kent
an Original Judy Kent Creation

Judy Kent knows all the answers to what goes for glamour in a gal's blouse wardrobe. Two picked for high honors...paced to your on-the-go life... whether you're gabbing between classes, dashing to a game, or dating the B.M.O.C. White, yellow or pink washable rayon crepe. Sizes 10 to 16. **2.98**

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Body and Soul . . .

I REALLY wanted to talk about something that is of intimate concern to you girls, but right now something occurs to me and I can't help putting it down first.

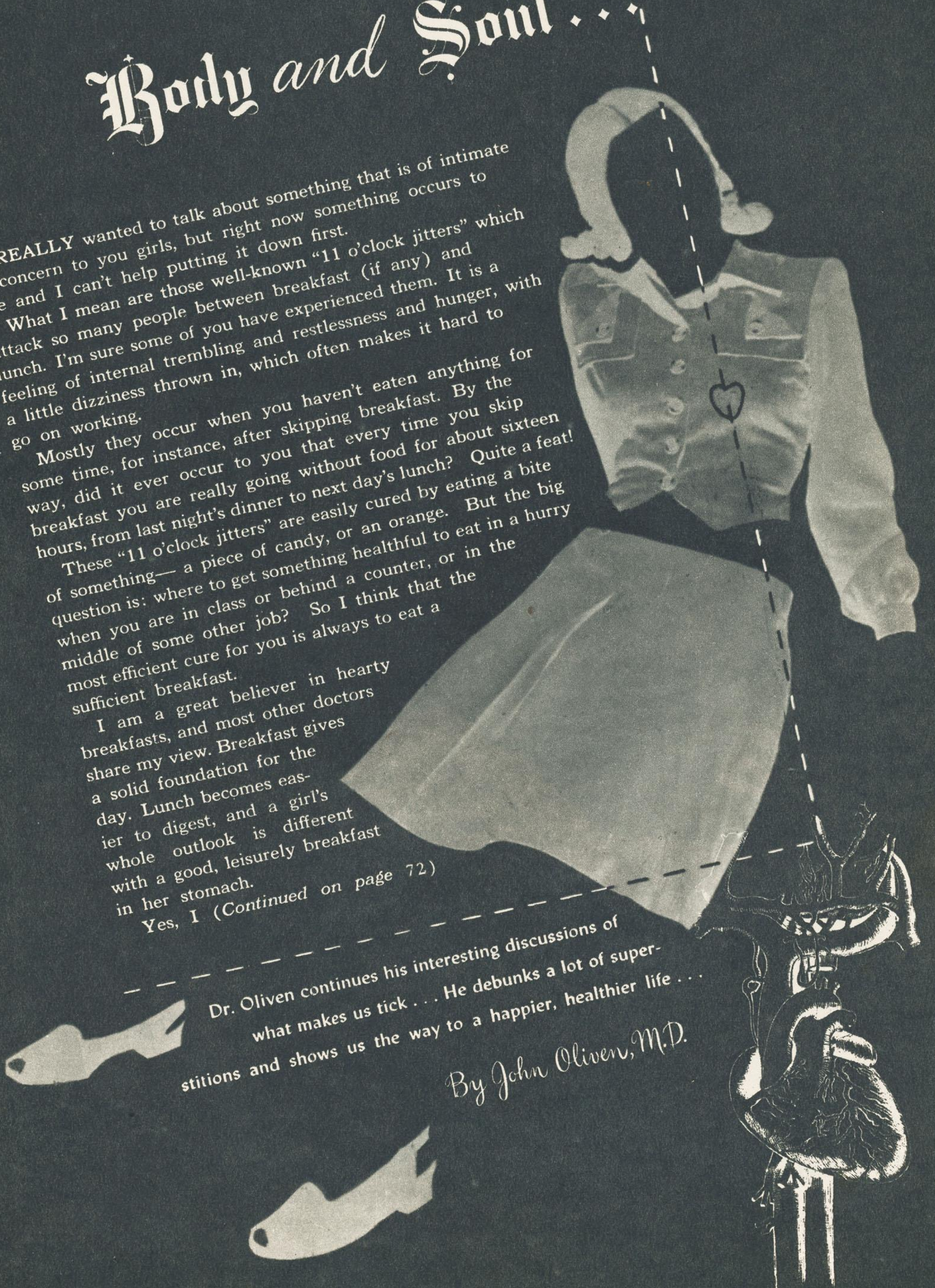
What I mean are those well-known "11 o'clock jitters" which attack so many people between breakfast (if any) and lunch. I'm sure some of you have experienced them. It is a feeling of internal trembling and restlessness and hunger, with a little dizziness thrown in, which often makes it hard to go on working.

Mostly they occur when you haven't eaten anything for some time, for instance, after skipping breakfast. By the way, did it ever occur to you that every time you skip breakfast you are really going without food for about sixteen hours, from last night's dinner to next day's lunch? Quite a feat!

These "11 o'clock jitters" are easily cured by eating a bite of something— a piece of candy, or an orange. But the big question is: where to get something healthful to eat in a hurry when you are in class or behind a counter, or in the middle of some other job? So I think that the most efficient cure for you is always to eat a sufficient breakfast.

I am a great believer in hearty breakfasts, and most other doctors share my view. Breakfast gives a solid foundation for the day. Lunch becomes easier to digest, and a girl's whole outlook is different with a good, leisurely breakfast in her stomach.

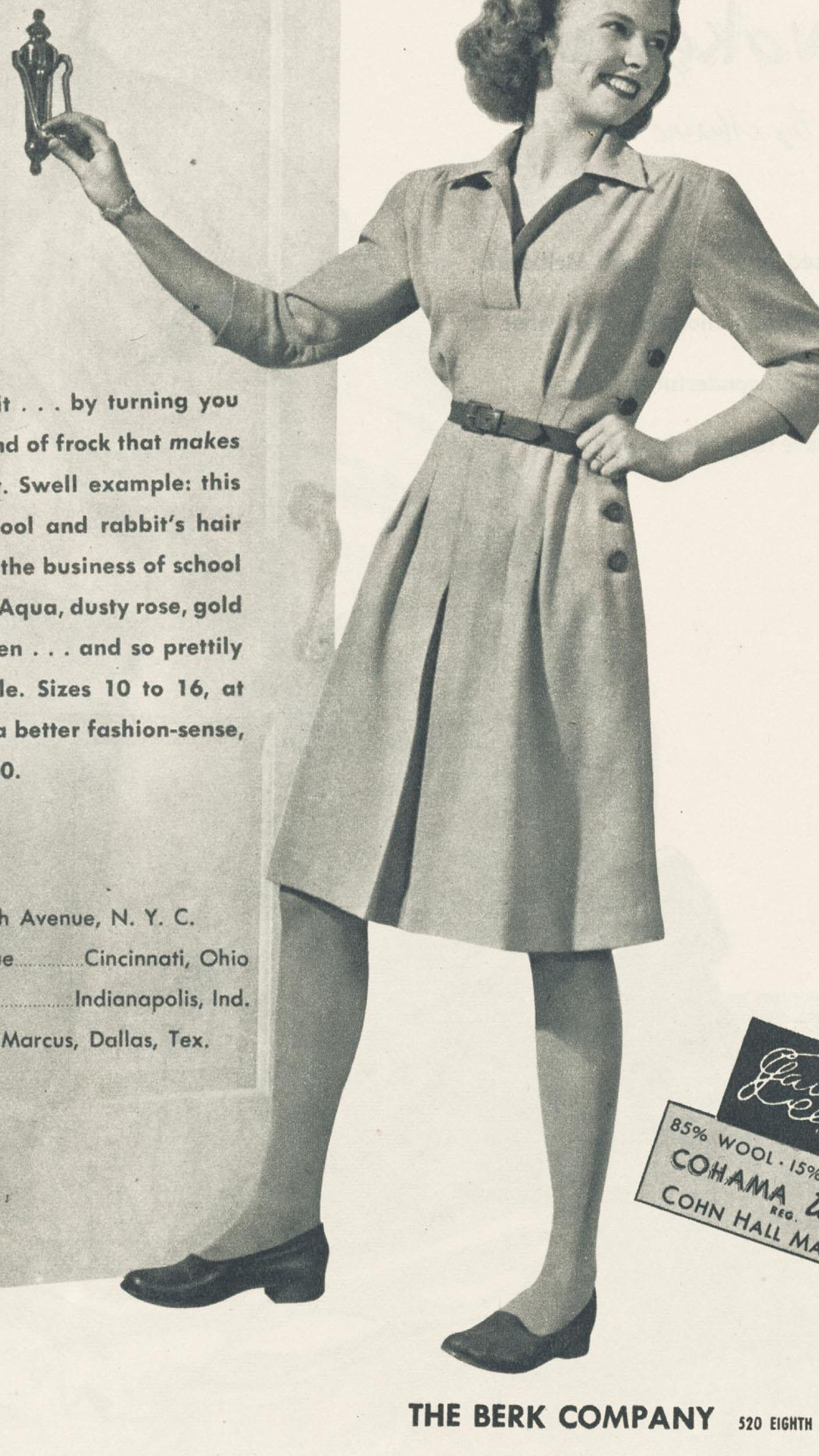
Yes, I (*Continued on page 72*)



Dr. Oliven continues his interesting discussions of what makes us tick . . . He debunks a lot of superstitions and shows us the way to a happier, healthier life . . .

By John Oliven, M.D.

Gail Berk insists that you're *prettiest!*



and proves it . . . by turning you out in the kind of frock that *makes* you prettiest. Swell example: this COHAMA wool and rabbit's hair number, for the business of school or business. Aqua, dusty rose, gold or Kelly green . . . and so prettily femme fatale. Sizes 10 to 16, at stores with a better fashion-sense, about $17.00.

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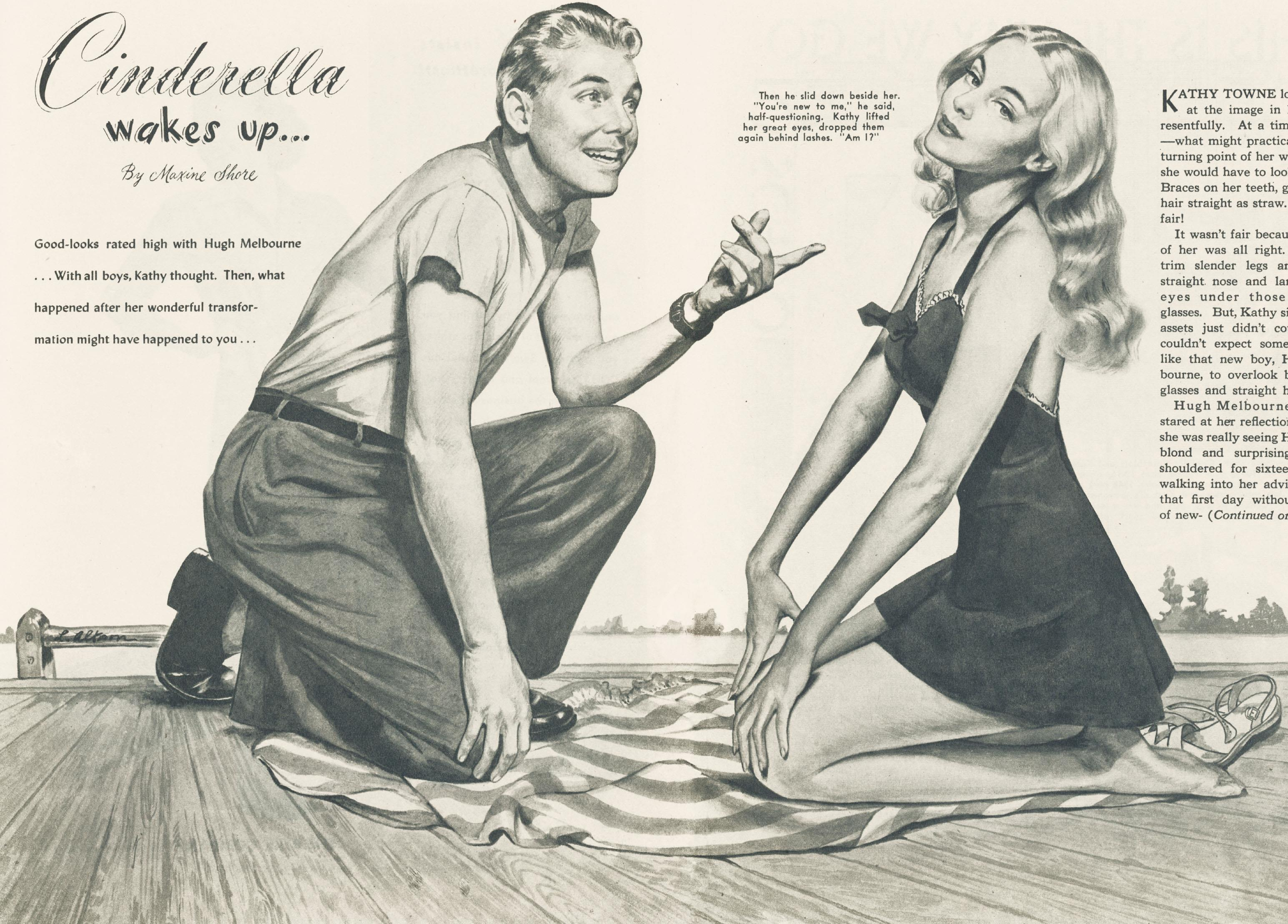
Cinderella wakes up...

By Maxine Shore

Good-looks rated high with Hugh Melbourne . . . With all boys, Kathy thought. Then, what happened after her wonderful transformation might have happened to you . . .



Then he slid down beside her. "You're new to me," he said, half-questioning. Kathy lifted her great eyes, dropped them again behind lashes. "Am I?"

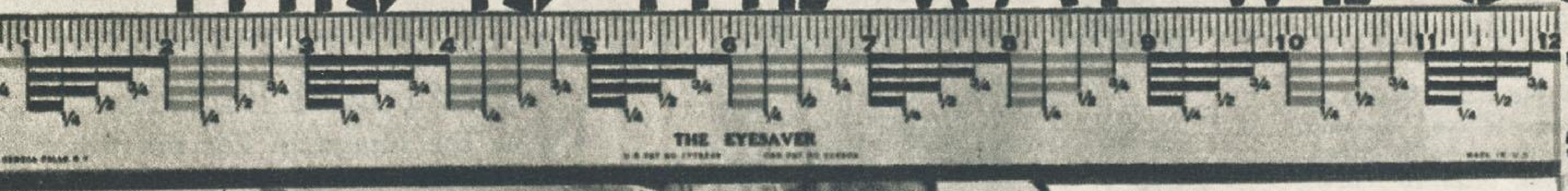
KATHY TOWNE looked back at the image in her mirror resentfully. At a time like this—what might practically be the turning point of her whole life—she would have to look like this! Braces on her teeth, glasses, and hair straight as straw. It wasn't fair!

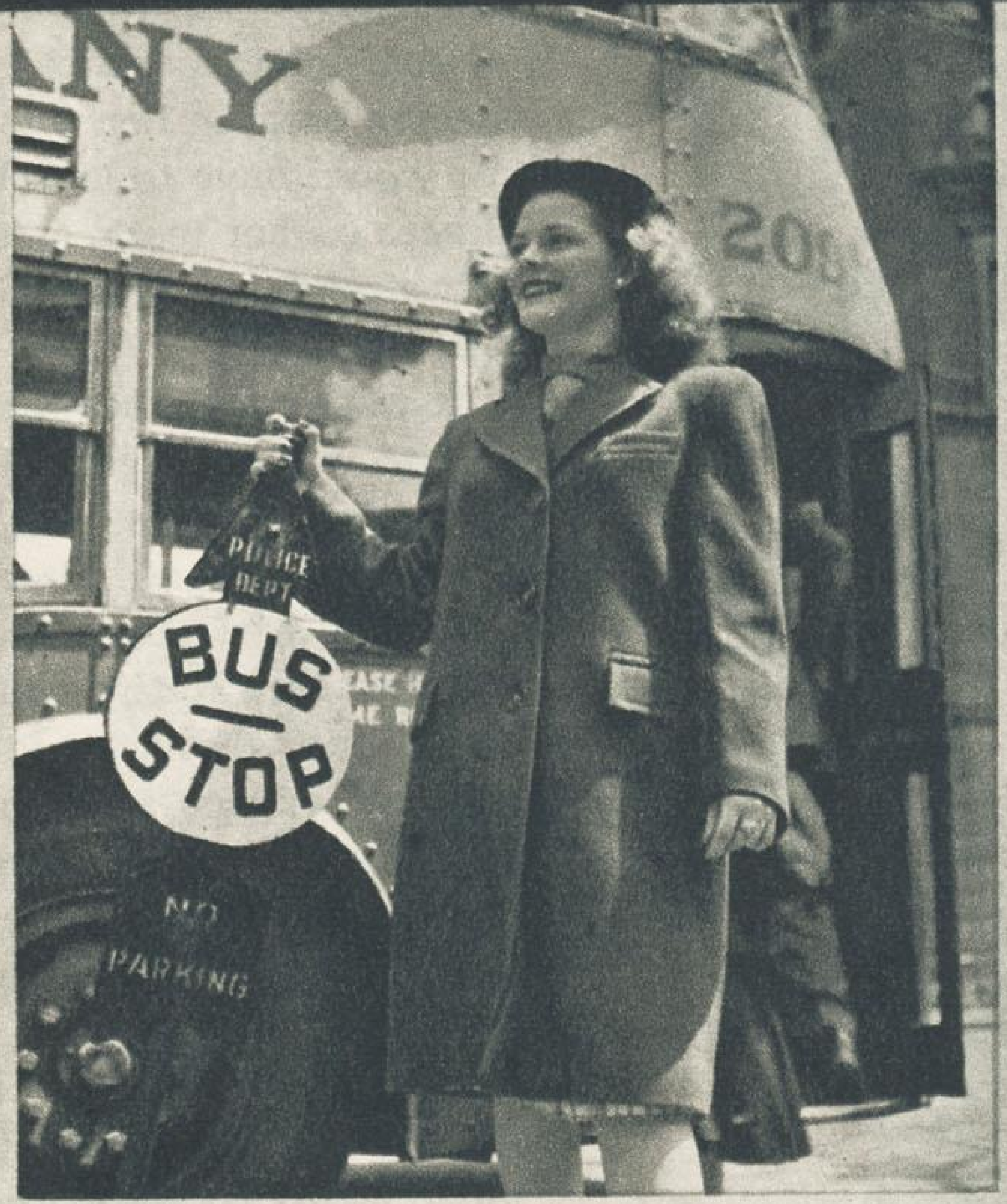
It wasn't fair because the rest of her was all right. She had trim slender legs and a pert straight nose and large smoky eyes under those offending glasses. But, Kathy sighed, such assets just didn't count. You couldn't expect someone super like that new boy, Hugh Melbourne, to overlook braces and glasses and straight hair.

Hugh Melbourne. Kathy stared at her reflection, but now she was really seeing Hugh—tall, blond and surprisingly broad-shouldered for sixteen. Hugh, walking into her advisory room that first day without a trace of new- *(Continued on page 72)*

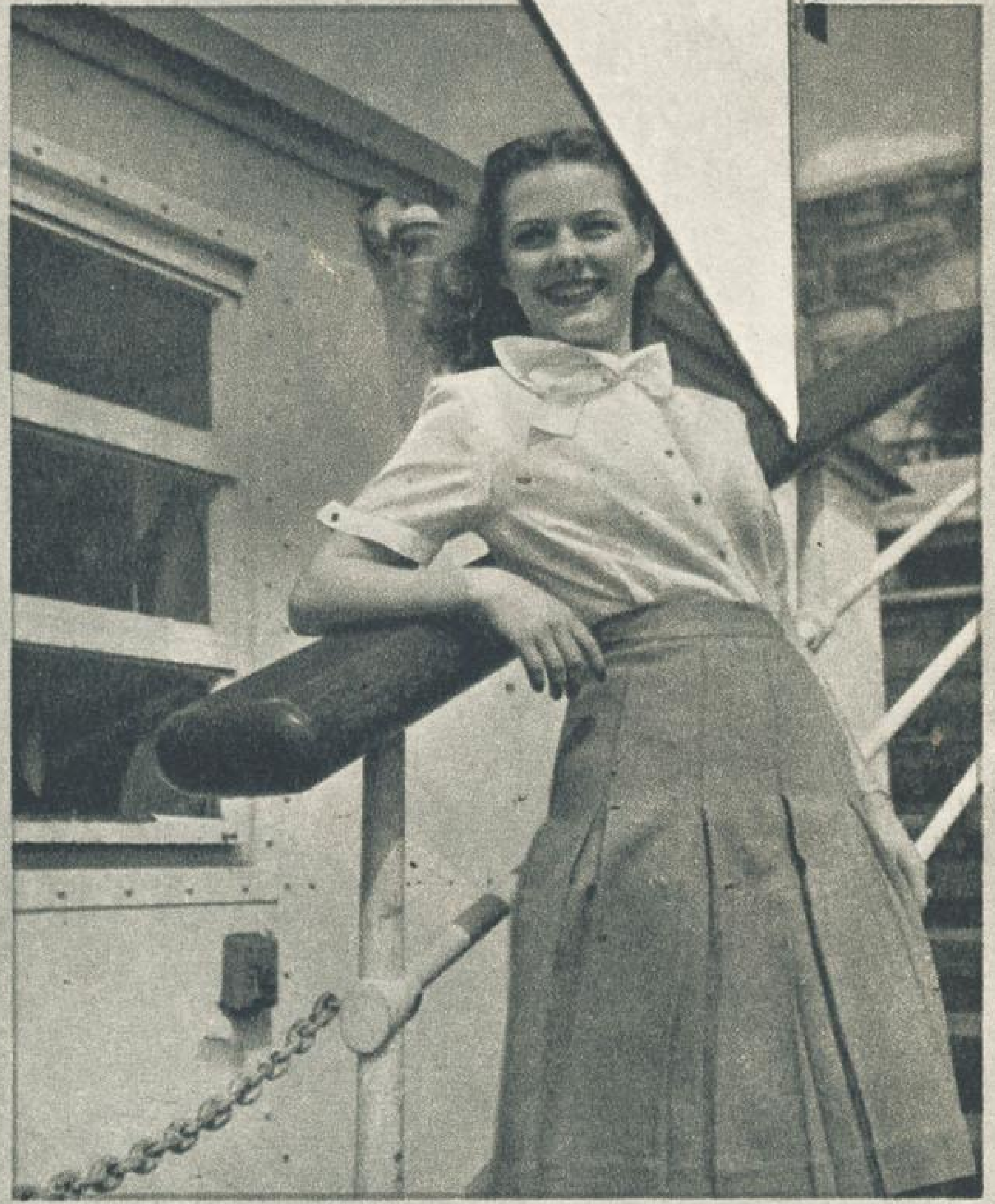
THIS IS THE WAY WE GO TO SCHOOL

and it's "full sail ahead" into the best semester ever, in a busy-minded, budget-minded wardrobe, selected by Miss America to win you top marks in Taste and Quality . . .

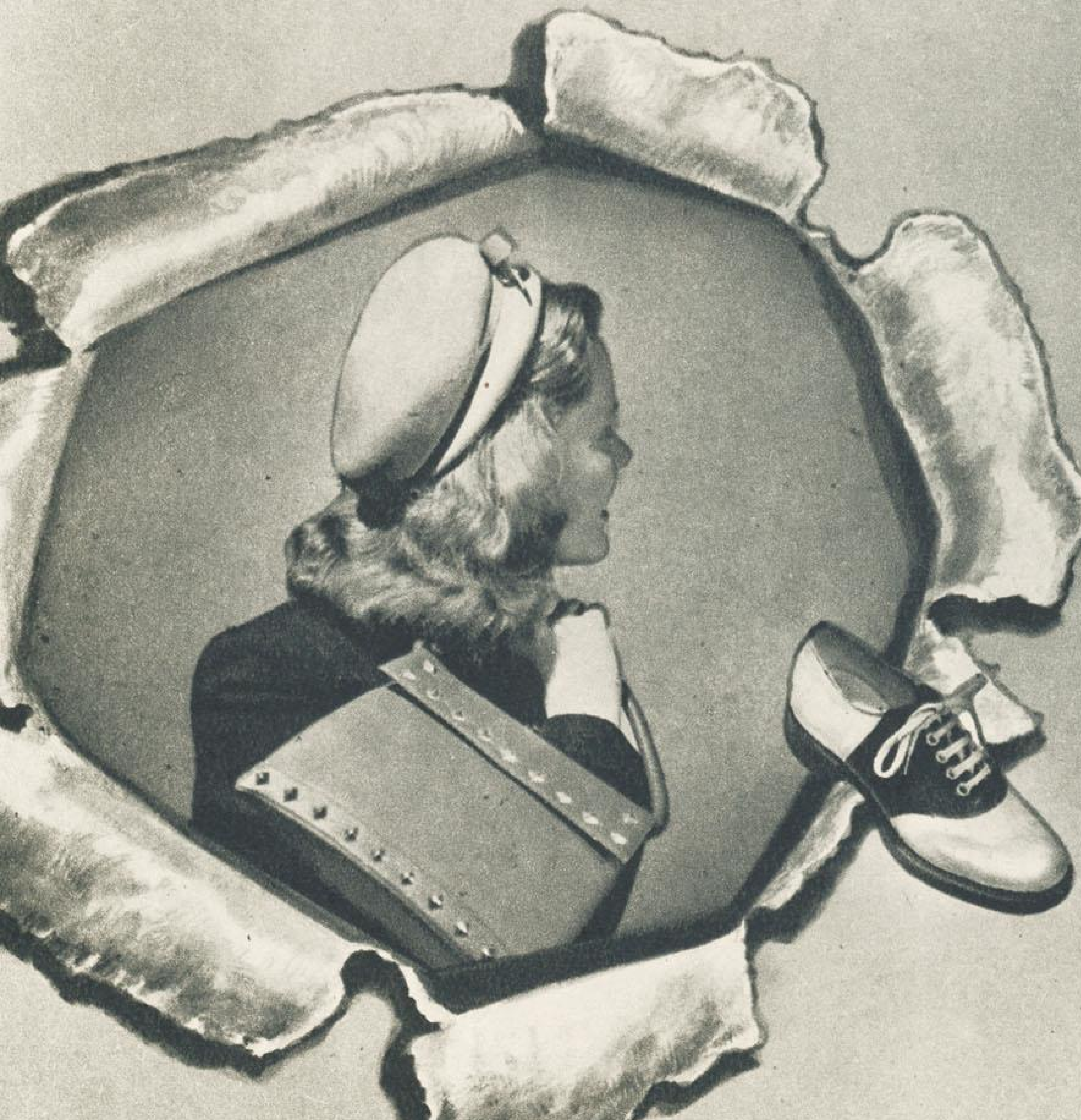




All-purpose coat. Consider Rosenblatt and Kahn's velvet-collared, 100% wool classic, sizes 10-16, about $25 in a choice of colors. Top with Salfair's 1945 pork pie hat with the telescope crown, and Kimball's crayon-striped, hand-woven Chilean woolen scarf and you're set for school—or 'most anywhere. Hat and scarf, about $3. each.



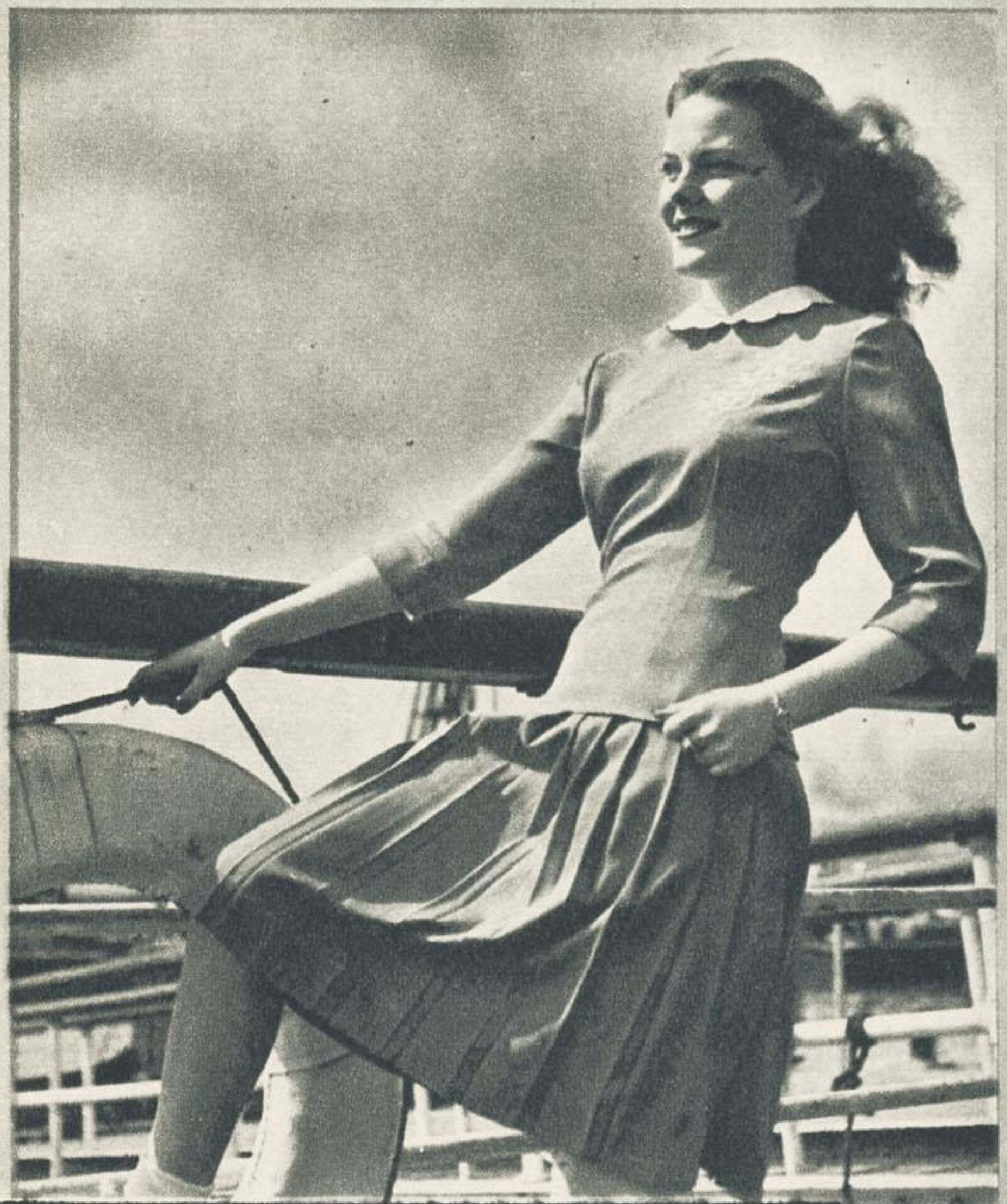
Lacher's "jewel" studded, bow-necked, white rayon crepe blouse. About $5. Sizes 10-16. Sportrix neat gray 100% wool flannel skirt has good box pleats to go all around you. Comes in sizes 10-16, at about $8.



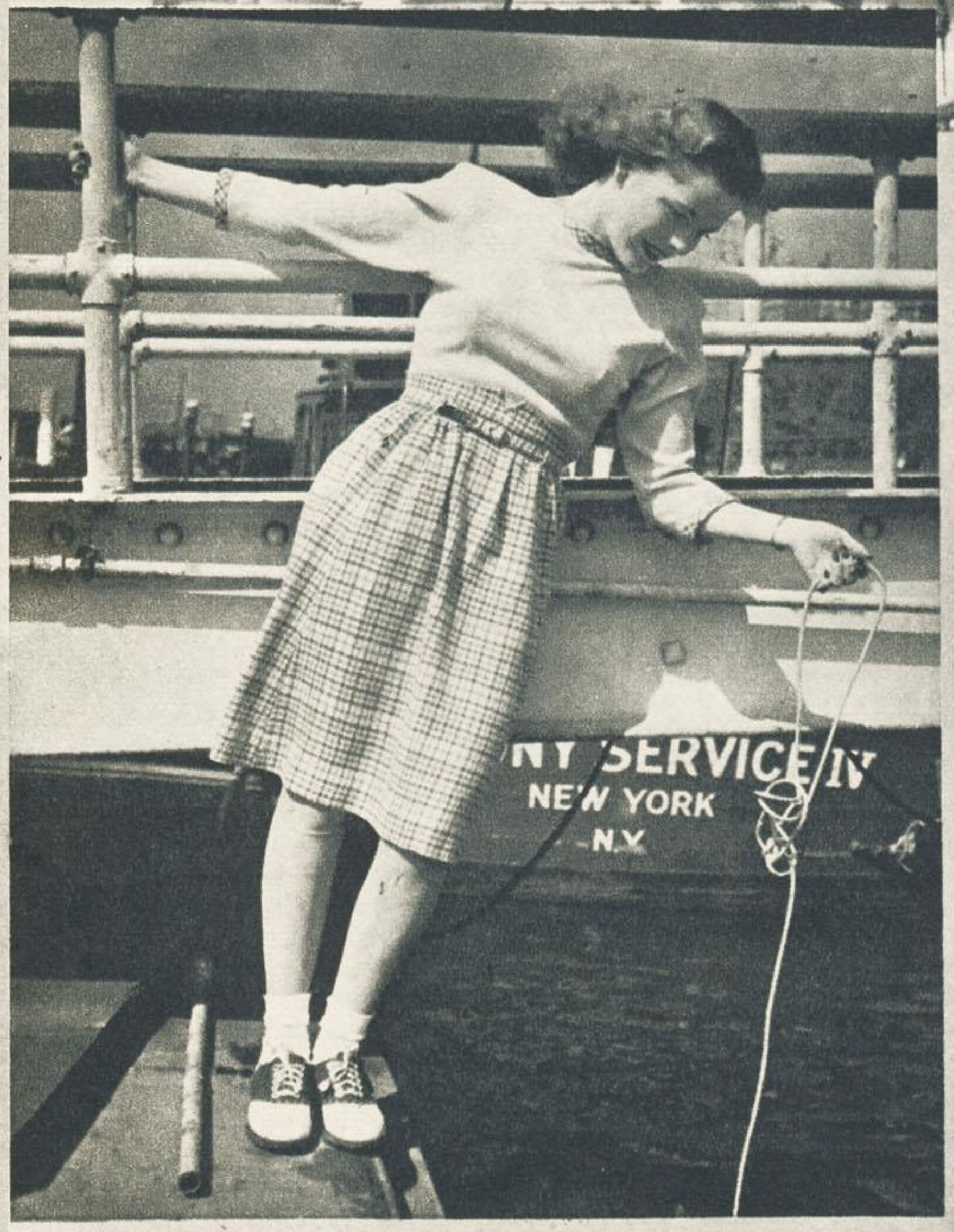
Happy young Playtopper by Salfair. Bloused crown cloche with padded brim in all newest fall colors. About $3. Belt Modes bag in lammie cape comes in fall colors with sparkling nailhead trim. About $5. All stores.

Shoes—Sportsters by Sandler of Boston.

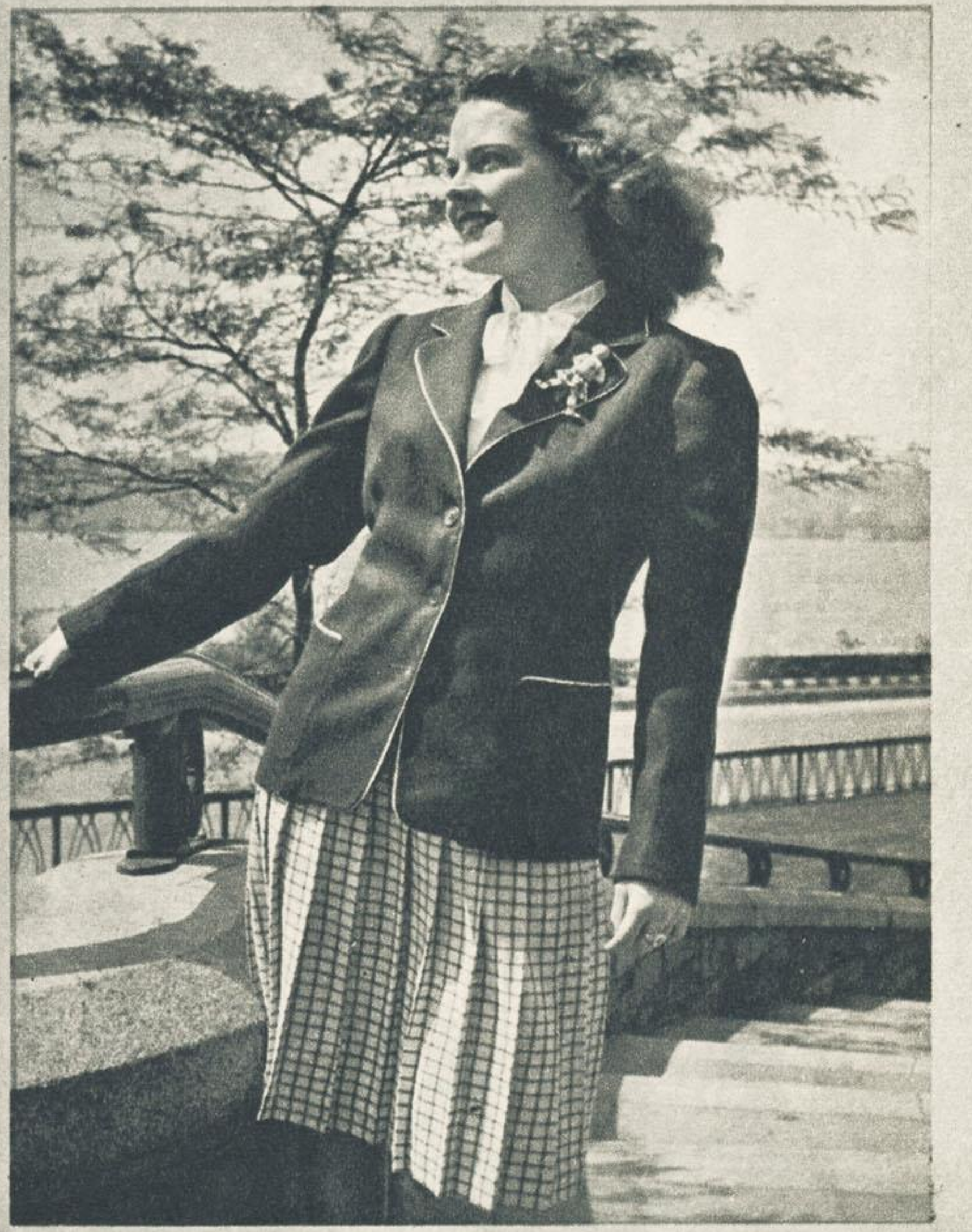
*All styles shown available in leading department stores and specialty shops.



Your all-weather dress—Teen-Set's jaunty two-piecer in rayon gabardine. Top buttons down your back, skirt is pleated all 'round, and a bit of melody sings out from your left shoulder. About $8. Sizes 10-16, in lime, rose, aqua, blue and red.



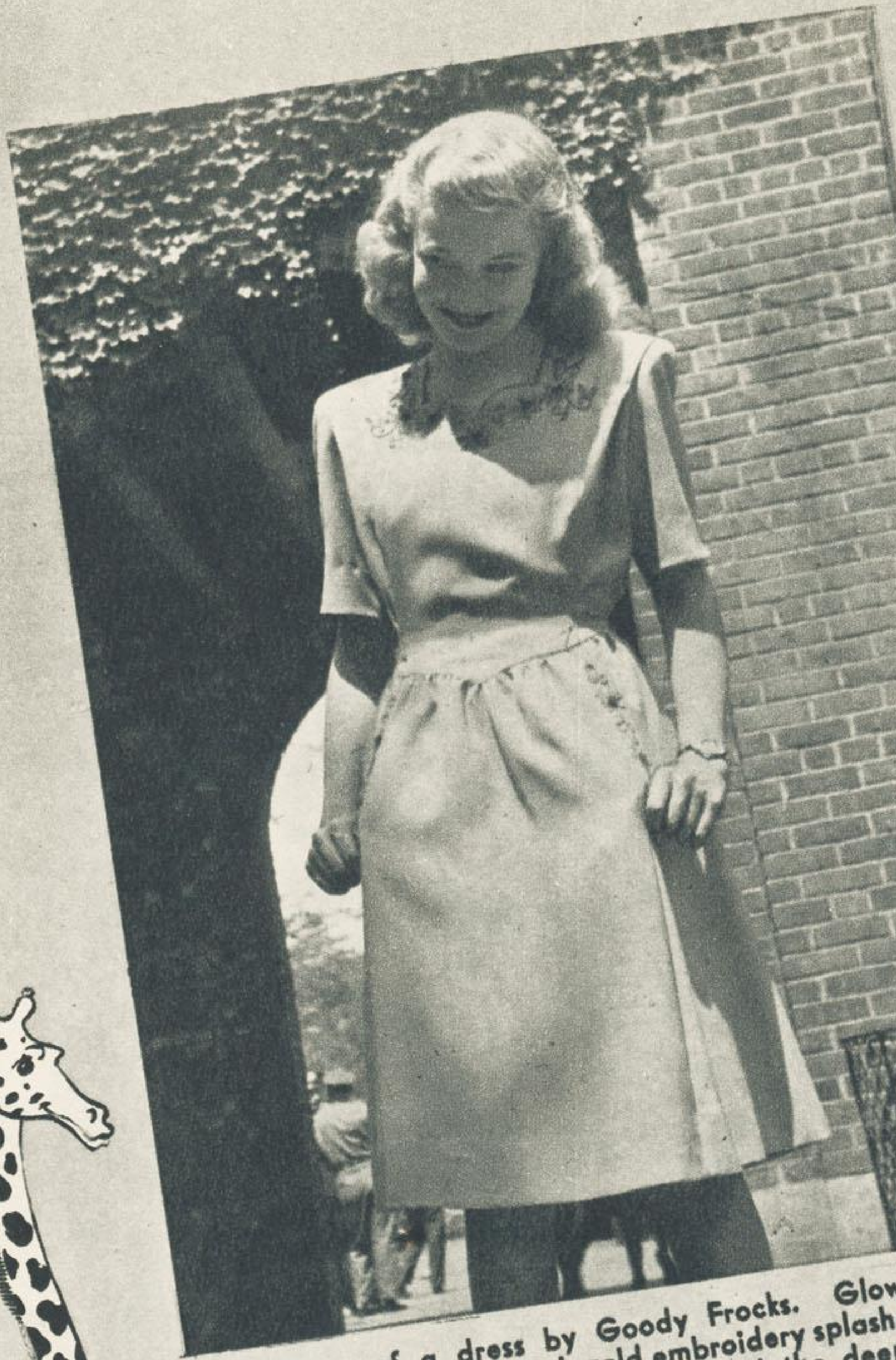
Made just for you is Junior First's double delight with beige 100% wool cashmere built-up waist and softly gathered checked wool skirt with matching check trim circling sweet neckline and sleeves. Sub-Junior sizes 7-15. About $13.



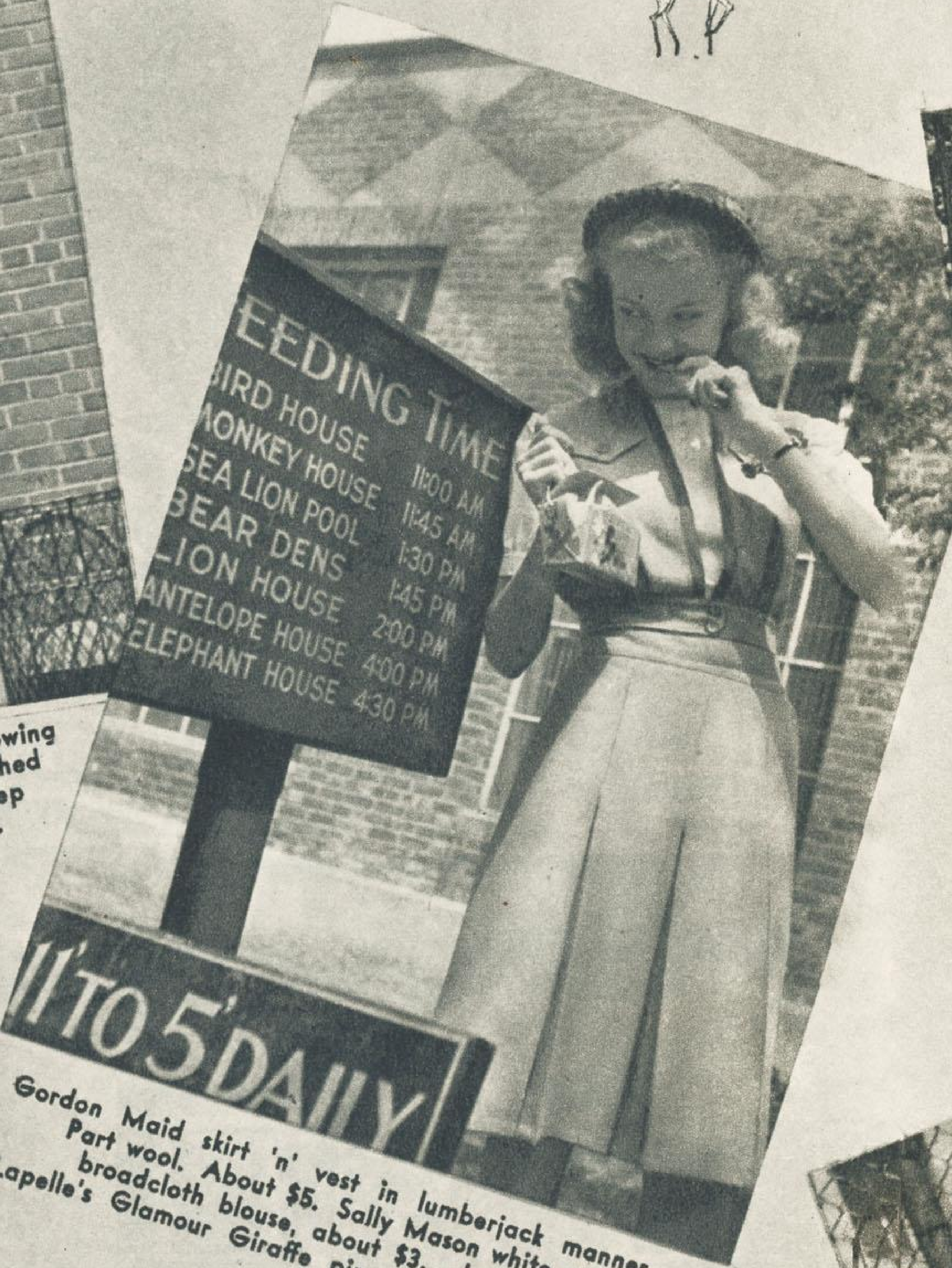
Mademoiselle Modes suit for smo-o-oth sailing. 100% wool jacket in green, red, navy or brown, teams with Tat-Is-All checked, 100% wool skirt in matching colors. Jacket, about $12., skirt, $8. Sizes 10-16. Add Lapelle's Sweater Girl pin for fun! $1.

from A to Zoo..

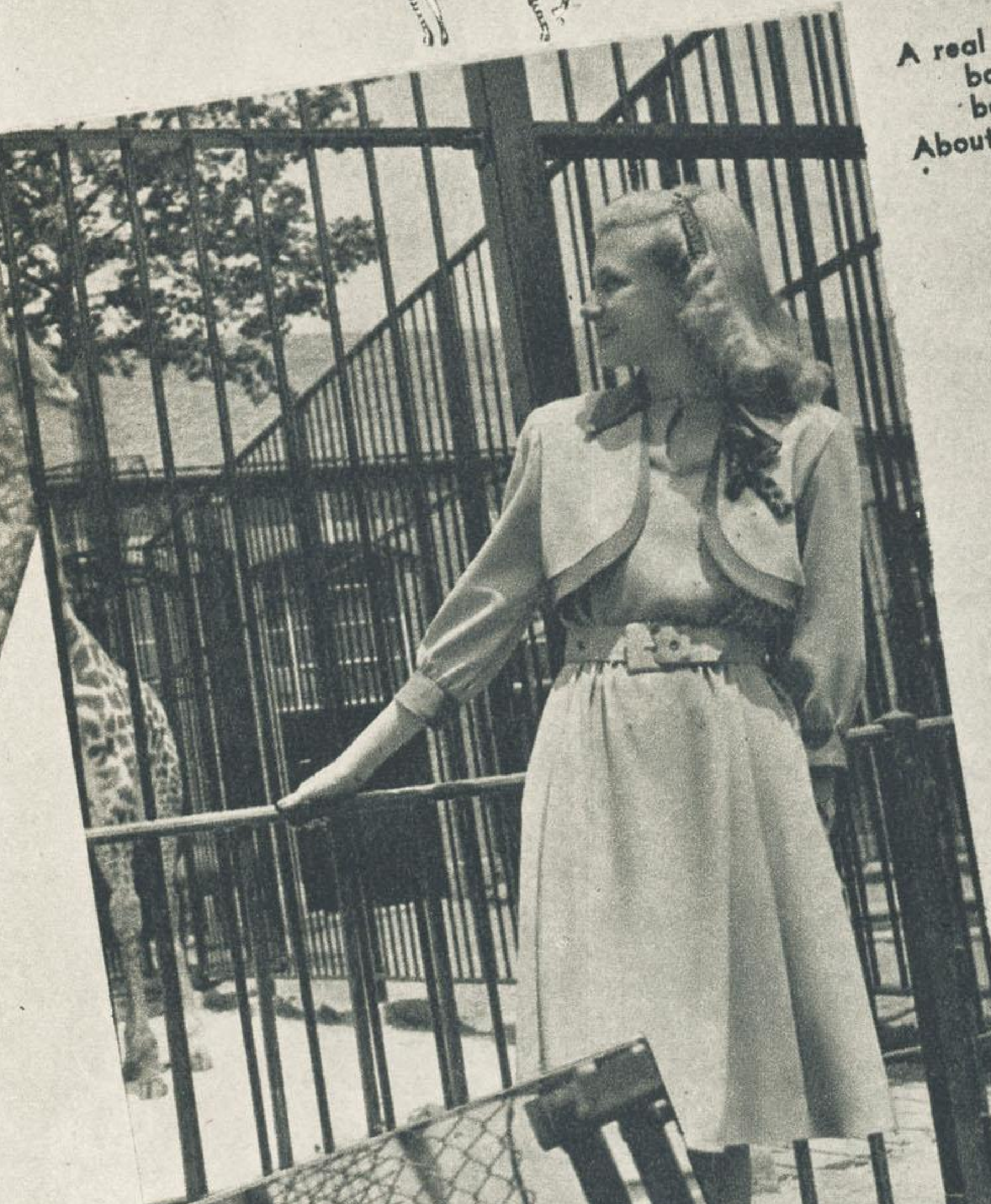
Here are some wardrobe alternates and extras that can make history for you. We show them against the Natural History background of the Central Park Zoo.



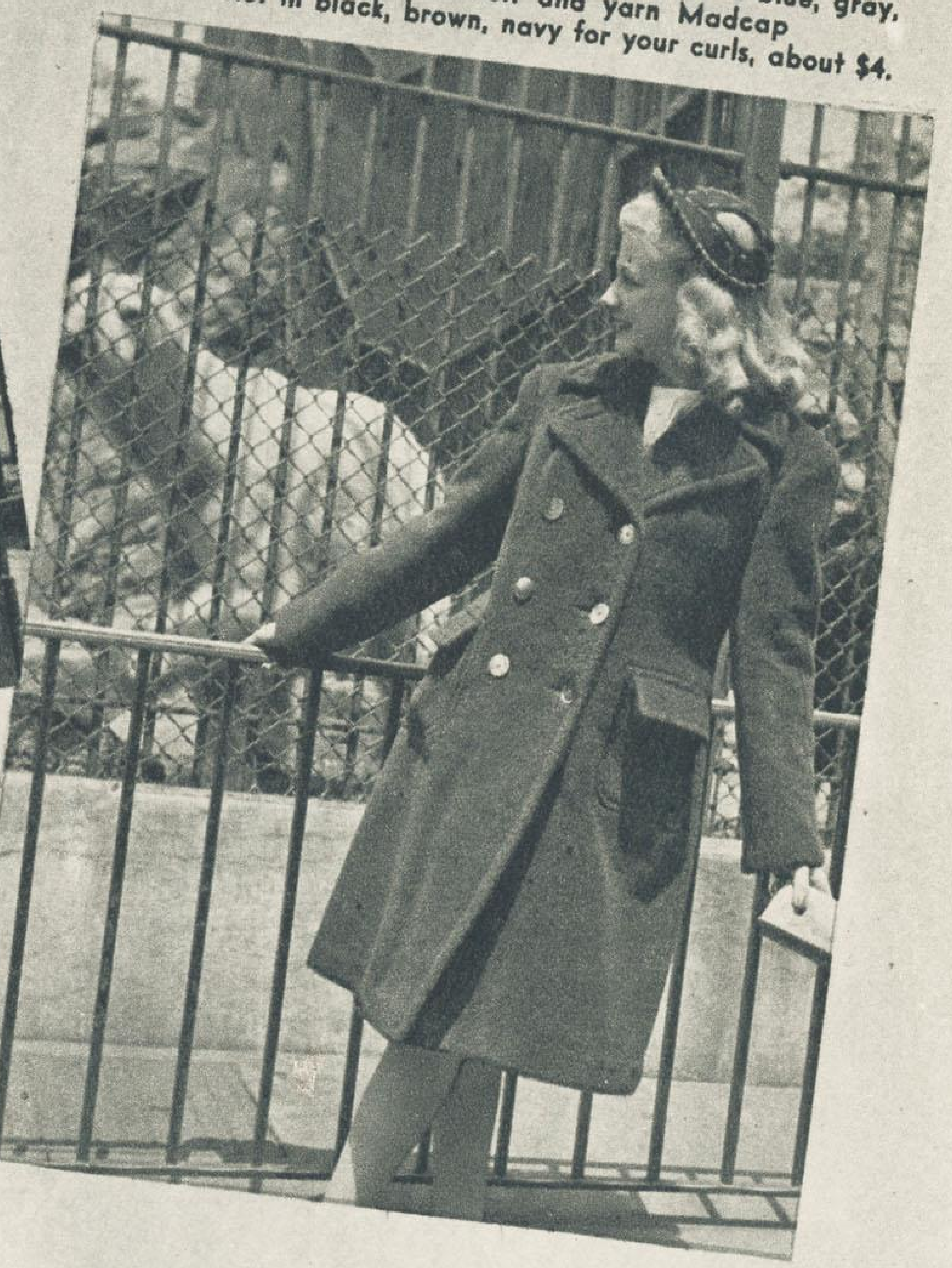
A darling of a dress by Goody Frocks. Glowing gold rayon gabardine with gold embroidery splashed gaily around the sweetheart neck and the deep slash pockets. About $11.



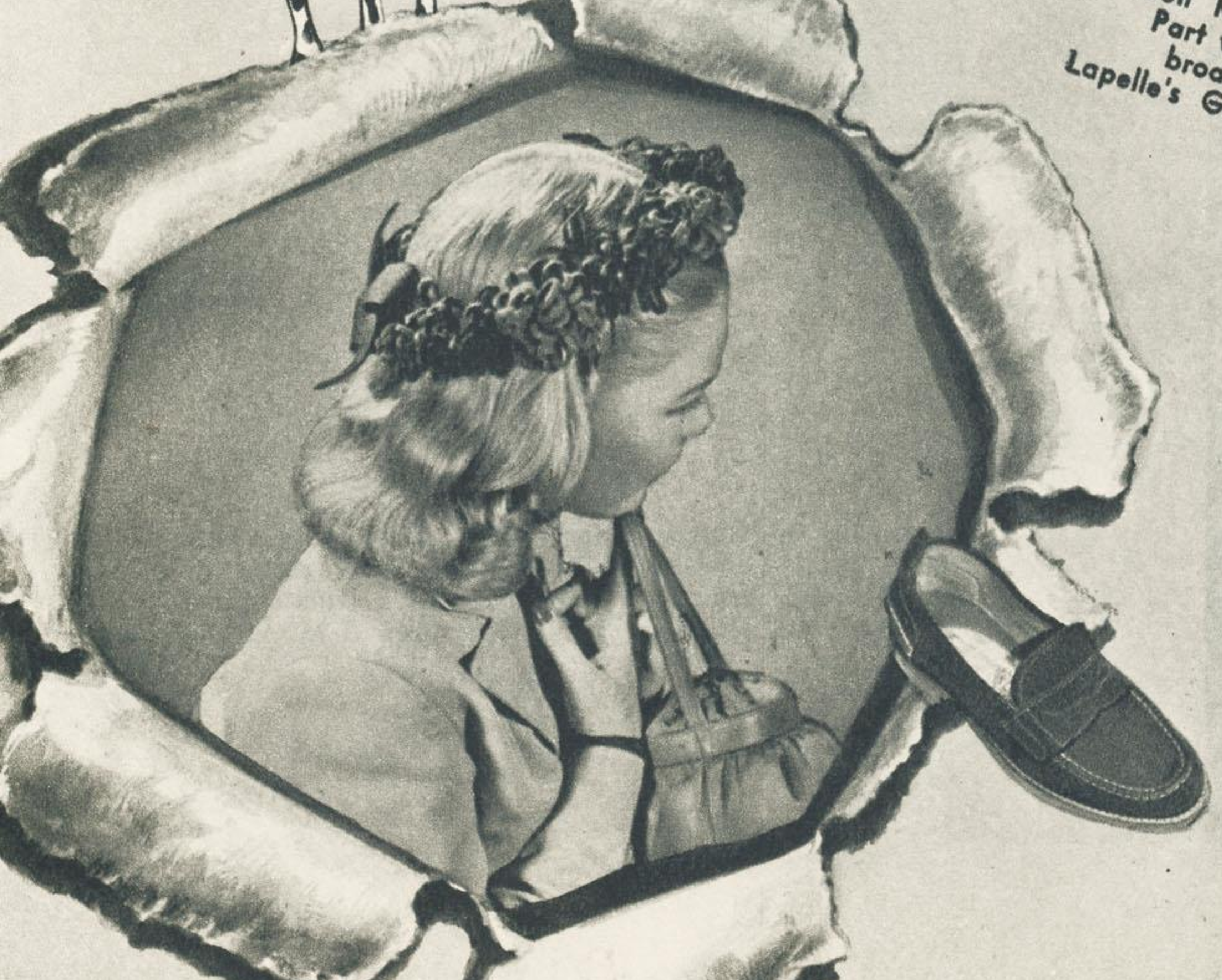
Gordon Maid skirt 'n' vest in lumberjack manner. Part wool. About $5. Sally Mason white pin-tucked broadcloth blouse, about $3. Just for spice, Lapelle's Glamour Giraffe pin, $1.



A real eyecatcher designed by Goody Frocks. Dashing bolero effect dress in aqua rayon gabardine with bold brown trim, flare skirt, and wide pirate belt. About $11. Central Park's giraffe is in love with his counterpart by Lapelle!



Debuteen coat in Alpena knit back fleece with double breasted front, belted back, roomy pockets. In brown, mint green, raspberry, Allied blue, gray, navy. About $25. Felt and yarn Madcap circlet in black, brown, navy for your curls, about $4.



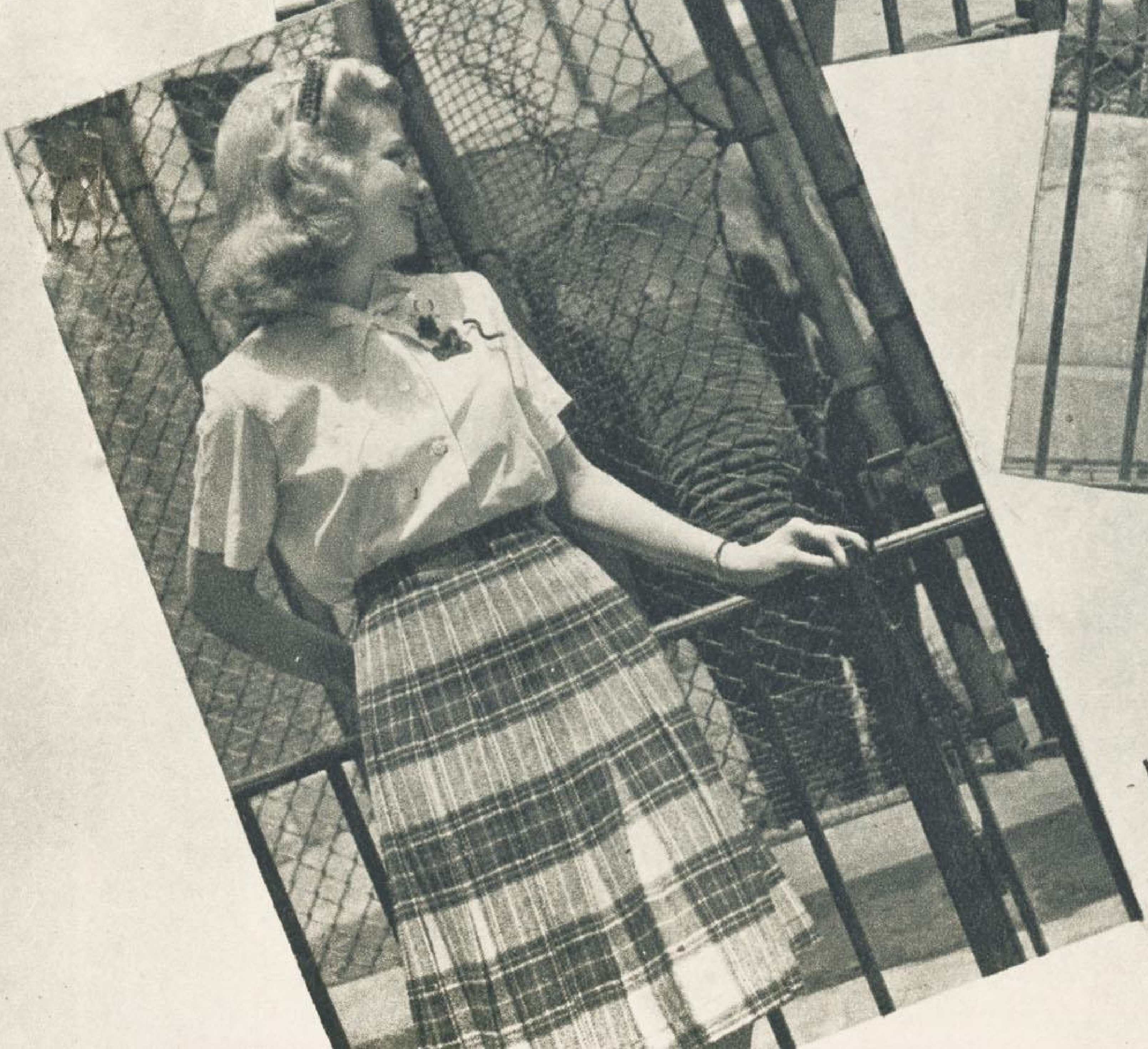
Here's your hat—for look-pretty-please occasions. Madcap's circlet of felt flowers with a back bow, about $4. All color combinations.

Shoes—Sportsters by Sandler of Boston.

*Hair ornaments by Ben Hur.

Bag by Belt Mode. Lammie cape drawstring. Fall colors. About $4.

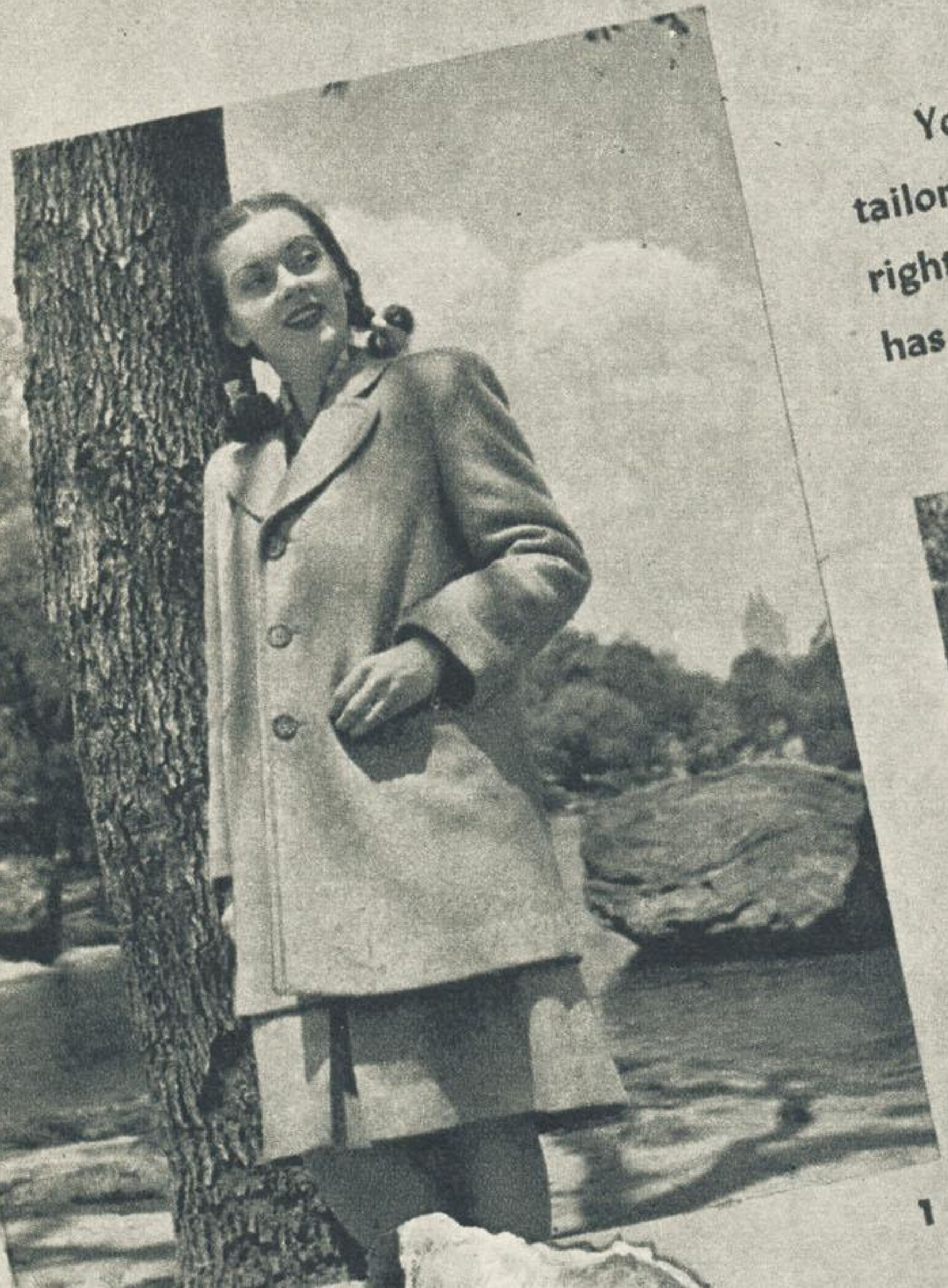
**All fashions shown available in leading department stores and specialty shops in high school sizes 10-16.



Lortogs presents indispensable blouse and skirt outfit. Skirt, 100% Shetland wool plaid, about $8. Bow-tie blouse in white rayon crepe, about $3. Lapelle's gentle Cow-Cow pin meets the wild animals at the Zoo. $1.

Major in Classics

You can't look out-of-place if you have the tailored look. Classic clothes have been proved right for you and the well-brought-up wardrobe has a solid foundation of these "tried and trues".



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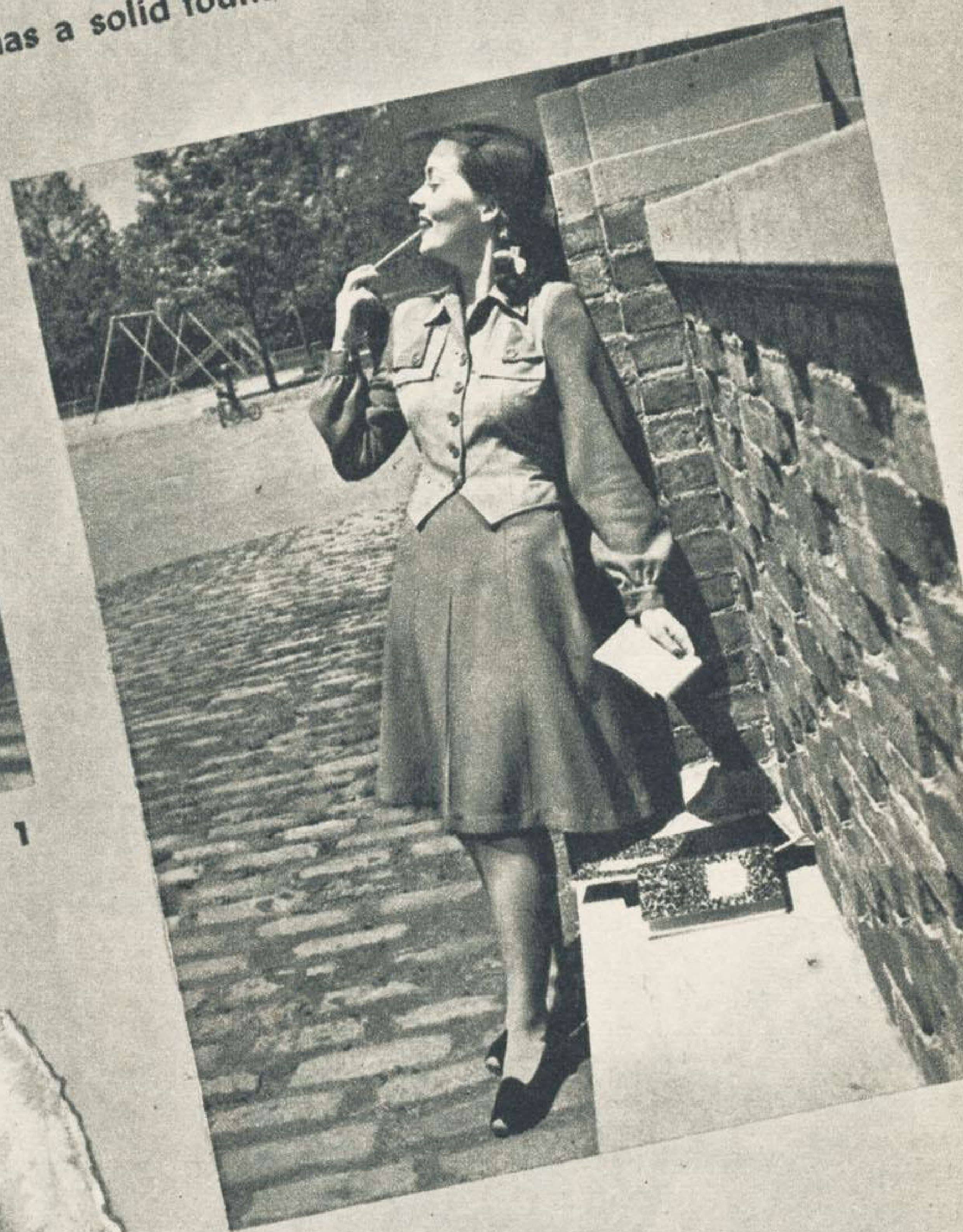

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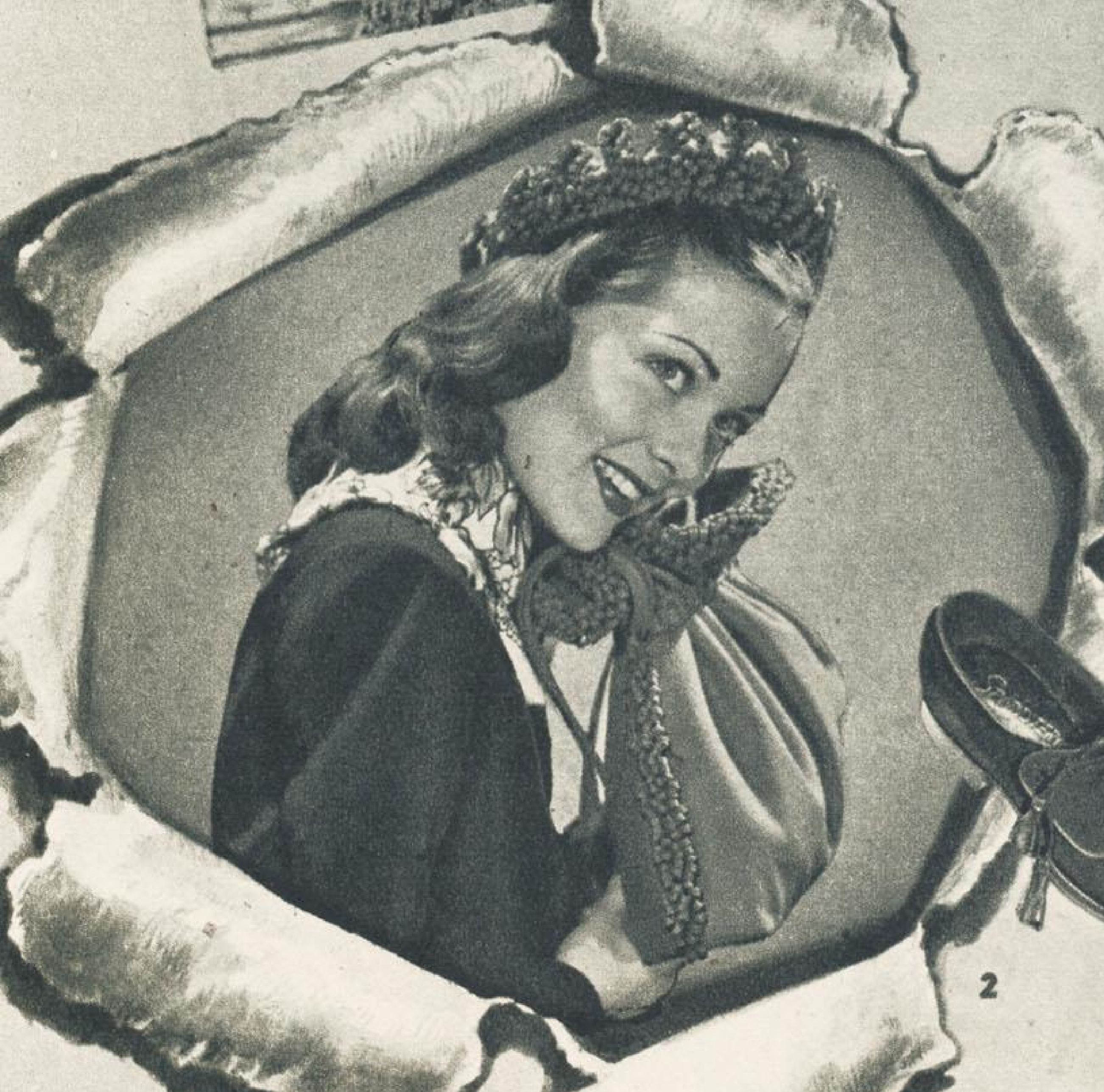

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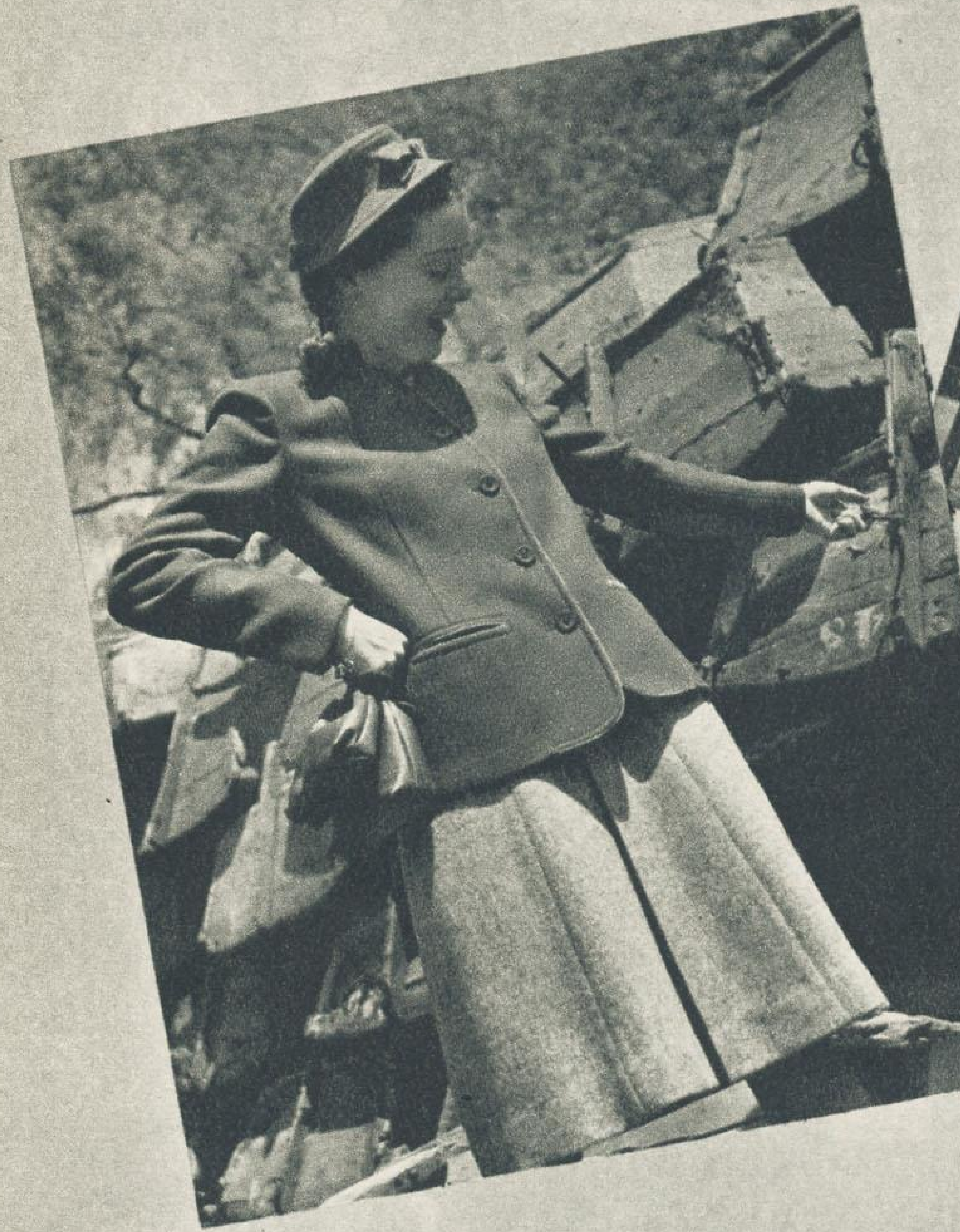

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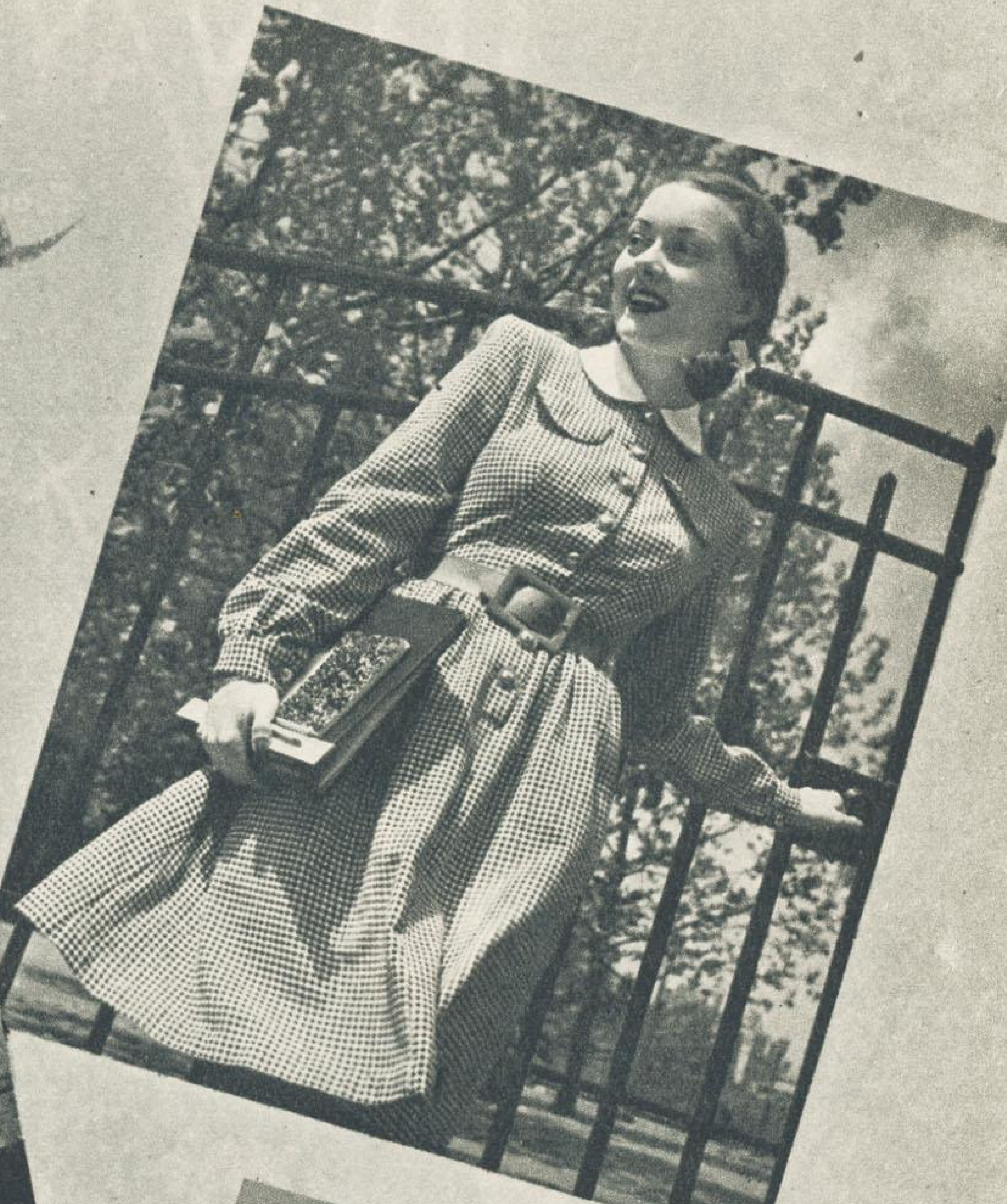

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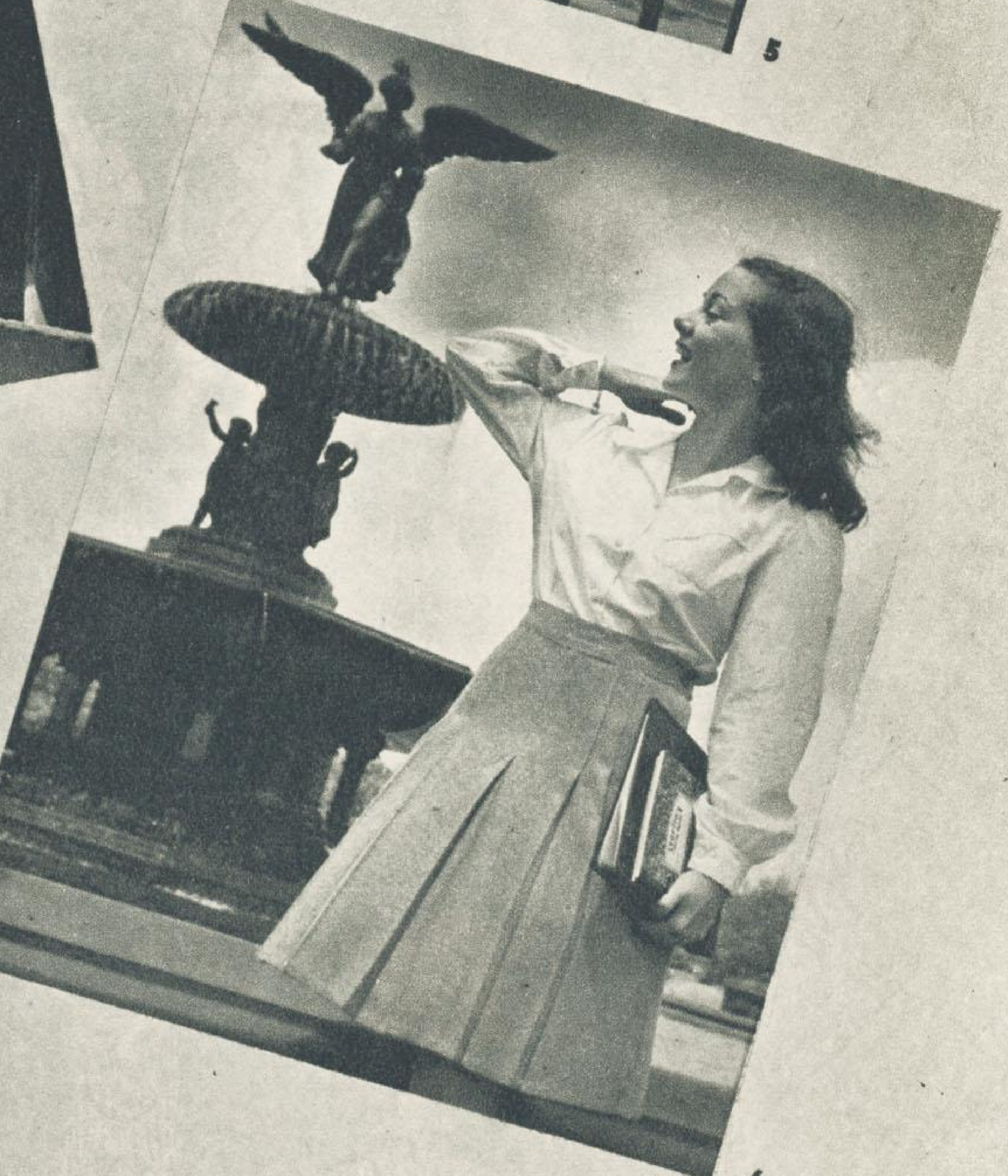


6

1 Bamberry Hi' presents a three-quarter length coat to go over everything you own. Rounded lapels, slit pockets. 100% woolen gray mixture. Sizes 10-16. About $28, at better stores.

2 Universal's halo hat and bag set for the assembled look. Fall colors in cunningly looped felt. About $3 apiece at department stores. Shoe is a Sportster by Sandler of Boston.

3 Wonderful weskit effect in a Teentimer dress, with gold rimmed buttons marching up the two-toned Frost Point and Cavalry Twill. Sizes 10-16. About $9 at department stores.

4 Bamberry Hi's two-tone, 100% wool cardigan suit, fuchsia and gray. About $28, in sizes 10-16. Stitched felt, Universal bonnet, about $3. Saks 34th. Belt Modes' lammie calf bag, $5.

5 Here's a Teentimer *tailleur* in houndstooth check with wide red belt for emphasis and long sleeves for added comfort. Sizes 10-16. About $9. Famous Barr, St. Louis, Missouri.

6 Sally Mason convertible neck Victory blouse in good white broadcloth. Gordon Maid gray skirt is part wool, generously pleated. Sizes 10-16. · About $3 each, at department stores.

10 WAYS TO MAKE A HIT WITH TEACHER...

Teacher's pet, or teacher's pest? Well, of course you don't want to be either! But school is easier and lots more fun if you're at least on the sunny side of the teacher's affections. Study the following *do's* and *don'ts* for getting there. Posies to peanuts, you'll find your stock going up, not only with the damsel behind the desk, but with the gang.

BY MARJORIE HOLMES

✗ DISMAL DONT'S

1 **DON'T** be a tattle-twerp. The gal who thinks she'll gain favor with reports on Judy's notes from Jimmy, or how Dot's dad does her homework, or the shocking fact that Elsie never gets to bed before midnight, is simply dumb. Stool pigeons never look pretty to anyone.

Even in cases where you may be on the spot for something you didn't do, better keep mum or say, "I'm sorry, but I can't tell you who did break the picture, Miss Martin," than implicate someone else. Though Miss Martin wants to get at the truth, she'll respect you more for your loyalty to your friends. And thus liking and respecting you, she isn't likely to make you pay the piper without making sure you owe the bill.

2 **DON'T** be a desk-draper. In these days of instructor-shortages, usually the lady of the classroom is up to her ear-bobs in work. Cuties who crowd about with confidences or chatter when she's anxious to finish her reports, seldom endear themselves. Also, if you're a chronic desk-hugger, she may suspect you're poison to your pals, and simply trying to compensate. She's busy these days. She has problems enough in her own private life. So let her have her breathing spaces to herself. She needs them badly—as badly as you need the noon recess. Leave 'er be!

3 **DON'T** make her the obvious object of a crush. Teachers love to be loved--but not at the expense of keeping a girl from her crowd, nor depriving teacher herself from hob-nobbing with her own. Dinner and the movies with you may be nice once or twice, but prove embarrassing when she's expecting a call from her hubby, or would just rather stay home. Then there's the possible jealousy of others on the staff. Teachers, after all, are but girls like yourselves, grown up. One who is too patently a favorite with the pupils, who rates all the invitations and remembrances, may be resented by the rest. So why goo up the wheels of a good relationship by slopping too much of your personal feelings over her professional school role? Remember, you and she are grown-ups.

4 **DON'T** regard her as the inevitable Gremlin in your life. Studying is seldom as exciting as skating, for any normal, spirited girl. But to blame teachers for the fact that you *have* to study, is no fair. Their job is not to make school a perpetual party for you—much as they'd probably prefer it that way, themselves!—but to develop that brain you keep under your curls, see that you learn. If they don't, your parents will object, and make it hard for all of you. Develop orderly habits of note-taking and studying instead. Such habits will cut your grind-time to a minimum and noticeably improve the quality of results. You'll benefit doubly from them—wait 'n' see!

5 **DON'T** boast. If you're a potential pin-up, she can see it. If of Quiz-Kid intelligence, she has your exam papers for proof. Popular? The boys buzzing around you like flies at a honey-jar, the girls "yoo-hooing," are ample evidence for her. Calling such traits to her attention is not only non-essential industry, but it may actually make her doubt. Furthermore, teachers admire modesty quite as much as they do spectacular accomplishments.

6 **DON'T** ever be a sneaking Sue. This is the quickest short-cut to a teacher's black-list. Far better to fail a test completely than to pass it by cribbing or other ruses repugnant not only to instructors, but to friends and your own conscience. Far better never to have the spotlight, than to get it undeservedly—for sooner or later it will show you up unflatteringly. Miss Arthur, for instance, had been very fond of Betty, until Betty (perhaps partly to make a hit with Miss Arthur, whom she adored) copied a story she had read in a magazine. At first Miss Arthur was pleased and impressed. Then the truth came out, as it always will. Not only was she forced to change Betty's grade, her whole feeling toward Betty was changed, as well. So better play fair!

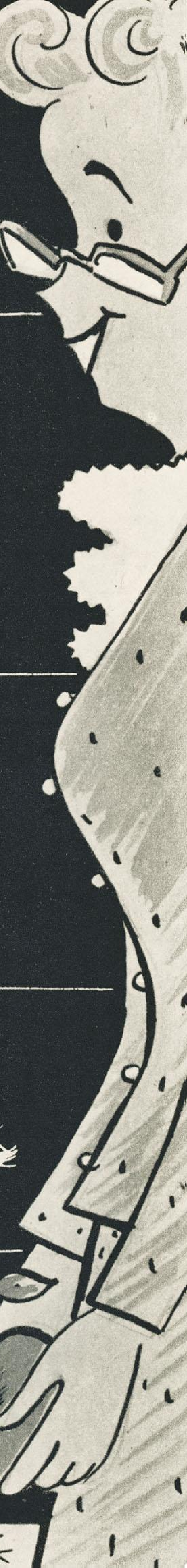
✓ DAILY DO'S

1 **DO** look upon her as your friend—a woman who can guide and help you with personal problems, as well as teach from texts. Go to her now and then when you're sure she isn't busy, to tell her your ambitions, ask her advice. If you don't overdo this, she will be pleased that you don't stand in awe of her, that you consider her another helpful human being, instead of just the lassie who lays down the law. Her experience with life and people will really be of aid to you when you must make decisions like that career vs. college one, to take a classic example.

2 **DO** make her task easier (and her disposition sweeter!) by abiding by the rules which she must make or enforce. Not by being a goody-goody-Gertie, or bossing others into obeying, Allah forbid, but by setting an example of good citizenship. Common courtesy requires paying attention when she speaks, rather than giggling with your friends; ordinary etiquette demands you snoot any rowdyism in classrooms or halls. Teachers can't help judging a girl's home training by her conduct at school. If you want her stamp of approval on you and yours, be gay, and be fun—but always be considerate.

3 **DO** admit it when you're in the wrong. The girl who is big enough to acknowledge, "Yes, I was the one who was talking," or, "Don't blame Nancy, Mrs. Ellis—I passed the note," may have to take the consequences, but she rates far higher with teachers (yes, and classmates) than one who tries to wriggle out of her errors. The same applies to mistakes in your work. Profit by her corrections and you'll also profit by going up several notches on the slide rule of her respect.

4 **DO** be generous. Not by giving her gifts, necessarily, but by giving her your staunch loyalty. Find and defend the good in her, rather than knock her down, however much that thoughtless pastime may be in vogue with your gang. Teaching is no tea-party in the best of times. Teachers can sense who their champions are, and are human enough to like and champion those persons—insofar as they can—in return.



Pack Up Your Lunch...

By Ruth Baller

Food for thought . . . Keep this yummy article in a convenient corner so's you'll always have it handy when you're in a dither as to what to eat during lunch hour . . . Swell snack suggestions . . .

Carole B. Ruff
Miss Busky
303

DID you ever stop to think that making up your daily school lunch box can be as much fun as getting up a picnic lunch? Well, it can. And there's more variety and more tasty dishes for that lunch kit of yours than you've probably imagined. Not all schools have cafeterias, and if yours is one that hasn't, here are a number of lunch box ideas to not only whet your appetite, but to stir your imagination.

Want to know something? In order to keep your mind and body active, you need fuel for your furnace. Fuel in this case is food, and your tummy is your furnace. Proper foods give you pep—so get hep—while you're making resolutions, resolve to eat well-balanced meals each day which should include: milk (at least a quart), one serving: butter, eggs—or—meat—or—seafood—or—poultry—or—cheese (they contain proteins which keep your body in good running order), citrus fruits and other fruits, leafy green and yellow vegetables, as well as other vegetables, enriched cereals and breads (they contain vitamins and minerals).

Now that you know what to eat, choose foods from each group to fill your lunch box with tasty and tempting sandwiches and goodies—'cause just as your meals should include foods from the above groups, your lunch box should too.

WHAT'LL IT BE TODAY?

Think up various food combinations; there are hundreds of 'em. Pretend you're going to an indoor picnic—it's more fun that way. If possible, have a different sandwich each day on a different bread: wholewheat, graham, Boston Brown bread, pumpernickel, raisin, nut, enriched white, rye, soya nut, and cinnamon. Bread should be sliced thin—the filling, thick. If you're fresh out of bread, use rolls; hollow out the soft center.

BREAD SPREADS give zip and zest to sandwiches—whip 'em up yourself and keep 'em in a covered jar in the refrigerator. Measure and thoroughly mix ingredients.

RUSSIAN DRESSING: ½ c. mayonnaise; ½ c. chili sauce; 1 tbsp. green pepper, finely chopped; 1 tbsp. onion, finely chopped.

HORSERADISH DRESSING: ½ c. mayonnaise; ½ tsp. paprika; 2 tbsps. grated horseradish.

SNAPPY MAYONNAISE: ½ c. mayonnaise; 3 tbsps. prepared mustard.

RELISH SPREAD: ½ c. mayonnaise; ¼ c. pickle relish (drain off liquid).

OLIVE SPREAD: ½ c. mayonnaise; ¼ c. chopped olives.

(*Continued on page 66*)

Miss America Speaks . . .

We are getting so chatty in this little corner of ours that this month we have borrowed a little more space . . . Now many more of you can win $1.00 for every letter published . . .

BEVERLY O'BRIEN, of Montreal, Canada, sends us a very nice message in her letter:

"I would like you to know that our teachers certainly praise MISS AMERICA Magazine to the heights. Please keep printing this swell magazine."

And Ann McGuire, The Bronx, N. Y., tells us something else about her teacher:

"When I was caught with MISS AMERICA Magazine in school, my nun took it and read it and approved of it. From that day on all the girls have bought it every month."

We hear many encouraging things like these and we like to know that we have the cooperation of all your teachers. And Jean Jackson, Groesbeck, Texas, wants you all to know what to do with the tips you get in your magazine:

"A suggestion I have that I think would be both pretty and practical is a book in which you can put all the good suggestions you read in MISS AMERICA SPEAKS—all the ones you like best—and you could fix this book just as you want it."

A very clever and very simple idea comes from Shirley Knauer, Cincinnati, Ohio:

"I have an idea for keeping snapshots from getting scratched—just apply a light coat of clear nail polish over them." Yes, all of us know how often our snapshots have been ruined by scratching!

Jean Koelzer, of Newark, N. J., gives us a tip on how to put an old compact to good use when the mirror has been broken:

"Many an old compact makes a new and different change purse and is also handy for little odds and ends." I'll think twice before I throw away my old compacts again!

Now we come to some nifty ideas for jewelry—and all of us love a good selection of jewelry, particularly when we can get it so easily. Jane Duckworth, of Philadelphia, Pa., sends in this suggestion which is very timely:

"If you want to make a cute bracelet or necklace, when you are at the beach, gather about twenty shells and paint different designs on the back of each one, punch a tiny hole in each very carefully, and put them on a piece of velvet ribbon. Presto! you have a bracelet or necklace, or both, that will be greatly admired by all your friends."

And here's another necklace and bracelet suggestion from Lucille Vasile, Omaha, Nebraska:

"If you want a necklace and bracelet set save about twelve milk bottle caps. Glue down the tabs, punch a hole in the top of each, then paint them with nail polish and finish with a coat of shellack. Use about eight for the necklace and four for the bracelet. String them on a fancy cord or ribbon and you have a snappy necklace and bracelet set."

In our June issue, Norma Berkowitz gave us a suggestion for a spoon bracelet, and now Marguerite Iller, of Mead, Washington, tells us how to make earrings to go with this bracelet:

"Get some small inexpensive salt spoons (the tiny kind) and bend them to make ear clips— (*Continued on page* 65)

Beverley O'Brien
Montreal, Canada

Jane Duckworth
Philadelphia, Pa.

Lucille Vasile
Omaha, Nebraska

Elsie Goehrig
Jersey City, N. J.

Irma Gumprecht
San Francisco, Calif.

Rosemary Temming
Mt. Healthy, Ohio

Katherine Salemis
Somerville, Mass.

Jean Young
Lancaster, Ohio

Zita Girard
St. Petersburg, Florida

Angela Pinto
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Jean Commorato
New York, N. Y.

Anna Marie Lockard
Altoona, Pa.

Dolores Krol
Wausau, Wisconsin

Marilyn Stelt
Detroit, Mich.

Nancy Blake
Skokie, Ill.

Mary Ann Kenny
Detroit, Mich.

Donna Gold
Hagerman, Idaho

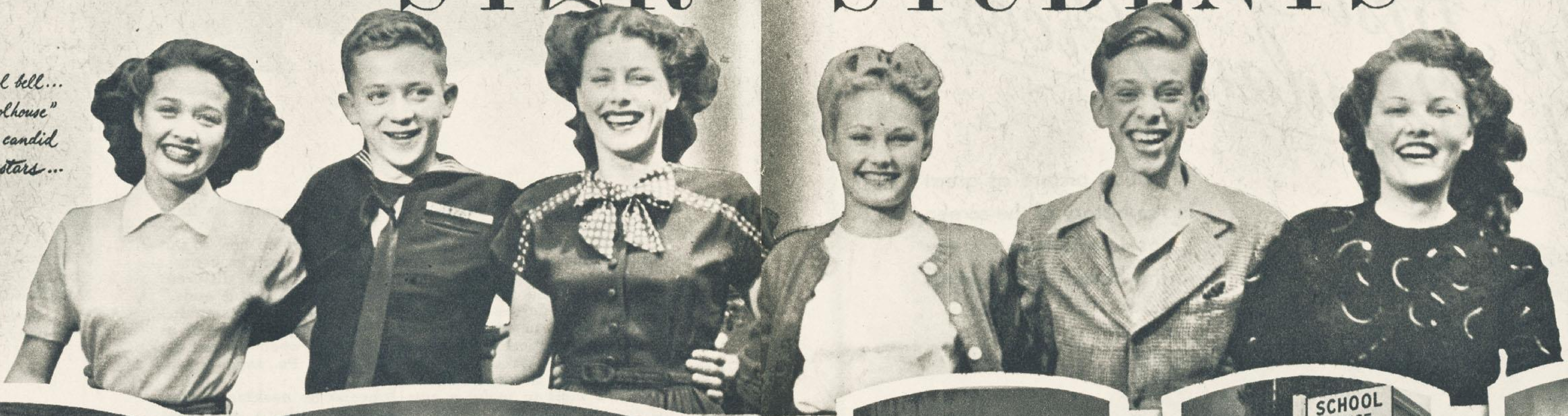
Elaine Zervas
Lynn, Mass.

Charlene St. Peter
Limestone, Maine

Peggy Crandall
St. Louis, Mo.

ST★R STUDENTS

Clang, clang, clang went the school bell . . . and off to the "little M-G-M schoolhouse" went our photographer to get these candid honeys of your favorite teen-age stars . . .



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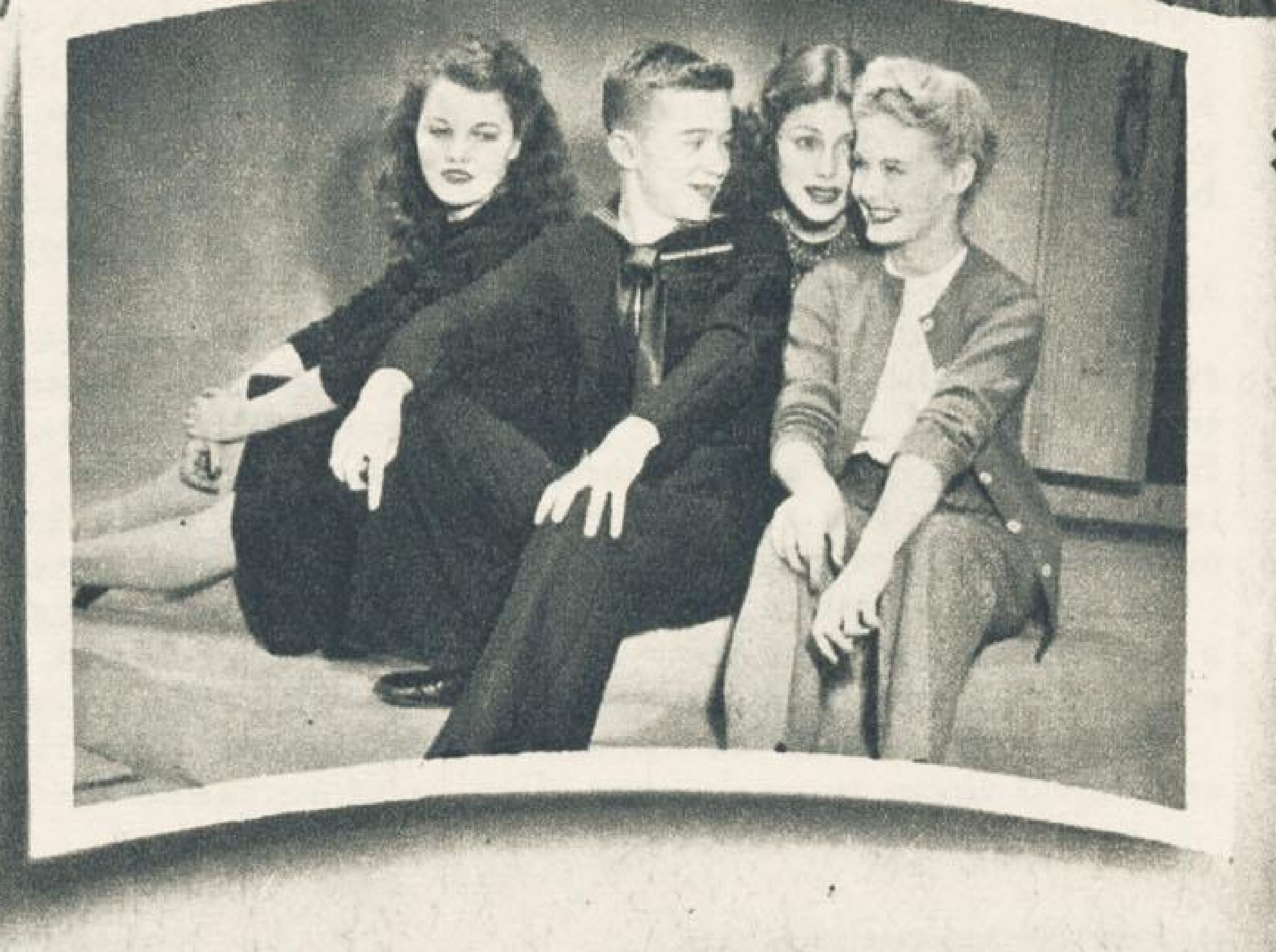


4

1 School's out! And just like you, Jane Powell, Bill Riley, Ruth Jordan, Shirley Johns, Skippy Homeir, and Dolores Day happily head for cokes at the nearest ice-cream parlor, after classes end. . . .

2 School daze! School daze! And no wonder, lookee, who's teacher! These lovely lassies were captivated by adorable Robert Walker, when he paid them a surprise visit one afternoon. . . .

3 Geography's a cinch for young Bill Riley who enlisted in the navy, at 14. Here, he gives out with first-hand information about the places Dolores, Ruth and Shirley all read about in texts. . . .

4 Action on the set of the M-G-M schoolhouse, where the talented cast of teen-agers prepare to strut their history stuff, and you can be sure their lines are well-memorized for this production. . . .

5

6

SCHOOL HOUSE
ENTRANCE
POSITIVELY NO PARKI

7

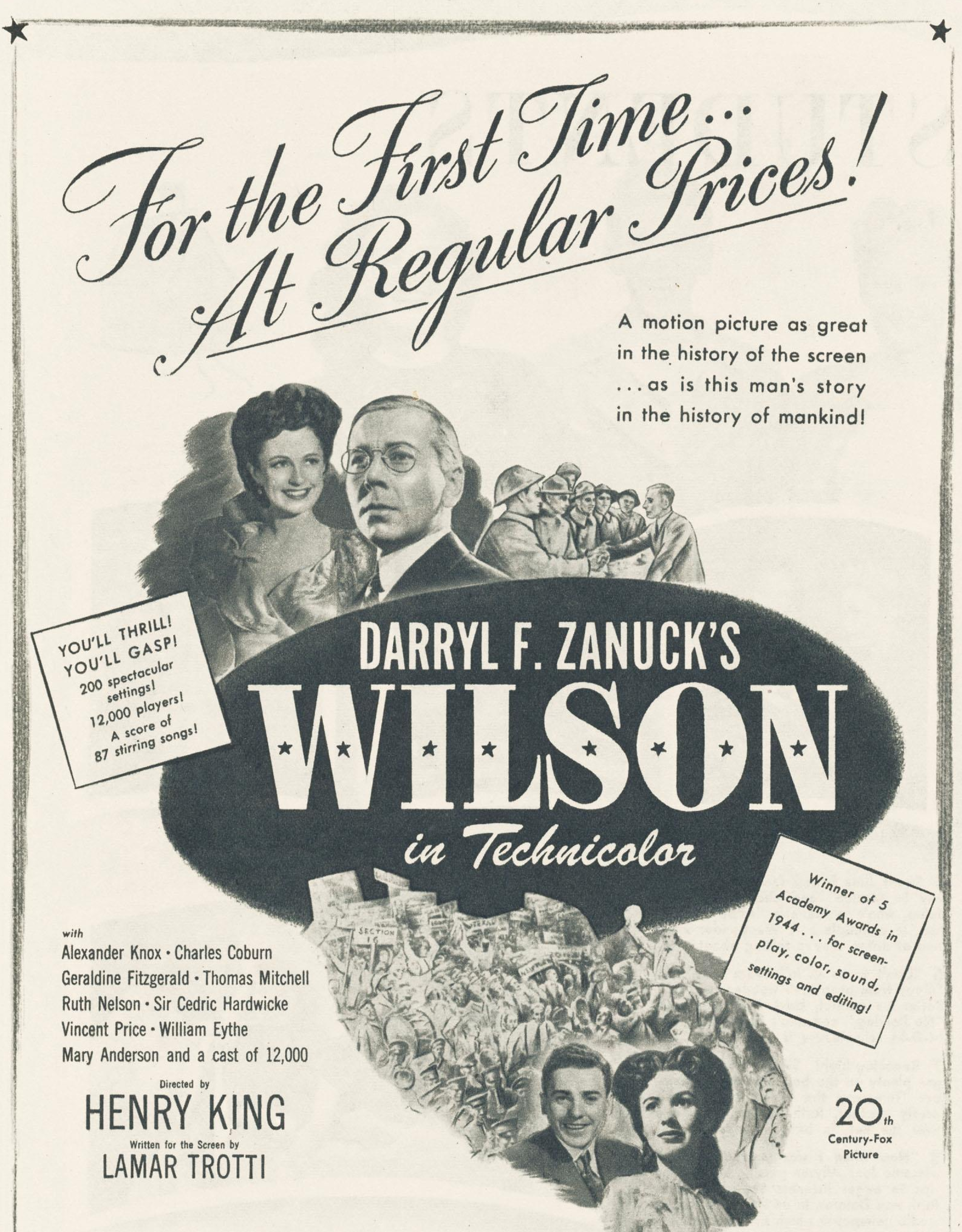
5 Sweet Jane Powell, featured in "Holiday in Mexico" and charming Shirley Johns, who's in the new "Andy Hardy" film, in a huddle . . . We wonder what kind of dates, they're talking about. . . .

6 "Don't fence us in" beam Jane and Skippy from atop their wooden perch . . . Better be careful, kids! That sign says "No Parking," and don't forget the little M-G-M schoolhouse is that-a-way. . . .

7 Reaching high! Skippy Homeir who's got plenty on the ball anyway, (remember "Tomorrow the World"?) helps his pretty partner, Ruth Jordan, slam one over the net, in between classes. . . .

8 "Now when I was your age . . ." winsome June Allyson passing along some tips to eager listeners Shirley, Helene, Ruth and Dolores, in an interview for the studio newspaper which the girls edit. . . .

8



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in the history of the screen
...as is this man's story
in the history of mankind!

YOU'LL THRILL!
YOU'LL GASP!
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12,000 players!
A score of 87 stirring songs!

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S

WILSON

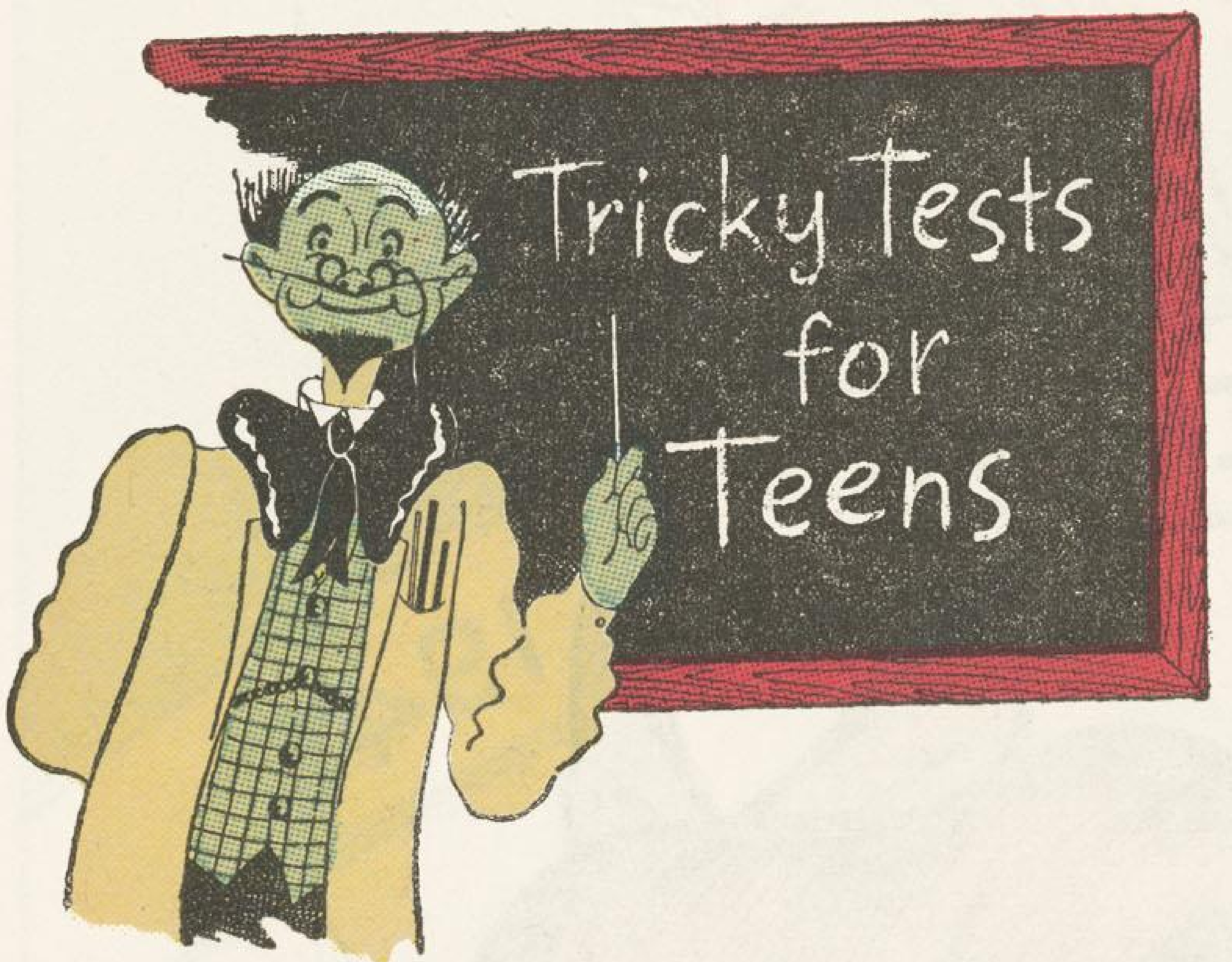
in Technicolor

Winner of 5 Academy Awards in 1944 . . . for screenplay, color, sound, settings and editing!

with
Alexander Knox · Charles Coburn
Geraldine Fitzgerald · Thomas Mitchell
Ruth Nelson · Sir Cedric Hardwicke
Vincent Price · William Eythe
Mary Anderson and a cast of 12,000

Directed by
HENRY KING
Written for the Screen by
LAMAR TROTTI

A 20th Century-Fox Picture



Tricky Tests for Teens

Here's a new batch of brainteasers for you to tackle. Study 'em 'n' juggle 'em, then stump your friends with 'em!

By Martin Panzer

ENGLISH

Of course every bride should know how to cook, or at least how to boil canned soup, but you'll never make a perfect wife unless you know the difference between a simile and a metaphor. If you mix in polite circles you have undoubtedly heard these words used over and over again. Well, both are based on comparisons, but there the similarity ends. If you say, "My corporal boy friend fought like a lion," that's a simile. You don't mean that he actually ripped the enemy to pieces with claws and his teeth, but that the bold and vigorous way he fought reminded one of a lion. On the other hand, if you say, "My sugar-pie was a lion in battle," you mean the same thing but you don't actually express a comparison. What you are doing here is actually calling him a lion, although the fact is that you mean only that he was *like* a lion. That makes your sentence a metaphor. All similes can be turned into metaphors and vice versa. You're just a little kitten if you believe it, honey.

HISTORY

There was once a popular song that went: "I don't want to make history, I just want to make love." But it won't help, kids; this is your history lesson for the month and you'll have to take it with a smile. And this month it's the Monroe Doctrine, about which you've read and heard so much. In December, 1823, President Monroe, in his annual message, said: "We could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them (the South American countries) or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States." In other words, any new country that came snooping about in this hemisphere with designs on South America had better think twice. The Monroe Doctrine has been respected and abided by ever since.

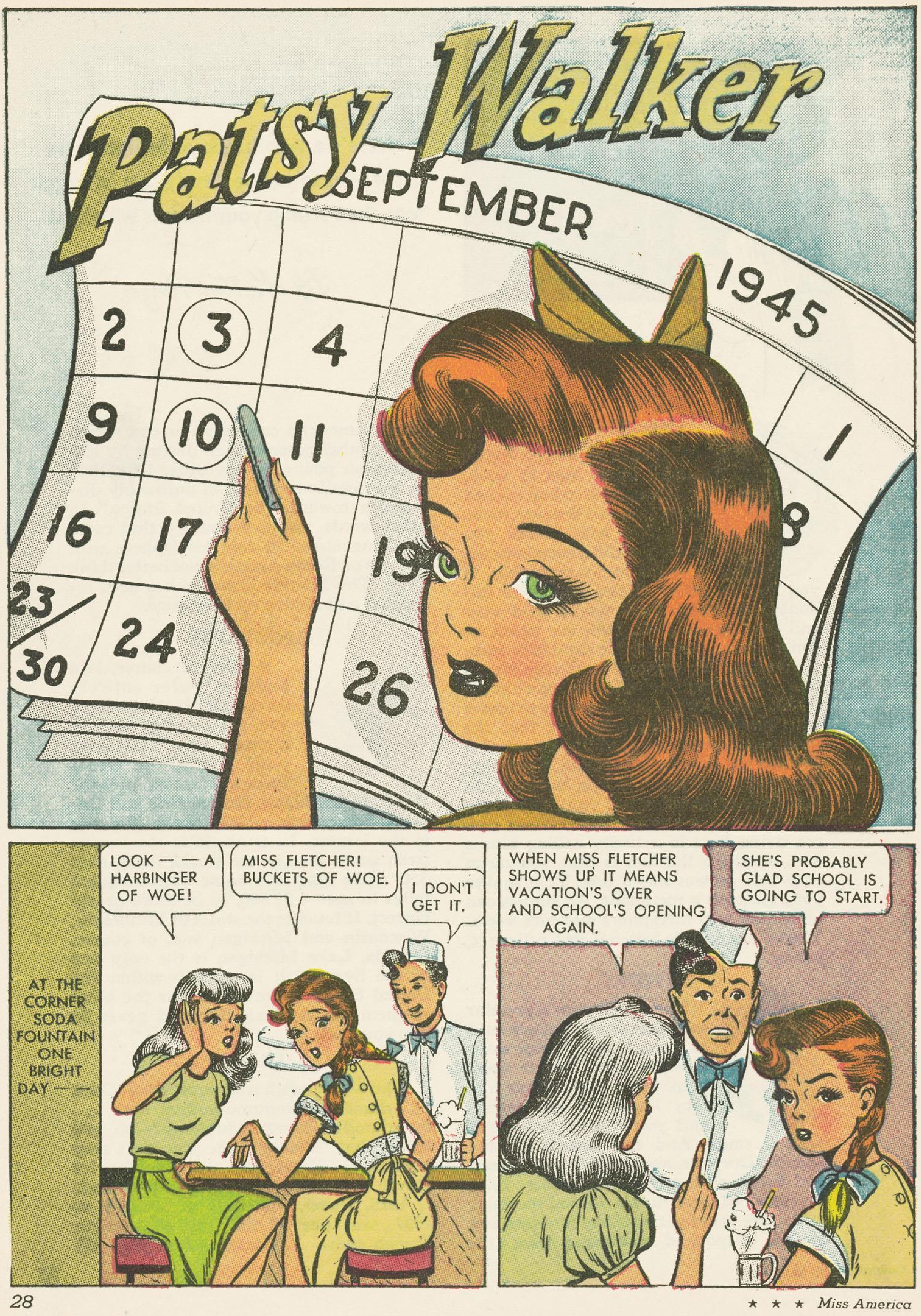
GEOGRAPHY

A lake, of course, is a body of water entirely surrounded by land. When you get five big ones in a group, then, what have you? Right, the Great Lakes. Names, please? Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie and Ontario. Some facts, please? Lake Superior is the largest. In truth, it is the largest fresh water lake in the world, being over 350 miles long and some 32,000 square miles in area — 31,800, to be more nearly correct. It touches the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan and, of course, Canada. Lake Michigan is the only one of the five which is entirely within the United States. Lake Ontario is the baby of them all. At that, it would never fit into your tub.

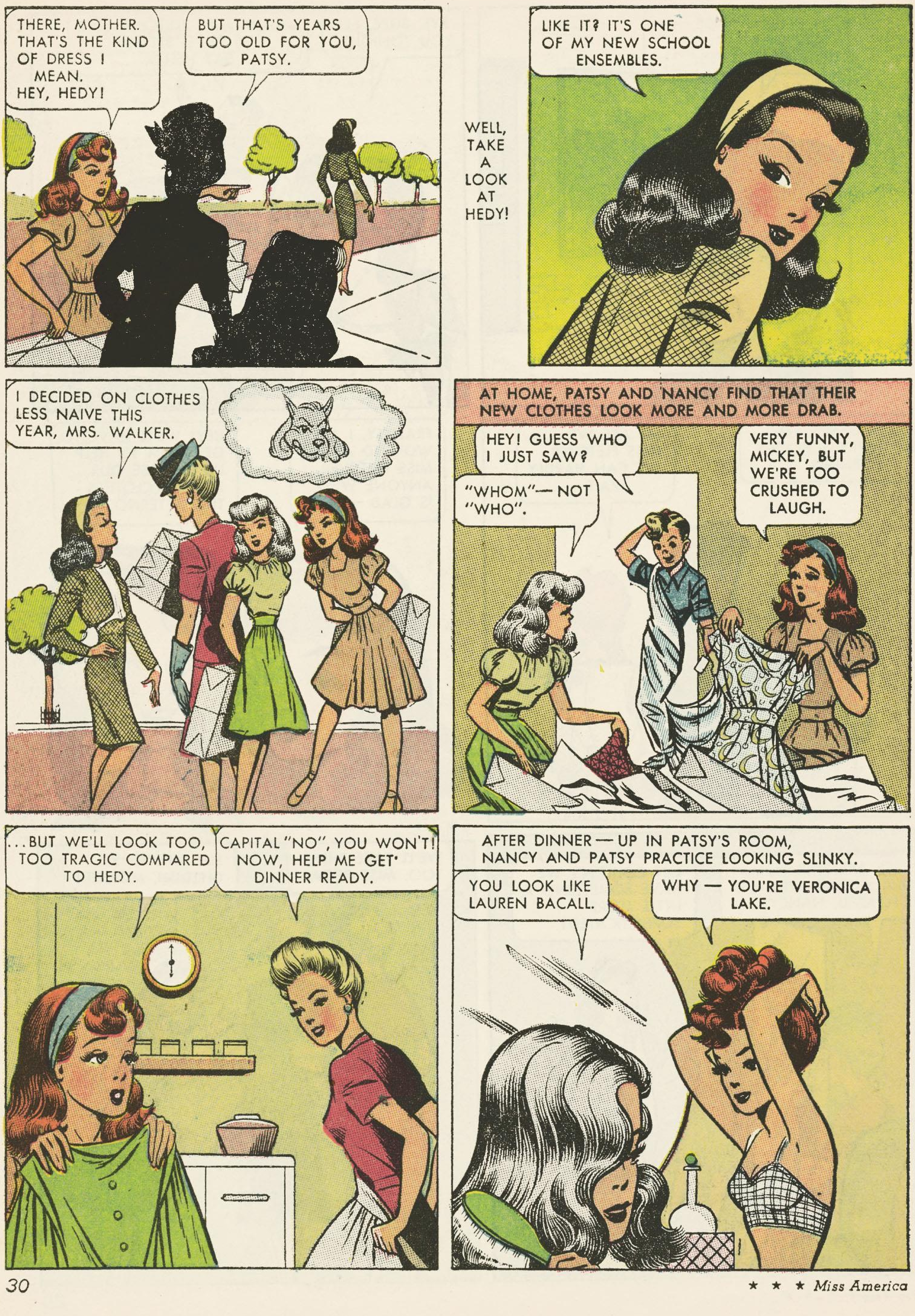
MUSIC

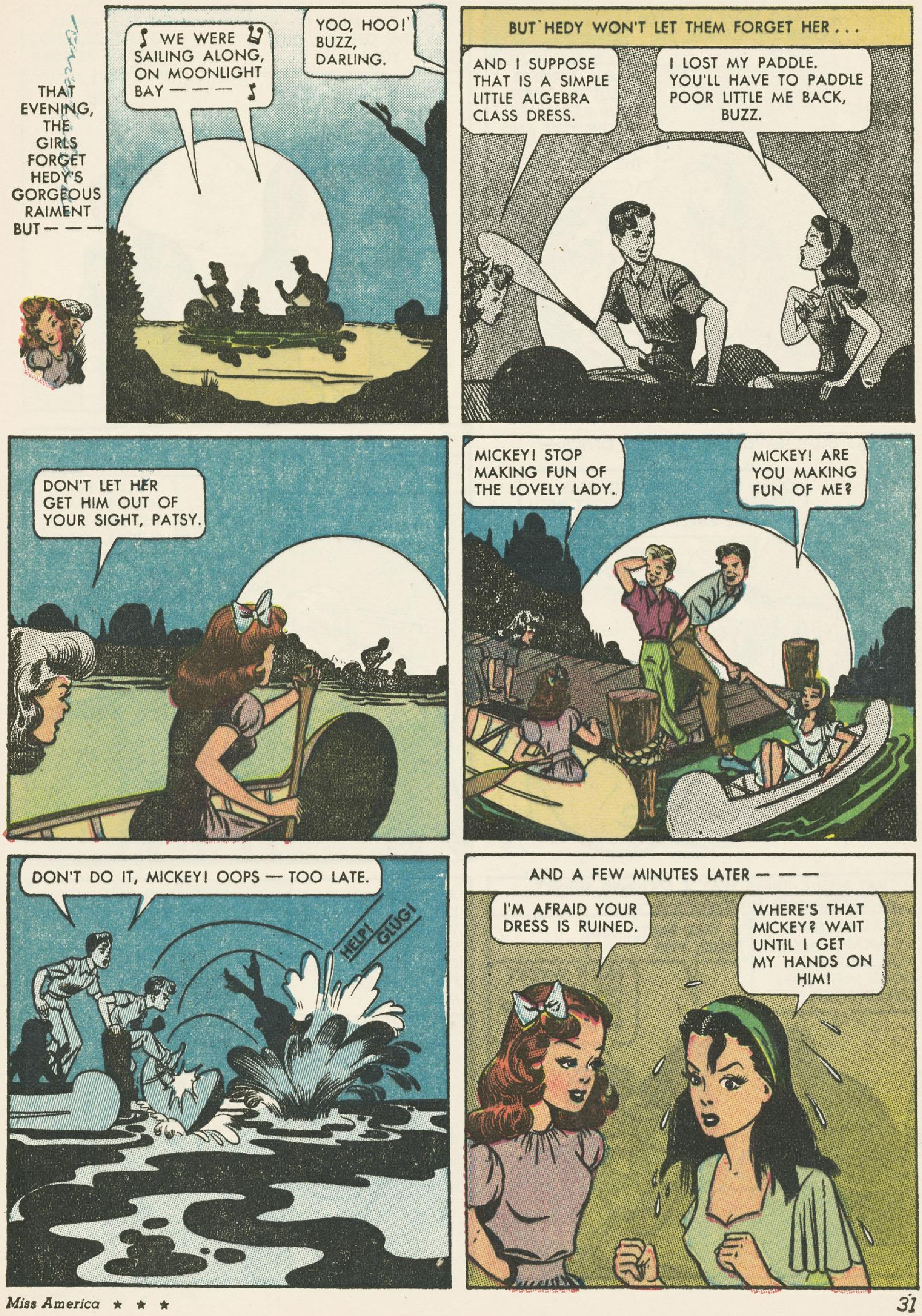
Who was it again who wrote that "Dum . . . dumdumdumdumdumdum dum . . . dumdumdumdumdumdumdum"—oh, you know, that "Bolero" that you can't stop humming? Ravel, of course — Maurice Ravel, who was born in France on March 7, 1875. Ravel, who died as recently as 1937, was one of the greatest modern French com-

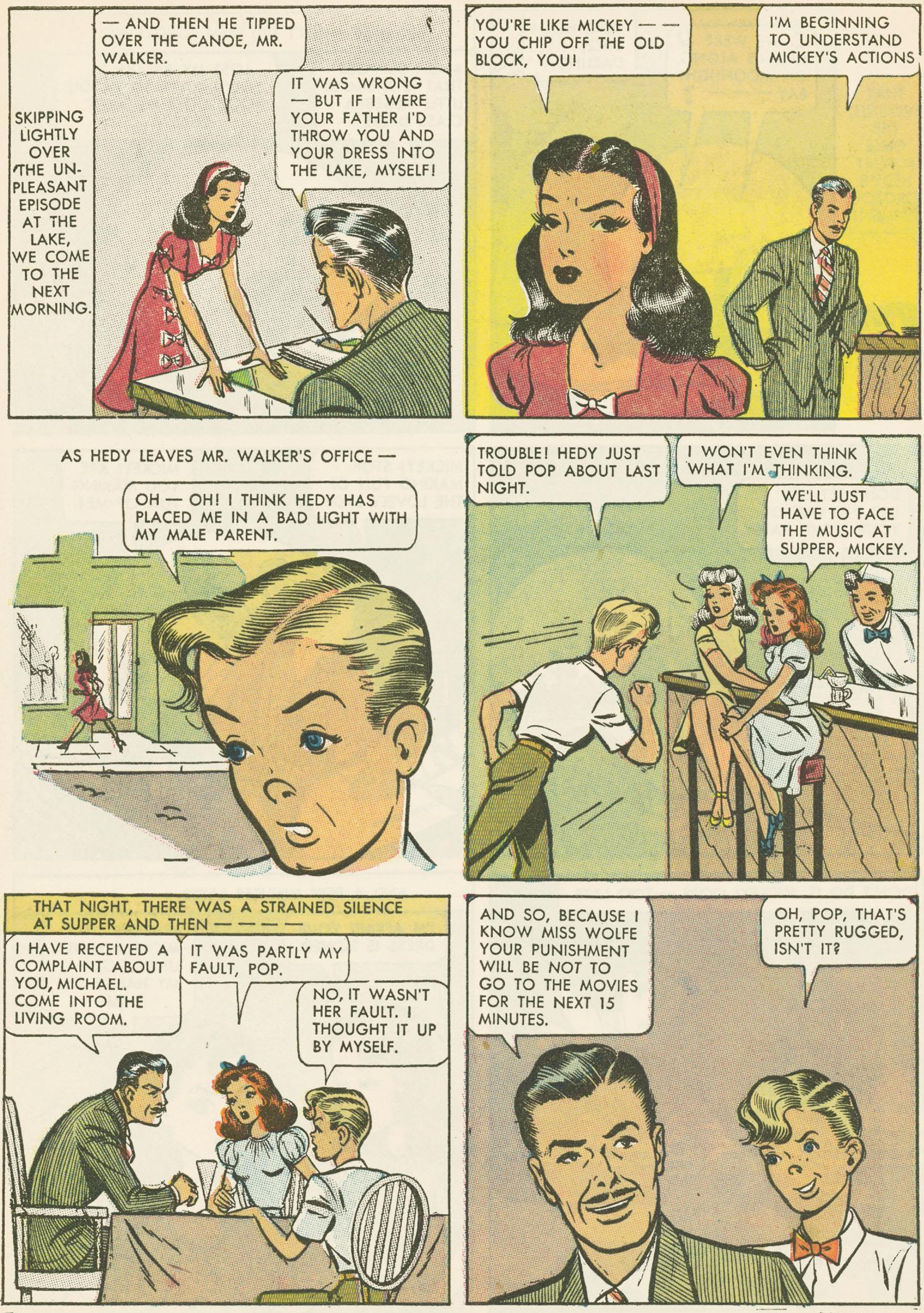
(*Continued on page* 36)


Patsy Walker
SEPTEMBER
1945
AT THE CORNER SODA FOUNTAIN ONE BRIGHT DAY — —
LOOK — — A HARBINGER OF WOE!
MISS FLETCHER! BUCKETS OF WOE.
I DON'T GET IT.
WHEN MISS FLETCHER SHOWS UP IT MEANS VACATION'S OVER AND SCHOOL'S OPENING AGAIN.
SHE'S PROBABLY GLAD SCHOOL IS GOING TO START.

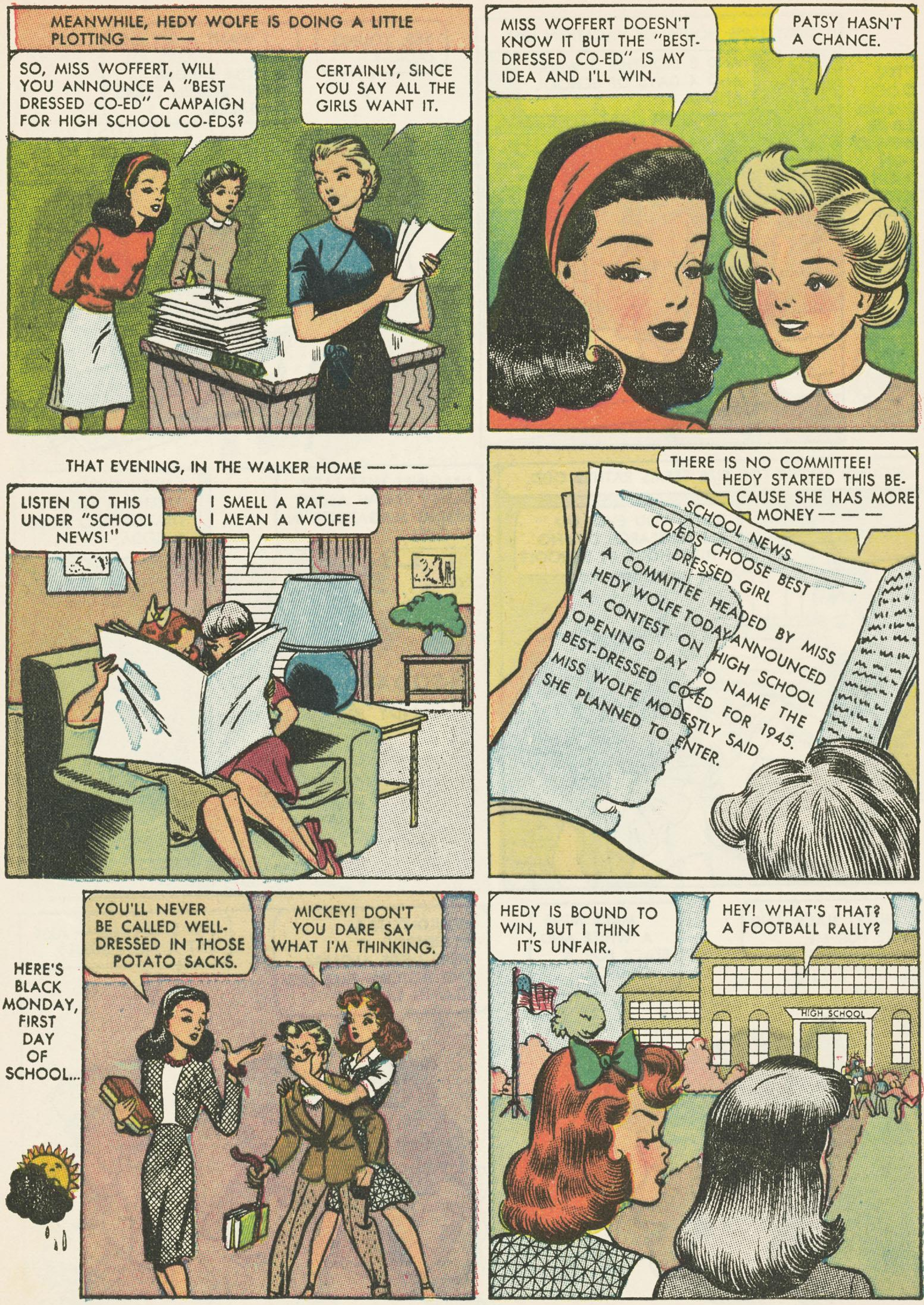
WELL, LET'S SEE HOW GLAD MISS FLETCHER REALLY IS.
OH — TRIPLE WOE — — THREE OF MY LITTLE HEADACHES.
DRUG STORE
'BYE, BUZZ, SEE YOU TONIGHT.
UH-UH, MISS FLETCHER SEES US. WE'D BETTER SAY HELLO.
HELLO, DEARS, I'M SO HAPPY SCHOOL'S OPENING.
SO ARE WE, MISS FLETCHER, WE CAN HARDLY WAIT.
FRANKLY, I AM WORRIED ABOUT MISS FLETCHER. ANYONE WHO IS GLAD — — —
HEY! WE'LL HAVE TO GET MOM TO HELP US CHOOSE OUR SCHOOL CLOTHES THIS AFTERNOON.
SO THAT AFTERNOON — — — —
THOSE ARE FINE — — — YOUR MOTHER WILL BE PLEASED, NANCY.
BUT COULDN'T WE HAVE SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE SOPHISTICATED?
WE'LL TAKE THESE, TOO, MISS REGAL.
BUT THEY'RE SO CHILDISH, MOTHER!

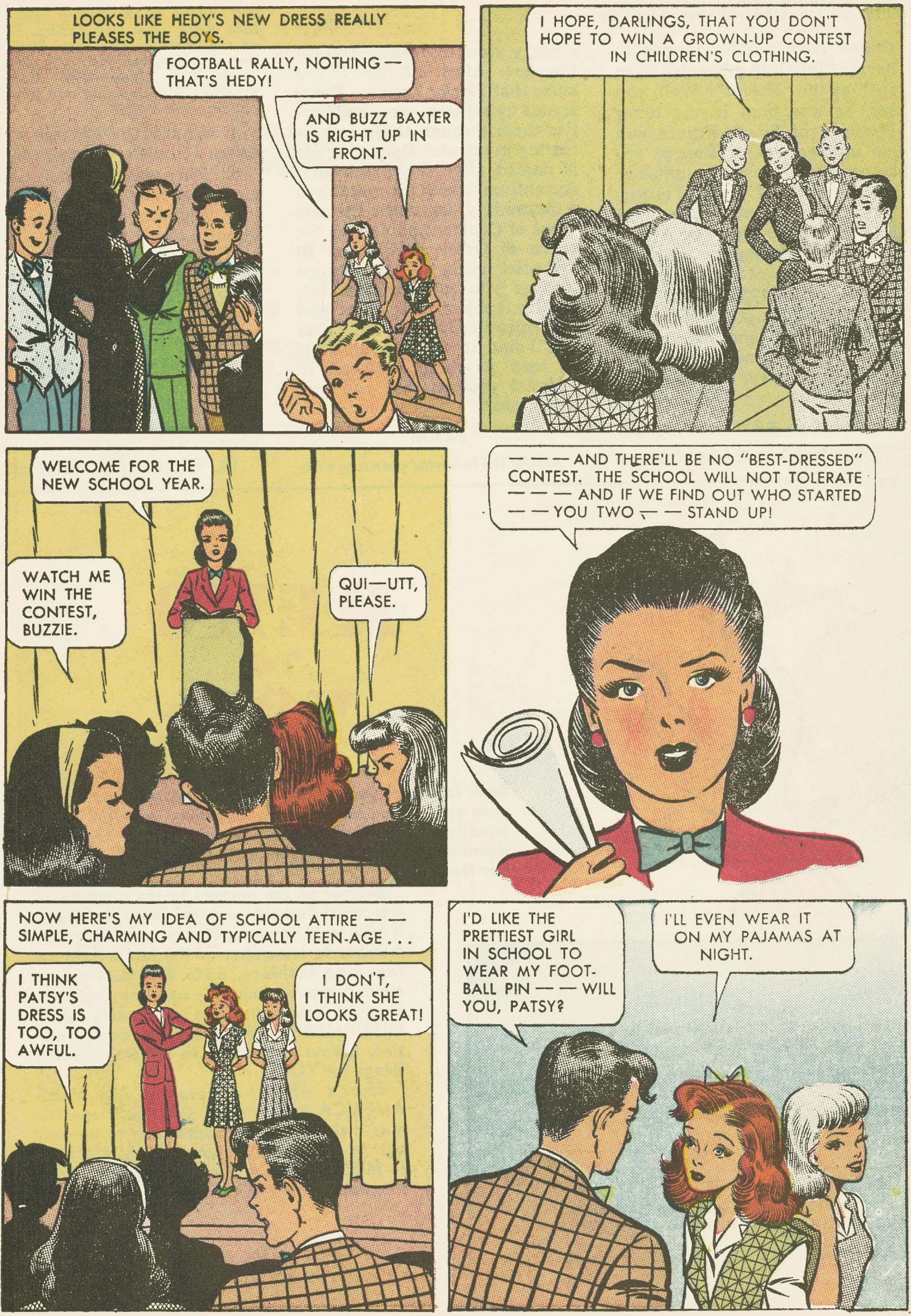

THERE, MOTHER. THAT'S THE KIND OF DRESS I MEAN. HEY, HEDY!
BUT THAT'S YEARS TOO OLD FOR YOU, PATSY.
WELL, TAKE A LOOK AT HEDY!
LIKE IT? IT'S ONE OF MY NEW SCHOOL ENSEMBLES.
I DECIDED ON CLOTHES LESS NAIVE THIS YEAR, MRS. WALKER.
AT HOME, PATSY AND NANCY FIND THAT THEIR NEW CLOTHES LOOK MORE AND MORE DRAB.
HEY! GUESS WHO I JUST SAW?
"WHOM"— NOT "WHO".
VERY FUNNY, MICKEY, BUT WE'RE TOO CRUSHED TO LAUGH.
...BUT WE'LL LOOK TOO, TOO TRAGIC COMPARED TO HEDY.
CAPITAL "NO", YOU WON'T! NOW, HELP ME GET DINNER READY.
AFTER DINNER — UP IN PATSY'S ROOM, NANCY AND PATSY PRACTICE LOOKING SLINKY.
YOU LOOK LIKE LAUREN BACALL.
WHY — YOU'RE VERONICA LAKE.


THAT EVENING, THE GIRLS FORGET HEDY'S GORGEOUS RAIMENT BUT — — —
WE WERE SAILING ALONG, ON MOONLIGHT BAY — — —
YOO, HOO! BUZZ, DARLING.
BUT HEDY WON'T LET THEM FORGET HER . . .
AND I SUPPOSE THAT IS A SIMPLE LITTLE ALGEBRA CLASS DRESS.
I LOST MY PADDLE. YOU'LL HAVE TO PADDLE POOR LITTLE ME BACK, BUZZ.
DON'T LET HER GET HIM OUT OF YOUR SIGHT, PATSY.
MICKEY! STOP MAKING FUN OF THE LOVELY LADY.
MICKEY! ARE YOU MAKING FUN OF ME?
DON'T DO IT, MICKEY! OOPS — TOO LATE.
HELP!
GLUG!
AND A FEW MINUTES LATER — — —
I'M AFRAID YOUR DRESS IS RUINED.
WHERE'S THAT MICKEY? WAIT UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON HIM!


SKIPPING LIGHTLY OVER THE UNPLEASANT EPISODE AT THE LAKE, WE COME TO THE NEXT MORNING.
— AND THEN HE TIPPED OVER THE CANOE, MR. WALKER.
IT WAS WRONG — BUT IF I WERE YOUR FATHER I'D THROW YOU AND YOUR DRESS INTO THE LAKE, MYSELF!
YOU'RE LIKE MICKEY — — YOU CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK, YOU!
I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND MICKEY'S ACTIONS
AS HEDY LEAVES MR. WALKER'S OFFICE —
OH — OH! I THINK HEDY HAS PLACED ME IN A BAD LIGHT WITH MY MALE PARENT.
TROUBLE! HEDY JUST TOLD POP ABOUT LAST NIGHT.
I WON'T EVEN THINK WHAT I'M THINKING.
WE'LL JUST HAVE TO FACE THE MUSIC AT SUPPER, MICKEY.
THAT NIGHT, THERE WAS A STRAINED SILENCE AT SUPPER AND THEN — — — —
I HAVE RECEIVED A COMPLAINT ABOUT YOU, MICHAEL. COME INTO THE LIVING ROOM.
IT WAS PARTLY MY FAULT, POP.
NO, IT WASN'T HER FAULT. I THOUGHT IT UP BY MYSELF.
AND SO, BECAUSE I KNOW MISS WOLFE YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL BE *NOT* TO GO TO THE MOVIES FOR THE NEXT 15 MINUTES.
OH, POP, THAT'S PRETTY RUGGED, ISN'T IT?

THE CLOCK APPEARS TO BE SPEEDING ON HIGH OCTANE GAS AS SCHOOL NEARS —
ONLY 128¼ HOURS OF VACATION LEFT.
AND 8 MONTHS, 3 WEEKS AND 4 DAYS OF SCHOOL AHEAD.
"YE OLDE BOOK SHOP" SCHOOL BOOKS AND INTERESTING BOOKS, ALSO.
YES, YOUNG LADIES?
I WANT A SET OF SCHOOL BOOKS ALL A LITTLE LARGER THEN "SCREEN STARS" MAGAZINE.
AND I WANT A SET TO FIT "MISS AMERICA".
SCREEN STARS
MISS AMERICA
PICKING BOOKS FOR SIZE SEEMS RATHER ODD.
DIDN'T YOU EVER DO ANY RESEARCH DURING STUDY HOUR IN SCHOOL?
IMAGINE! THAT LADY DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT HIDING MAGAZINES IN BOOKS!
I WISH THEY'D INVENT A BOOK THAT WOULD HOLD A SODA.
DRUG STO
SODA
CANDY
HI, BUZZ! BLACK AND WHITE FOR ME.
MAKE MINE A WHITE AND BLACK FOR A CHANGE.
WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL IF THERE WERE ALGEBRA AND HISTORY PILLS LIKE VITAMIN TABLETS?
NO STUDYING, — JUST EAT A PILL. (SIGH)


MEANWHILE, HEDY WOLFE IS DOING A LITTLE PLOTTING — — —
SO, MISS WOFFERT, WILL YOU ANNOUNCE A "BEST DRESSED CO-ED" CAMPAIGN FOR HIGH SCHOOL CO-EDS?
CERTAINLY, SINCE YOU SAY ALL THE GIRLS WANT IT.
MISS WOFFERT DOESN'T KNOW IT BUT THE "BEST-DRESSED CO-ED" IS MY IDEA AND I'LL WIN.
PATSY HASN'T A CHANCE.
THAT EVENING, IN THE WALKER HOME — — —
LISTEN TO THIS UNDER "SCHOOL NEWS!"
I SMELL A RAT — — I MEAN A WOLFE!
THERE IS NO COMMITTEE! HEDY STARTED THIS BECAUSE SHE HAS MORE MONEY — — —
SCHOOL NEWS
CO-EDS CHOOSE BEST DRESSED GIRL
A COMMITTEE HEADED BY MISS HEDY WOLFE TODAY ANNOUNCED A CONTEST ON HIGH SCHOOL OPENING DAY TO NAME THE BEST-DRESSED CO-ED FOR 1945. MISS WOLFE MODESTLY SAID SHE PLANNED TO ENTER.
HERE'S BLACK MONDAY, FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL...
YOU'LL NEVER BE CALLED WELL-DRESSED IN THOSE POTATO SACKS.
MICKEY! DON'T YOU DARE SAY WHAT I'M THINKING.
HEDY IS BOUND TO WIN, BUT I THINK IT'S UNFAIR.
HEY! WHAT'S THAT? A FOOTBALL RALLY?
HIGH SCHOOL


LOOKS LIKE HEDY'S NEW DRESS REALLY PLEASES THE BOYS.
FOOTBALL RALLY, NOTHING — THAT'S HEDY!
AND BUZZ BAXTER IS RIGHT UP IN FRONT.
I HOPE, DARLINGS, THAT YOU DON'T HOPE TO WIN A GROWN-UP CONTEST IN CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.
WELCOME FOR THE NEW SCHOOL YEAR.
WATCH ME WIN THE CONTEST, BUZZIE.
QUI—UTT, PLEASE.
— — — AND THERE'LL BE NO "BEST-DRESSED" CONTEST. THE SCHOOL WILL NOT TOLERATE — — — AND IF WE FIND OUT WHO STARTED — — YOU TWO — — STAND UP!
NOW HERE'S MY IDEA OF SCHOOL ATTIRE — — SIMPLE, CHARMING AND TYPICALLY TEEN-AGE . . .
I THINK PATSY'S DRESS IS TOO, TOO AWFUL.
I DON'T, I THINK SHE LOOKS GREAT!
I'D LIKE THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN SCHOOL TO WEAR MY FOOT-BALL PIN — — WILL YOU, PATSY?
I'LL EVEN WEAR IT ON MY PAJAMAS AT NIGHT.

TRICKY TESTS FOR TEENS

From Page 27

posers. How did he happen to devote himself to a Spanish form such as the "Bolero"? Well, you see, he was born in the lower Pyrenees of South France and his mother was of Basque ancestry. The Spanish influence marks much of Ravel's music. The "Bolero" was introduced into the United States by Arturo Toscanini leading the Philharmonic Society of New York on November 14, 1929. It has been one of the most popular concert pieces in the land ever since. Dum . . . dumdumdumdumdumdumdum . . . wish we could stop humming it.

ART

Don't look blank when folks at a party start discussing Byzantine art. After all, don't you know that *Tricky Tests for Teens* stands by all teen-agers and carries them through those embarrassing moments? Byzantine art is named after the Greek city, Byzantium, which for more than a thousand years, under the new name of Constantinople, was the center of Greek civilization. In this brief lesson we can only introduce you to Byzantine art, but the subject is so great and so tremendously fascinating that you'll find it worth your while to read a whole book on it. Promise yourself that you will, won't you?

EXAM

Answer the following questions without looking at the lessons again and then mark your own papers. You're on the honor system here. Each correct answer gives you 10%. Passing mark — 60%. Good — 80%. Higher — excellent. Make up your own questions and test your friends.

1. What's the difference between a simile and a metaphor?
2. When was the Monroe Doctrine first enunciated?
3. Which is the largest of the Great Lakes?
4. Who wrote the "Bolero"?
5. Of what great capital city did Byzantium become a part?
6. Give two similes and change them into metaphors.
7. What was the purpose of the Monroe Doctrine?
8. Name the five Great Lakes.
9. When was Ravel born and where?
10. What is Byzantine art?

MEMO
TO
YOU

Back to school you go! It's going to be the best school year ever, if you remember to remember irregular verbs, equations, formulas, principal products and Constitutional Amendments. Yes, you must remember to remember them all.

But not all the answers to the question of a successful school year are in your textbooks. If you want to make it shine, you must remember to remember all the latest data on teen-age fashions, date doings, fiction, movies, music, careers — and the improvement of your very own personality. And MISS AMERICA, the teen-agers' own magazine, always remembers to remember these things for YOU.

That's why the demand for MISS AMERICA is enormous! You don't want to miss a single issue. So remember to remember to clip this coupon and SUBSCRIBE to MISS AMERICA, the teen-agers' favorite magazine. And—DO IT NOW!

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I am enclosing $1.50 (cross out one) for a subscription to MISS AMERICA.

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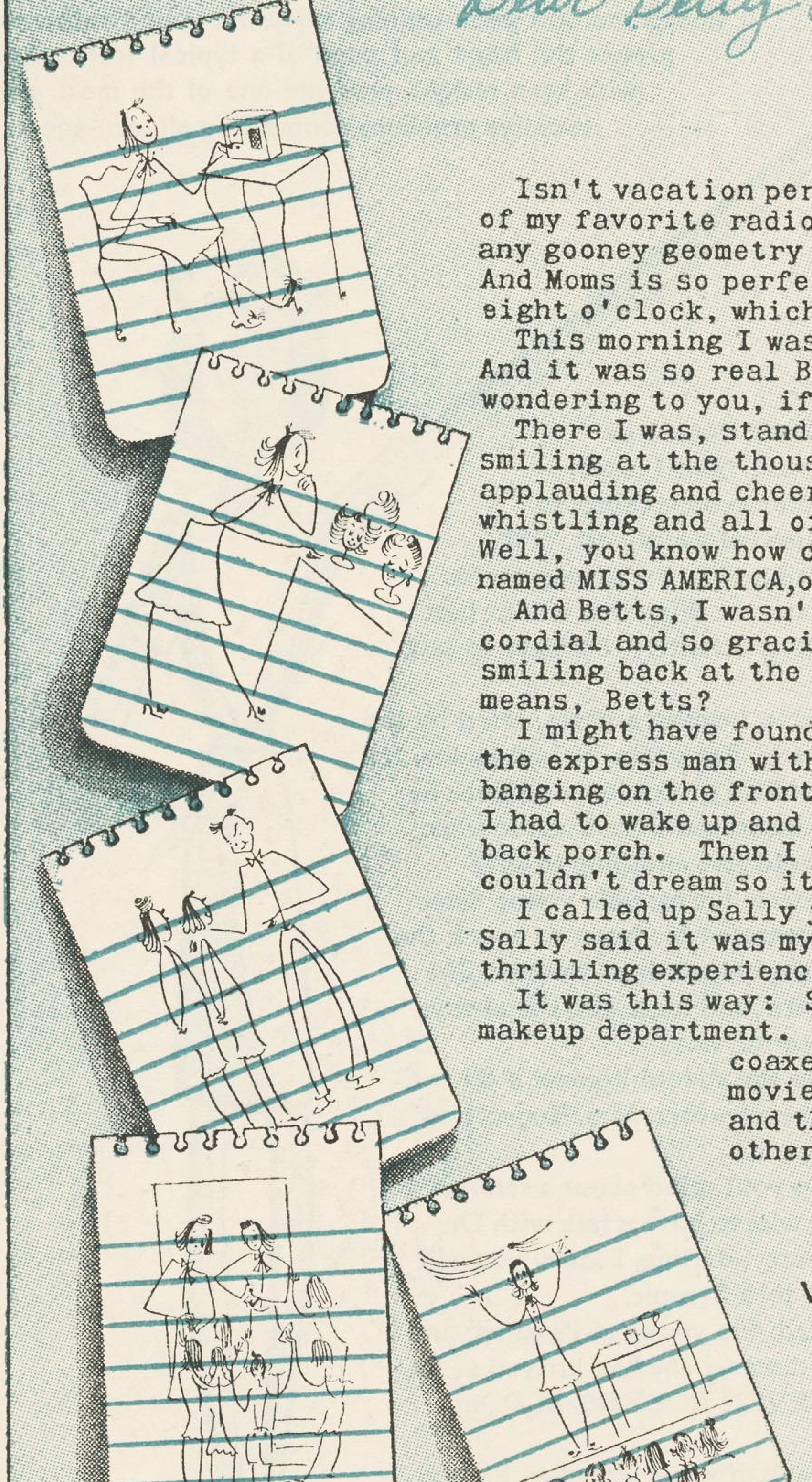
VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD

August 3, 1945
Hollywood, California

Dear Betty Ann—



Isn't vacation perfectly luscious! I listen to all of my favorite radio programs until way late, without any gooney geometry problems twisting me into a fuzz. And Moms is so perfect about letting me sleep until eight o'clock, which is too perfect to last.

This morning I was having the most elegant dream. And it was so real Betts, that I am confidentially wondering to you, if it will come true?

There I was, standing on a big flag-draped platform, smiling at the thousands of people who were all applauding and cheering me. All of the boys were whistling and all of the factories were whistling. Well, you know how crazy dreams are. I had just been named MISS AMERICA,or something!

And Betts, I wasn't conceited, not one bit. I was so cordial and so gracious. I stood there so regal, smiling back at the people. What do you think it means, Betts?

I might have found out what happened next, except the express man with Pop's new garden hose kept banging on the front door to make his delivery. And I had to wake up and tell him to just leave it on the back porch. Then I tried to go back to sleep, but I couldn't dream so it was useless!

I called up Sally just now and told her all about it. Sally said it was my subconscious recalling our thrilling experience at RKO studios the other day.

It was this way: Sally has a cousin who works in the makeup department. For months Sally and I have coaxed him to please give us a real movie makeup, with great big mouths and those long false eyelashes. So the other day he (Continued on page 40)

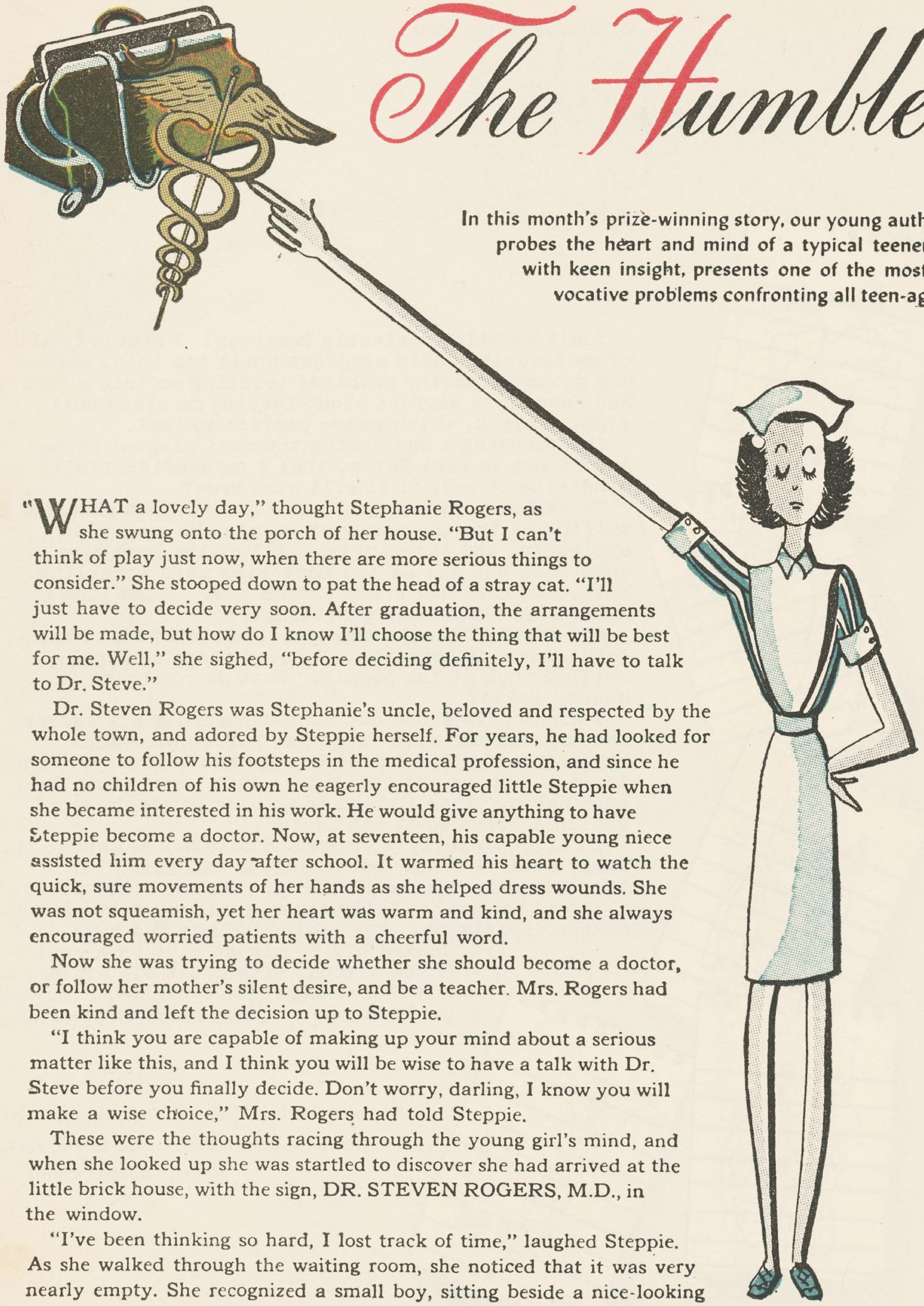
Victoria (Vicky) Allen Dunford almost finds herself a screen star... But, as she says, "almost" doesn't count...

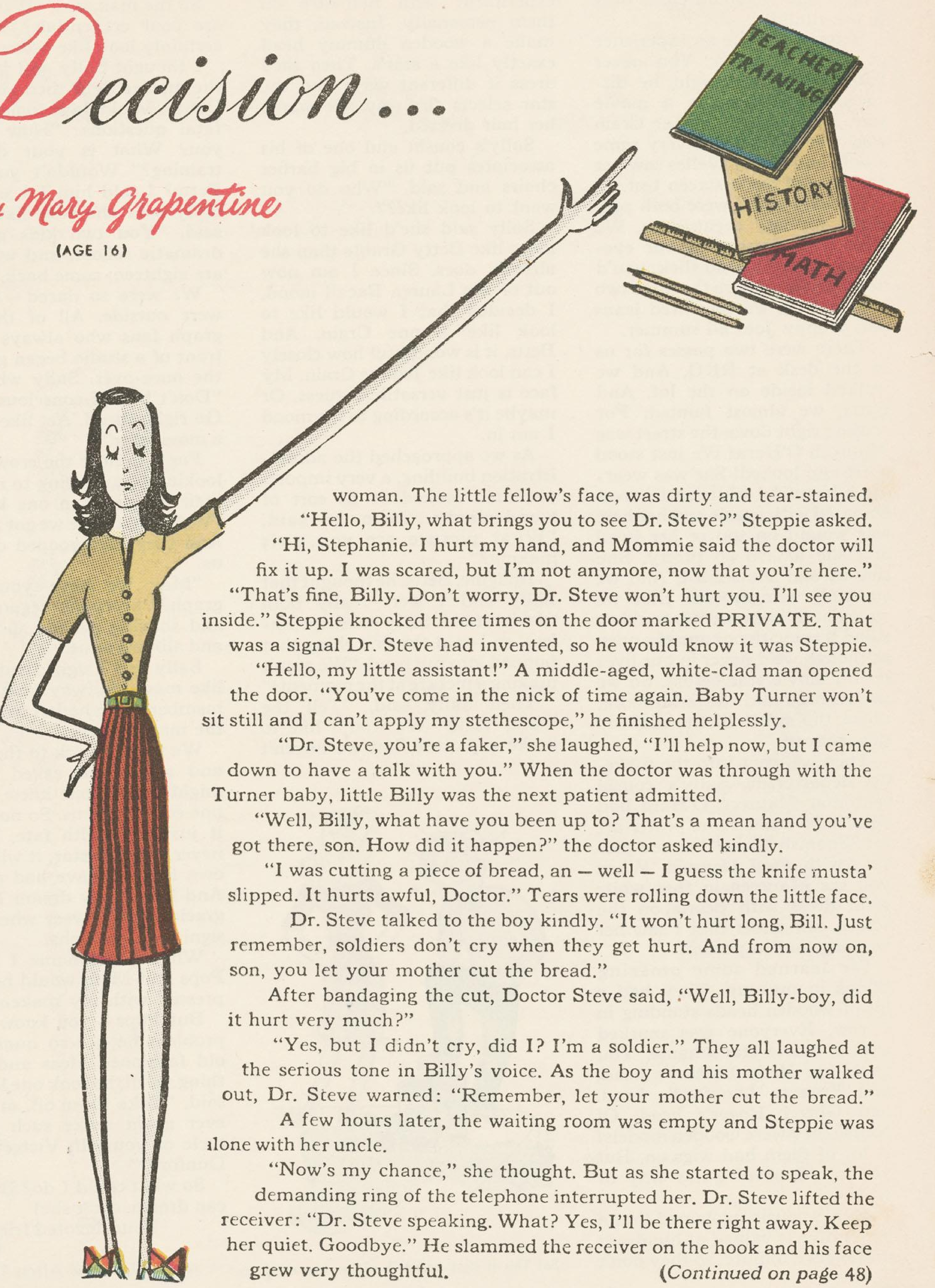
The Humble Decision...

In this month's prize-winning story, our young authoress probes the heart and mind of a typical teener, and with keen insight, presents one of the most provocative problems confronting all teen-agers...

By Mary Grapentine

(AGE 16)





"WHAT a lovely day," thought Stephanie Rogers, as she swung onto the porch of her house. "But I can't think of play just now, when there are more serious things to consider." She stooped down to pat the head of a stray cat. "I'll just have to decide very soon. After graduation, the arrangements will be made, but how do I know I'll choose the thing that will be best for me. Well," she sighed, "before deciding definitely, I'll have to talk to Dr. Steve."

Dr. Steven Rogers was Stephanie's uncle, beloved and respected by the whole town, and adored by Steppie herself. For years, he had looked for someone to follow his footsteps in the medical profession, and since he had no children of his own he eagerly encouraged little Steppie when she became interested in his work. He would give anything to have Steppie become a doctor. Now, at seventeen, his capable young niece assisted him every day after school. It warmed his heart to watch the quick, sure movements of her hands as she helped dress wounds. She was not squeamish, yet her heart was warm and kind, and she always encouraged worried patients with a cheerful word.

Now she was trying to decide whether she should become a doctor, or follow her mother's silent desire, and be a teacher. Mrs. Rogers had been kind and left the decision up to Steppie.

"I think you are capable of making up your mind about a serious matter like this, and I think you will be wise to have a talk with Dr. Steve before you finally decide. Don't worry, darling, I know you will make a wise choice," Mrs. Rogers had told Steppie.

These were the thoughts racing through the young girl's mind, and when she looked up she was startled to discover she had arrived at the little brick house, with the sign, DR. STEVEN ROGERS, M.D., in the window.

"I've been thinking so hard, I lost track of time," laughed Steppie. As she walked through the waiting room, she noticed that it was very nearly empty. She recognized a small boy, sitting beside a nice-looking woman. The little fellow's face, was dirty and tear-stained.

"Hello, Billy, what brings you to see Dr. Steve?" Steppie asked.

"Hi, Stephanie. I hurt my hand, and Mommie said the doctor will fix it up. I was scared, but I'm not anymore, now that you're here."

"That's fine, Billy. Don't worry, Dr. Steve won't hurt you. I'll see you inside." Steppie knocked three times on the door marked PRIVATE. That was a signal Dr. Steve had invented, so he would know it was Steppie.

"Hello, my little assistant!" A middle-aged, white-clad man opened the door. "You've come in the nick of time again. Baby Turner won't sit still and I can't apply my stethescope," he finished helplessly.

"Dr. Steve, you're a faker," she laughed, "I'll help now, but I came down to have a talk with you." When the doctor was through with the Turner baby, little Billy was the next patient admitted.

"Well, Billy, what have you been up to? That's a mean hand you've got there, son. How did it happen?" the doctor asked kindly.

"I was cutting a piece of bread, an — well — I guess the knife musta' slipped. It hurts awful, Doctor." Tears were rolling down the little face.

Dr. Steve talked to the boy kindly. "It won't hurt long, Bill. Just remember, soldiers don't cry when they get hurt. And from now on, son, you let your mother cut the bread."

After bandaging the cut, Doctor Steve said, "Well, Billy-boy, did it hurt very much?"

"Yes, but I didn't cry, did I? I'm a soldier." They all laughed at the serious tone in Billy's voice. As the boy and his mother walked out, Dr. Steve warned: "Remember, let your mother cut the bread."

A few hours later, the waiting room was empty and Steppie was alone with her uncle.

"Now's my chance," she thought. But as she started to speak, the demanding ring of the telephone interrupted her. Dr. Steve lifted the receiver: "Dr. Steve speaking. What? Yes, I'll be there right away. Keep her quiet. Goodbye." He slammed the receiver on the hook and his face grew very thoughtful.

(Continued on page 48)

DEAR BETTY ANN

From page 37

finally said we could come over to the studio!

Betts, it is quite an experience going to a studio. You never know when you might be discovered and become a movie star. I read where Jeanne Crain was over visiting this very same studio and Orson Welles saw her and offered her a screen test.

So Sally and I were both prepared for any eventuality. We were both dressed to our eyebrows. We looked so slick, you'd never know we were the same two who've been wearing tired jeans and Sloppy Joes all summer.

There were two passes for us at the desk at RKO. And we walked inside on the lot. And Betts, we almost fainted. For coming right down the street was Maureen O'Hara! We just stood there and looked! She was wearing a beautiful white satin dress trimmed with pearls and her hair was wound on top of her head and she looked so pretty. She saw us and she smiled. And we suddenly remembered that we were out to impress. We couldn't stand there with our mouths open as though we'd never in our lives seen a movie star before. So we smiled back and started walking down the street to the makeup department.

Then we went into the makeup department. Sally's cousin said that Maureen O'Hara had been in to make some poster art for "Spanish Main," her new picture with Paul Henreid. When you see Maureen in that white satin dress with pearls, on the screen, remember that I saw her wearing that in person!

We learned some amazing things in makeup. They had a lot of wooden heads standing in a row. Everyone was marked with a movie star's name. You could see Hedy Lamarr's head, and Frances Langford's head, and Ginger Roger's head. Of course they were wooden models! A lot of them had wigs on. But you could never guess why or what for.

Sally's cousin explained that a star's time is valued at hundreds of dollars a minute, so they don't experiment with hair-do's on them personally. Instead, they make a wooden dummy head exactly like a star's. Then they dress it different ways and the star selects the way she wants her hair dressed.

Sally's cousin and one of his associates put us in big barber chairs and said, "Who do you want to look like?"

Sally said she'd like to look more like Betty Grable than she already does. Since I am now out of my Lauren Bacall mood, I decided that I would like to look like Jeanne Crain. And Betts, it is wonderful how closely I can look like Jeanne Crain. My face is just versatile I guess. Or maybe it's according to the mood I am in.

As we approached the administration building, a very important man looked at us sort of wonderingly. Then he said, "What picture are you girls making?"

Imagine, Betts, he thought that Sally and I were really both movie stars! Sally was speechless, so I said the first thing that popped into my head, "We aren't making a picture at the moment!"

Then Sally said, "Tell the truth, Vicky. We would like to make a picture, but we haven't even been asked for a screen test!"

So the man said, "Well, where are your credentials? You two certainly look like actresses?"

I thought Sally and I were in the movies right then and there. But he would have to ask us two fatal questions: "How old are you? What is your dramatic training?" Wouldn't you know Betts? I told him I was fifteen. Sally said she was sixteen. He said, "You two kids get in a dramatic school, and when you are eighteen, come back."

We were so dazed — then we were outside. All of the autograph fans who always wait in front of a studio began giving us the once-over. Sally whispered, "Don't be self-conscious, Vicky. Go right ahead. Act like you are a movie star."

For a minute the crowd stood looking at us, trying to make up their minds, then one kid said, "Well, what have we got to lose?" And they all swooped down on us.

"May we have your autograph?" everyone began asking, and shoving pencils and papers and albums at us.

Sally and I signed autographs like mad. Halfway home we remembered we hadn't even asked the man's name.

We rushed back to the studio, and asked and asked who he might be. No one knew, and no one could help us. So now Betts, it just rests with fate. If I am never a movie star, it will be my own fault; I have had an offer. And like in my dream I was so gracious and sweet when I was signing autographs.

When I got home I thought Pops and Mom would be so impressed with my makeup.

But Pops — you know what a problem he is — so quaint with old fashioned ideas and everything. Well, he took one look and said, "Take those off, and don't ever again make such a spectacle of yourself, Victoria Allen Dunford!"

So what could I do? But a girl can dream, can't she!

Your devoted friend,
Vicky
Victoria Allen Dunford

So! This is that corner business you own!

for Girls only

Life in a snarl? Aunt Nina uses this column to help you undo the knots . . .

HELLO, GIRLS! Here comes autumn again and I find myself wondering about who will be carrying your books to school this year, how you'll get on in your classes, about the school dances you'll be going to, and what you'll wear. And, above all, I'm thinking about how happy you are going to be — how you are going to feel right, inside yourselves.

Happiness, I try to emphasize to you, is largely of your own making. The method is to face yourself and your problems calmly and honestly and always to act remembering "I'm a big girl now." That's the way to keep out of fuzzy emotional tangles and solve things efficiently.

And if you need any help, let me know — along with your *full name and address.*

Aunt Nina

Autumn Leaf from the Style Book: Let this go to your heads, girls! Tams are back, and worn on the back of the head. I don't mean berets, but the real, old fashioned tam-o-shanters with the fuzzy tassel on top, in brightest colors, of course. Rosalind Russell introduced them. Lovely with school clothes!

* * *

Mother-May-I-Department: Marjorie P. there is no harm in having boys walk home with you, or in inviting them in. You are right to want your mother's permission to do so, for it shows she can trust you. Don't be afraid to ask her. Just tell her you'd like to have some boys around, as well as girls.

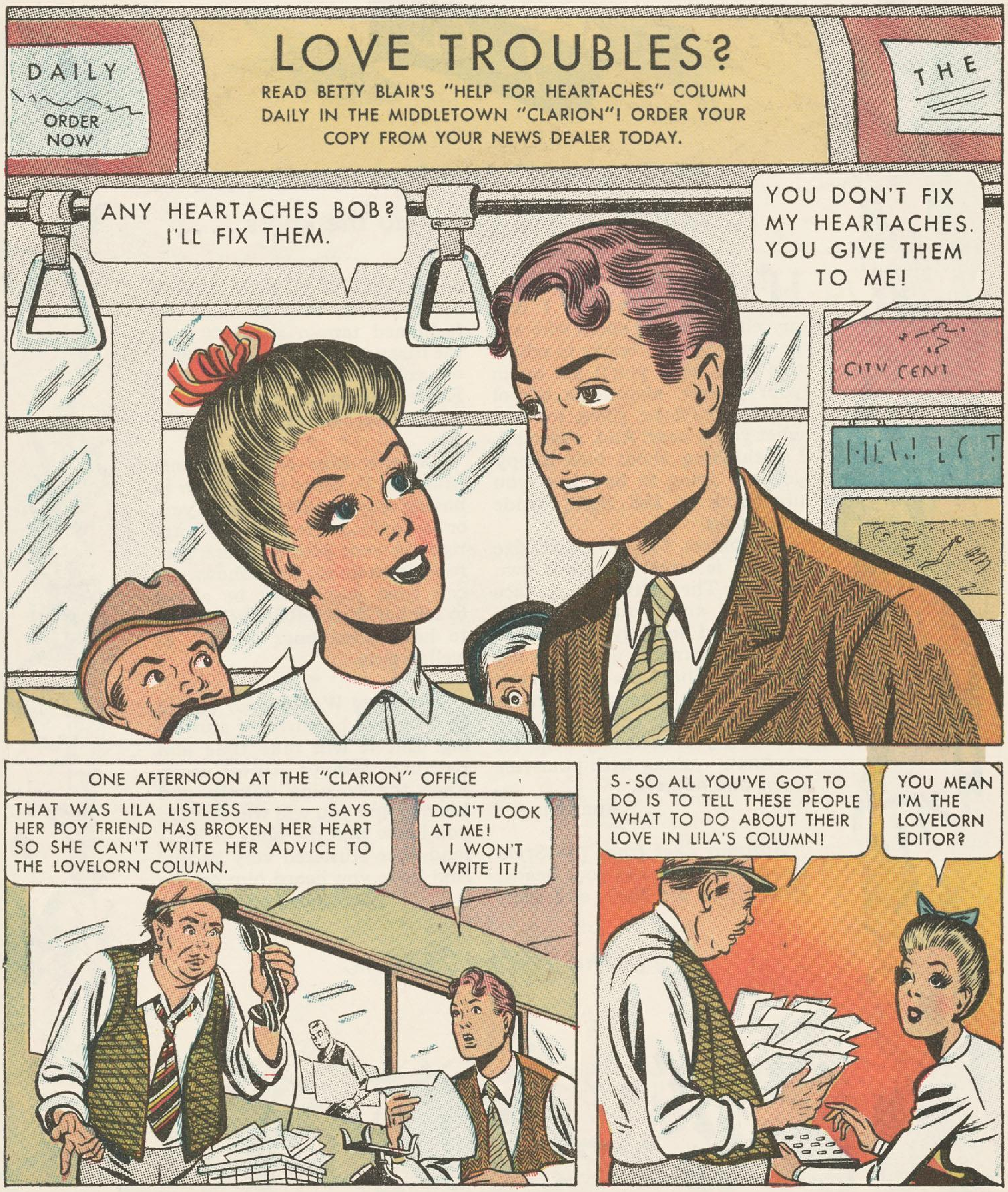
* * *

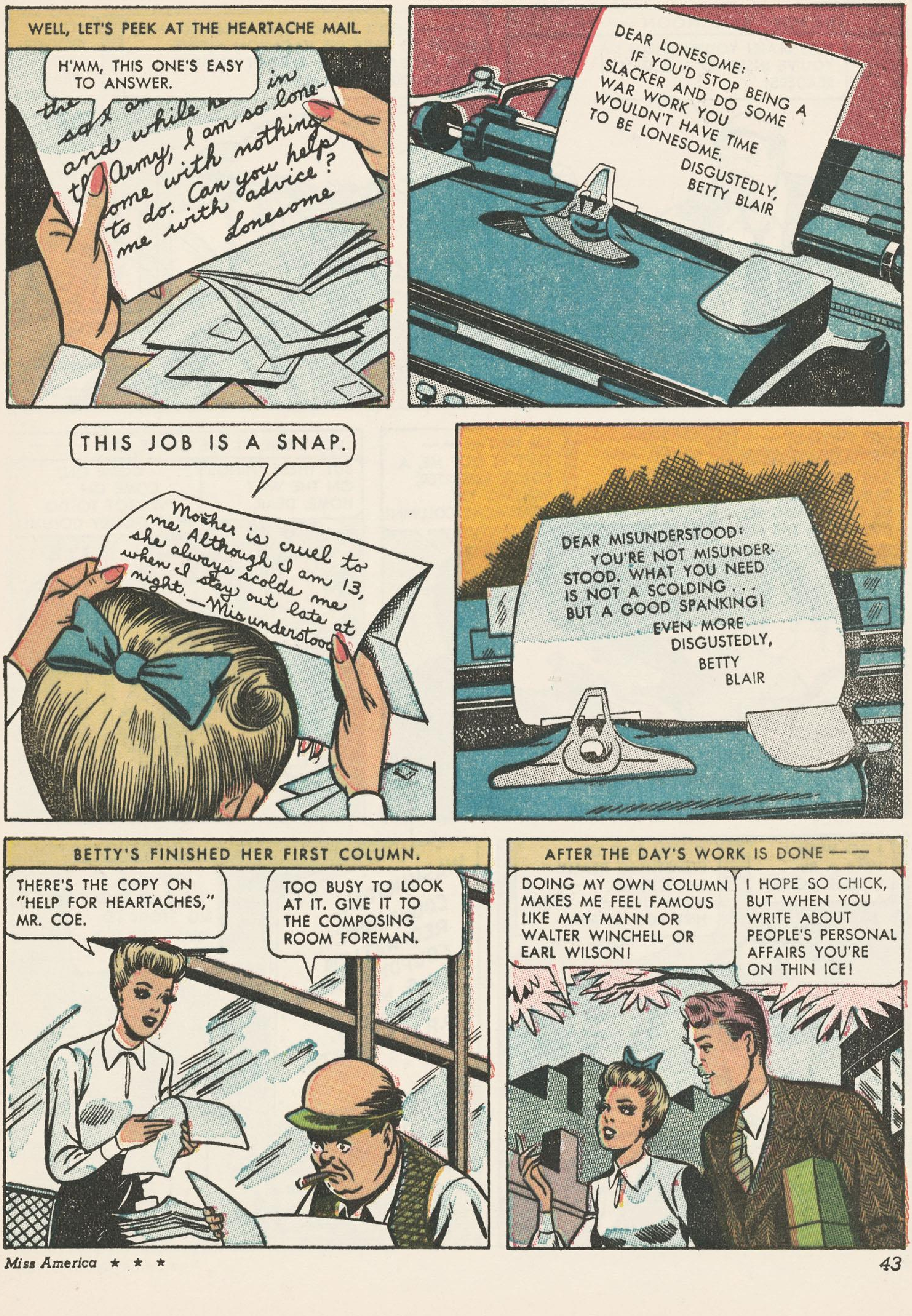
The King Was Cured: Sylvia O. You *can* be cured of stuttering. But it will take time and patience, perhaps several years. Face the training calmly and bravely and you will win out. Do you know that the King of England once stuttered very badly? And have you heard him on the

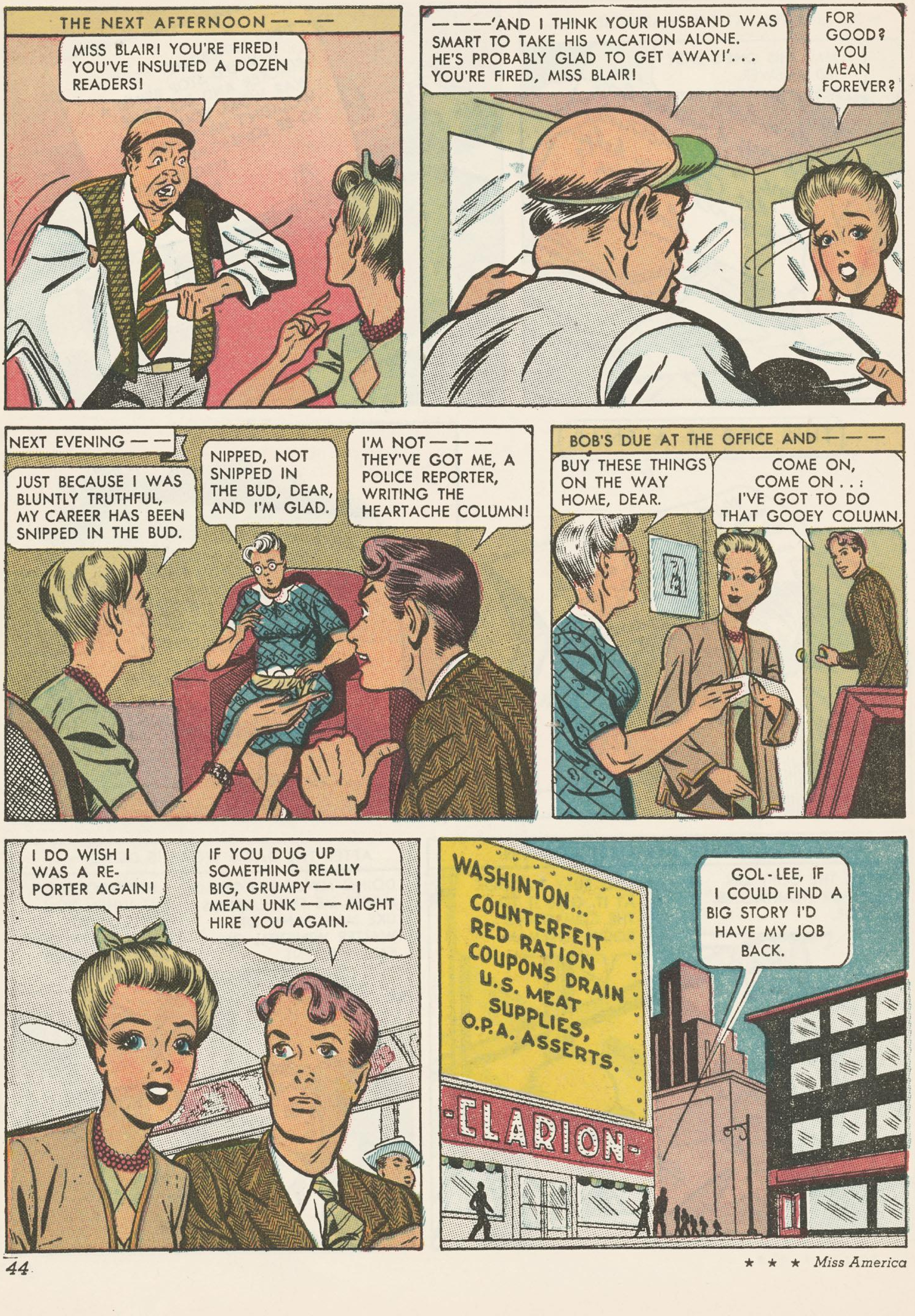
(*Continued on page 48*)

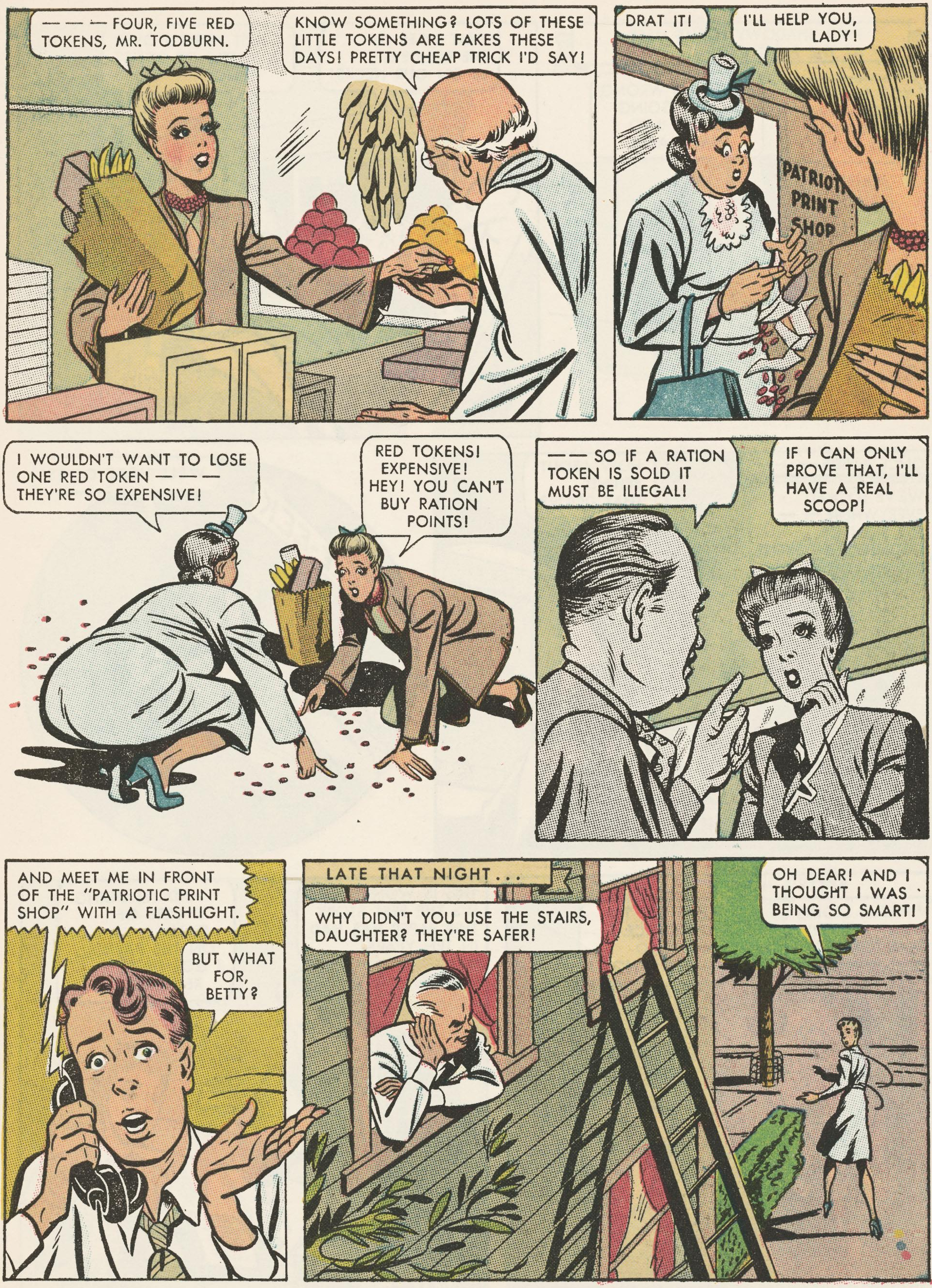
By Nina Wilcox Putnam

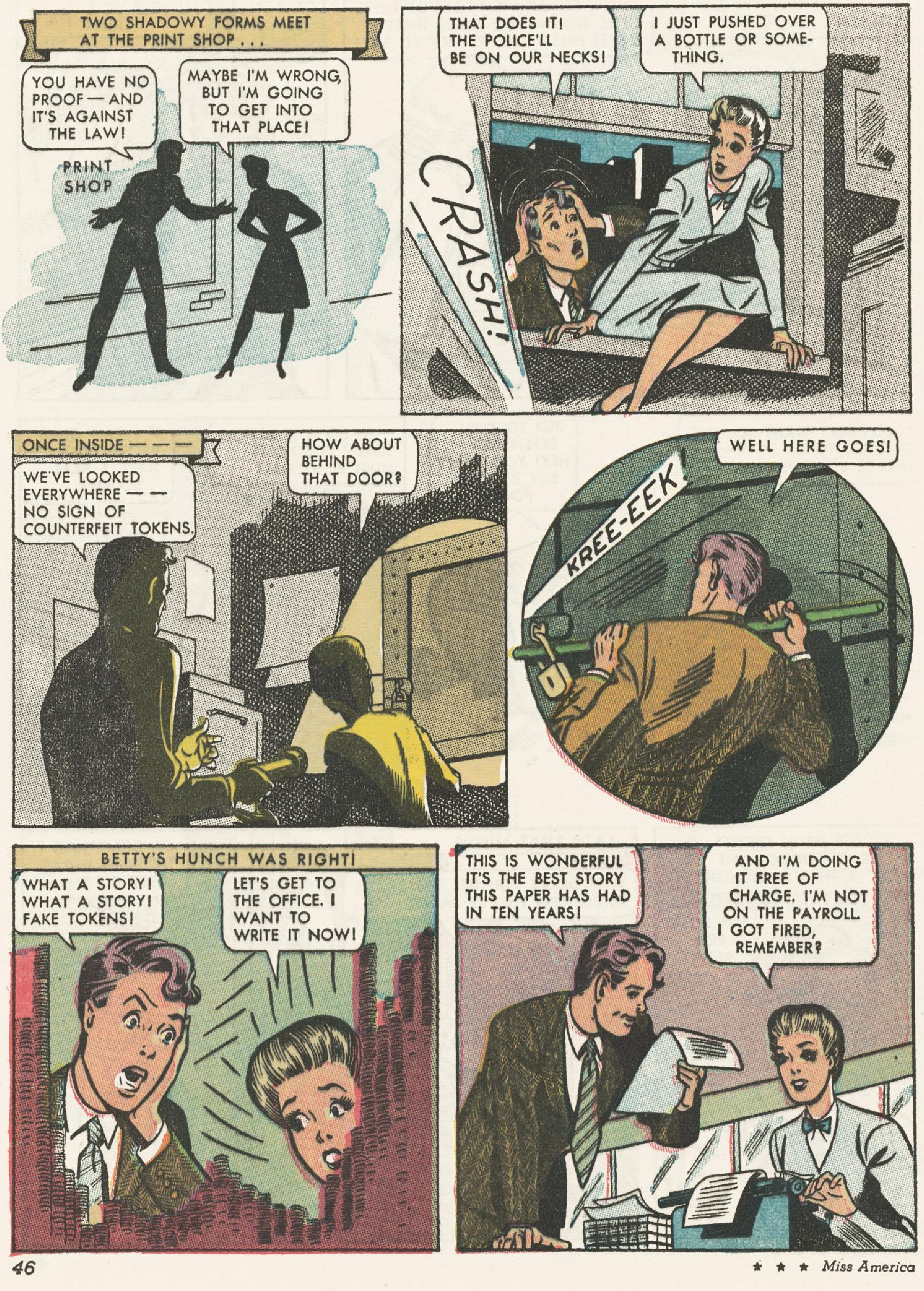
BETTY BLAIR

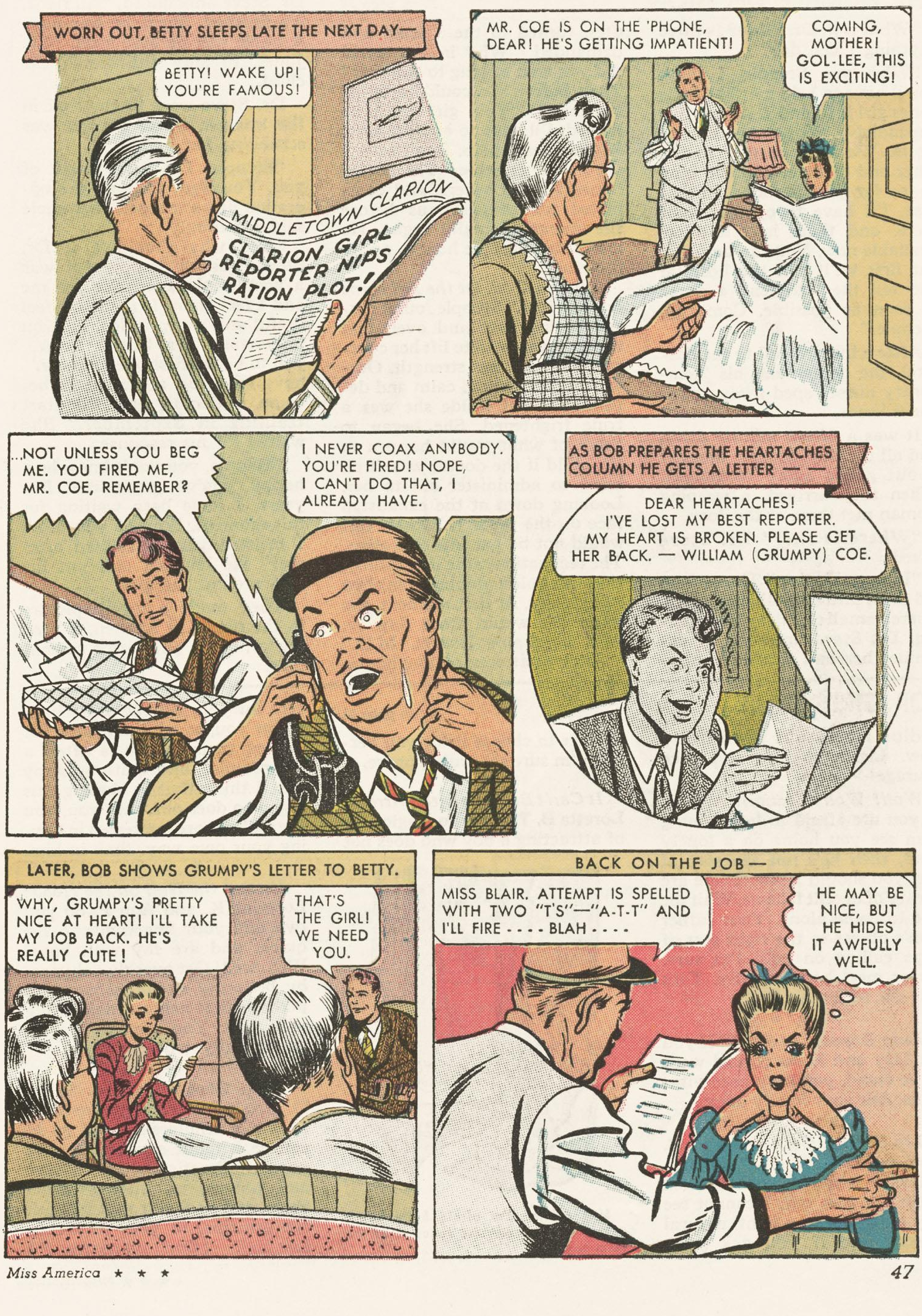

LOVE TROUBLES?
READ BETTY BLAIR'S "HELP FOR HEARTACHES" COLUMN DAILY IN THE MIDDLETOWN "CLARION"! ORDER YOUR COPY FROM YOUR NEWS DEALER TODAY.
DAILY ORDER NOW
THE
CITY CENT
ANY HEARTACHES BOB? I'LL FIX THEM.
YOU DON'T FIX MY HEARTACHES. YOU GIVE THEM TO ME!
ONE AFTERNOON AT THE "CLARION" OFFICE
THAT WAS LILA LISTLESS — — — SAYS HER BOY FRIEND HAS BROKEN HER HEART SO SHE CAN'T WRITE HER ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN COLUMN.
DON'T LOOK AT ME! I WON'T WRITE IT!
S-SO ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS TO TELL THESE PEOPLE WHAT TO DO ABOUT THEIR LOVE IN LILA'S COLUMN!
YOU MEAN I'M THE LOVELORN EDITOR?


WELL, LET'S PEEK AT THE HEARTACHE MAIL.
H'MM, THIS ONE'S EASY TO ANSWER.
and while
Army, I am so lonesome with nothing to do. Can you help me with advice?
Lonesome
DEAR LONESOME:
IF YOU'D STOP BEING A SLACKER AND DO SOME WAR WORK YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TIME TO BE LONESOME.
DISGUSTEDLY,
BETTY BLAIR
THIS JOB IS A SNAP.
Mother is cruel to me. Although I am 13, she always scolds me when I stay out late at night.—Misunderstood
DEAR MISUNDERSTOOD:
YOU'RE NOT MISUNDERSTOOD. WHAT YOU NEED IS NOT A SCOLDING . . . BUT A GOOD SPANKING!
EVEN MORE DISGUSTEDLY,
BETTY BLAIR
BETTY'S FINISHED HER FIRST COLUMN.
THERE'S THE COPY ON "HELP FOR HEARTACHES," MR. COE.
TOO BUSY TO LOOK AT IT. GIVE IT TO THE COMPOSING ROOM FOREMAN.
AFTER THE DAY'S WORK IS DONE — —
DOING MY OWN COLUMN MAKES ME FEEL FAMOUS LIKE MAY MANN OR WALTER WINCHELL OR EARL WILSON!
I HOPE SO CHICK, BUT WHEN YOU WRITE ABOUT PEOPLE'S PERSONAL AFFAIRS YOU'RE ON THIN ICE!


THE NEXT AFTERNOON———
MISS BLAIR! YOU'RE FIRED! YOU'VE INSULTED A DOZEN READERS!
———'AND I THINK YOUR HUSBAND WAS SMART TO TAKE HIS VACATION ALONE. HE'S PROBABLY GLAD TO GET AWAY!'... YOU'RE FIRED, MISS BLAIR!
FOR GOOD? YOU MEAN FOREVER?
NEXT EVENING——
JUST BECAUSE I WAS BLUNTLY TRUTHFUL, MY CAREER HAS BEEN SNIPPED IN THE BUD.
NIPPED, NOT SNIPPED IN THE BUD, DEAR, AND I'M GLAD.
I'M NOT——— THEY'VE GOT ME, A POLICE REPORTER, WRITING THE HEARTACHE COLUMN!
BOB'S DUE AT THE OFFICE AND———
BUY THESE THINGS ON THE WAY HOME, DEAR.
COME ON, COME ON..: I'VE GOT TO DO THAT GOOEY COLUMN.
I DO WISH I WAS A REPORTER AGAIN!
IF YOU DUG UP SOMETHING REALLY BIG, GRUMPY——I MEAN UNK——MIGHT HIRE YOU AGAIN.
WASHINTON... COUNTERFEIT RED RATION COUPONS DRAIN U.S. MEAT SUPPLIES, O.P.A. ASSERTS.
CLARION
GOL-LEE, IF I COULD FIND A BIG STORY I'D HAVE MY JOB BACK.


— — — FOUR, FIVE RED TOKENS, MR. TODBURN.
KNOW SOMETHING? LOTS OF THESE LITTLE TOKENS ARE FAKES THESE DAYS! PRETTY CHEAP TRICK I'D SAY!
DRAT IT!
I'LL HELP YOU, LADY!
PATRIOTI PRINT SHOP
I WOULDN'T WANT TO LOSE ONE RED TOKEN — — — THEY'RE SO EXPENSIVE!
RED TOKENS! EXPENSIVE! HEY! YOU CAN'T BUY RATION POINTS!
— — SO IF A RATION TOKEN IS SOLD IT MUST BE ILLEGAL!
IF I CAN ONLY PROVE THAT, I'LL HAVE A REAL SCOOP!
AND MEET ME IN FRONT OF THE "PATRIOTIC PRINT SHOP" WITH A FLASHLIGHT.
BUT WHAT FOR, BETTY?
LATE THAT NIGHT . . .
WHY DIDN'T YOU USE THE STAIRS, DAUGHTER? THEY'RE SAFER!
OH DEAR! AND I THOUGHT I WAS BEING SO SMART!


TWO SHADOWY FORMS MEET AT THE PRINT SHOP . . .
YOU HAVE NO PROOF — AND IT'S AGAINST THE LAW!
MAYBE I'M WRONG, BUT I'M GOING TO GET INTO THAT PLACE!
PRINT SHOP
THAT DOES IT! THE POLICE'LL BE ON OUR NECKS!
I JUST PUSHED OVER A BOTTLE OR SOMETHING.
CRASH!
ONCE INSIDE — — —
WE'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE — — NO SIGN OF COUNTERFEIT TOKENS.
HOW ABOUT BEHIND THAT DOOR?
WELL HERE GOES!
KREE-EEK
BETTY'S HUNCH WAS RIGHT!
WHAT A STORY! WHAT A STORY! FAKE TOKENS!
LET'S GET TO THE OFFICE. I WANT TO WRITE IT NOW!
THIS IS WONDERFUL IT'S THE BEST STORY THIS PAPER HAS HAD IN TEN YEARS!
AND I'M DOING IT FREE OF CHARGE. I'M NOT ON THE PAYROLL. I GOT FIRED, REMEMBER?


WORN OUT, BETTY SLEEPS LATE THE NEXT DAY—
BETTY! WAKE UP! YOU'RE FAMOUS!
MIDDLETOWN CLARION
CLARION GIRL REPORTER NIPS RATION PLOT!
MR. COE IS ON THE 'PHONE, DEAR! HE'S GETTING IMPATIENT!
COMING, MOTHER! GOL-LEE, THIS IS EXCITING!
...NOT UNLESS YOU BEG ME. YOU FIRED ME, MR. COE, REMEMBER?
I NEVER COAX ANYBODY. YOU'RE FIRED! NOPE, I CAN'T DO THAT, I ALREADY HAVE.
AS BOB PREPARES THE HEARTACHES COLUMN HE GETS A LETTER — —
DEAR HEARTACHES! I'VE LOST MY BEST REPORTER. MY HEART IS BROKEN. PLEASE GET HER BACK. — WILLIAM (GRUMPY) COE.
LATER, BOB SHOWS GRUMPY'S LETTER TO BETTY.
WHY, GRUMPY'S PRETTY NICE AT HEART! I'LL TAKE MY JOB BACK. HE'S REALLY CUTE!
THAT'S THE GIRL! WE NEED YOU.
BACK ON THE JOB—
MISS BLAIR. ATTEMPT IS SPELLED WITH TWO "T'S"—"A-T-T" AND I'LL FIRE - - - - BLAH - - - -
HE MAY BE NICE, BUT HE HIDES IT AWFULLY WELL.

THE HUMBLE DECISION

From page 39

"What is it, Dr. Steve? Is there anything I can do?"

"Why, yes, Steppie, I think you'll have to help me. The little Jones girl is ill and it sounds like appendicitis. We have no time to waste. We have to ride to the other end of town and she may be too far gone to move. In that case, I'll have to operate right there, and there isn't a nurse available now. You can help me, but first we'll call the hospital and tell them to send a nurse as soon as possible. Come on, Steppie."

After a hurried call to the hospital, the doctor and his "temporary nurse" sped away to the Jones home.

It was a fifteen minute drive, and all the way, Steppie thought about going away to school. When they arrived, a weeping woman met them at the door.

"Where is she?" Dr. Steve asked.

"In here, Doctor." The woman led them into a small, neat room, where a small child, lay whimpering. Dr. Steve immediately examined her, and after a few minutes, turned to the woman and demanded, "Why in the world did you wait so long to call me?" Then before she could reply he continued, "This girl can't be moved, I'll have to operate here. My niece will help. Don't worry, she's quite capable." The doctor issued further orders, and completed his preparations before the operation finally began. He instructed Steppie how to apply the ether.

"*Please, God, let the girl come out all right*." Steppie found herself saying over and over, and the words seemed to lift her courage, and give her strength. Outwardly, she looked calm and dependable, but inside she was a trifle frightened. She began to think of what would happen to the child if the doctor wasn't on hand to administer aid to her. Looking down at the exhausted face on the table, she knew this would not be her last operation. The realization came so certainly, that Steppie's doubts vanished completely. At that moment, she knew she would some day be, "Dr. Stephanie Rogers, M.D."

After what seemed like hours, Dr. Steve announced, "All right, it's finished. She'll be fine now. A nurse will be here soon, Mrs. Jones, to stay and watch the child."

Dr. Steve went to the sink in the kitchen, where Steppie was scrubbing her hands.

"Steppie, I'm very proud of you. You went through the operation like a trouper," her uncle said admiringly.

"And why shouldn't I, Dr. Steve?" asked Steppie. "It was a wonderful experience for me and I feel great. It made me feel useful and warm inside. Do you understand, Dr. Steve? I want you to be the first one to know. I have made up my mind to become a doctor, and I'll start training in September." She waited for his response.

"Steppie, you don't know how happy you've made me. For years, I have been waiting for this moment. Why do you think I insisted you be named after me?" He laughed and put his arm around the girl.

They made a lovely picture in the dimly lit kitchen, a tired doctor, and a girl with a radiant face.

FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 41

radio? He speaks beautifully now. Listen to him and take courage!

* * *

Wolf! Wolf! Section: Ann D. If you are afraid to let a young man see you home on a lonely road, then he's not the sort of boy you should know. There are plenty of decent fellows. Wait for one to come along. Your father won't object to the right sort of boys calling on you, I'm sure. *Never* meet boys secretly. Talk this out with your Dad.

* * *

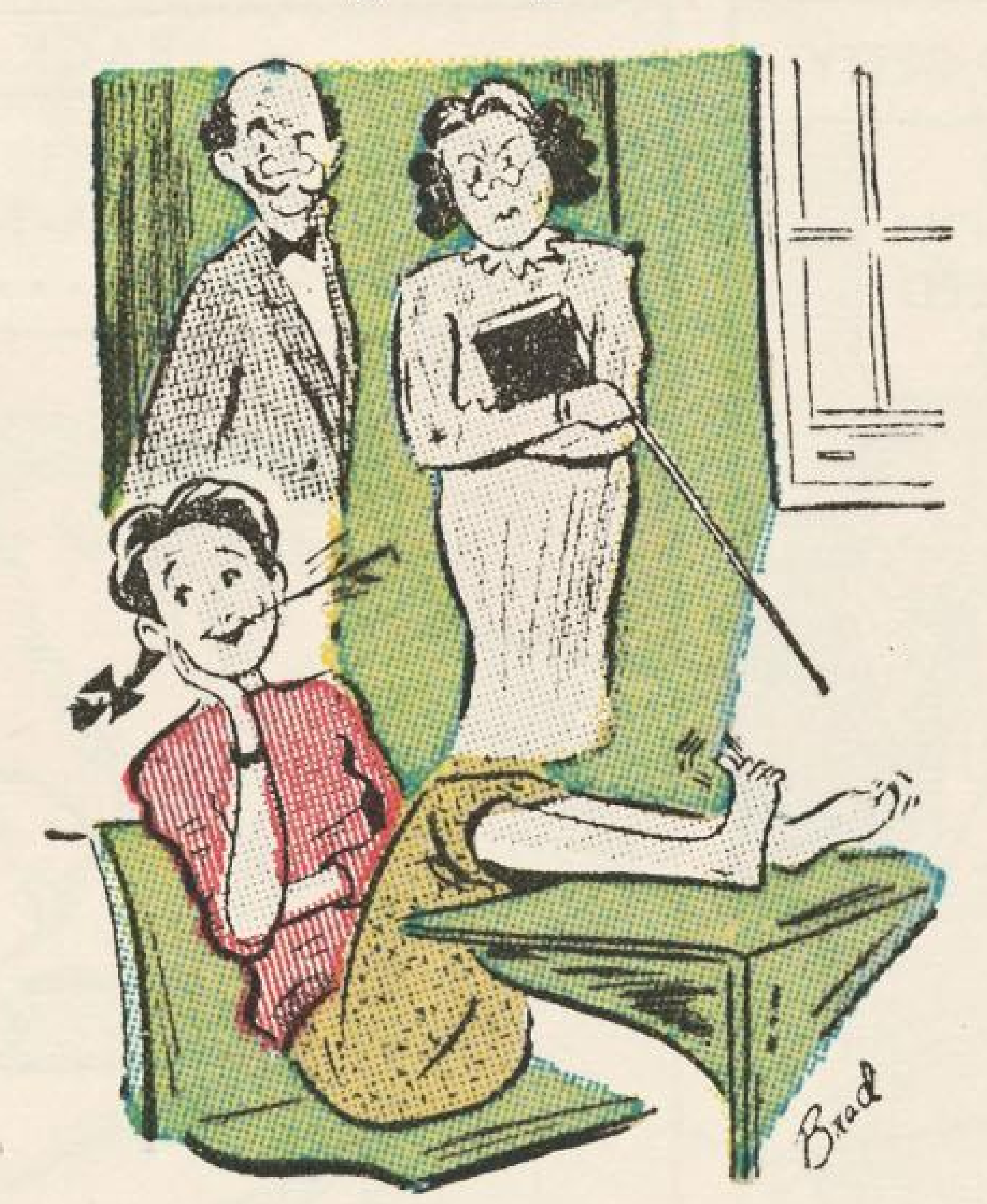
Lazy Bones: Loretta R. If you are lazy and know it, and want to be cured, you may need vitamins. Ask your family doctor.

* * *

Lip-Service Corner: Helen S. You are not the only 13-year-old who wants to wear lipstick when she goes out. I cannot see any objection to a light, natural shade, and if you ask your mother to choose it for you herself, I'm sure she will approve.

* * *

It Can't Be Done with Mirrors: Loretta B. There is no magic way of attracting a boy who does not care for you. All the other boys go for you, so why not settle for one of them? Love is often a compromise, and quite a happy one. I think that in chasing this boy who does not want you, you are really more interested in having your own way, than in him.



Miss Adams, I'm afraid Betty hasn't gotten over her summer vacation at the farm as yet!

* * *

Hitting the Nail on the Head: Lorraine K. and Ann P. So you two bite your fingernails to the quick, and are shy with boys! Well, well! Get over that shyness *by believing in yourselves*, and perhaps that nervous nail-biting will stop. You can do this if you'll really, truly try!

* * *

Three Cheers Section: Nancy D. You are a grand girl to want to win a scholarship and go to college without expense to your parents. Practically all colleges and universities offer scholarships, and I suggest that you ask the principal of your own very fine high (*Con't.on next page*)

school to advise you in this matter. Good luck! You deserve it!

Three Lonely Hearts: Margaret U., Florence F., and Mary B. Popularity is sometimes a fine thing for a girl to have. But it can also be a cheap thing when all it means is being in demand by a lot of lightweights. What really counts is having a few good friends who will last a lifetime, and eventually one boy — *The Boy* — who will be with you always. Meanwhile, develop yourselves. Cultivate your hobbies, school project opportunities, all the things that go to make you interesting and *interested* people. This is a fine way to meet new friends and to acquire poise and the social and intellectual experience that attracts others. Your days will go faster and get brighter and better.

Aunt Nina's Party Recipe: This is a cool weather set-up, but good any time of the year. Get a bunch of wooden meat skewers or ordinary metal skewers, allowing at least two to each person. Cut frankfurters and hard cheese, such as Wisconsin chedder, into pieces of equal size, about one and a half inches long, and string them on the skewers alternately. Then dip the filled skewers into a hot sauce made of chili, brush with mixed mustard and broil over a quick fire until cheese begins to melt. Or, use hot skillet on top of stove.

Serve piping hot, along with a potato salad, buttered rye bread, and, at this time of year, plenty of cold cider to wash it down. Yumm! Pass the soda mints, please!

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 6

The Red Cross furnishes a piano on wheels and Diana goes from ward to ward, talking and playing for the boys.

I said, "Diana, what about those romance rumors popping up in the columns? Are you engaged to Bob Walker, or one of those other handsome boys I see you with about town?" (Me, I wouldn't know, since I saw Diana with a young lieutenant, handsome enough to break any girl's heart, at LaRues for dinner one night and the next night she was with a terrific young, blond marine at Dave Chasens, and at the Mocambo I saw her dancing with still someone else. And I hear the next night she dated Bob Walker. Lots of dates and lots of fun). Anyway, Diana said those rumors were even confusing her, but she's not getting married for a long time. And when she does, she'll make an announcement then and there.

* * *

Van Johnson, who still lives in a lonely hotel room, and goes to parties alone, just can't find a girl. It isn't that he wouldn't like a steady date, but the girls all give him such a rush they rush him away. He never gets a chance to meet one girl at a time and really get acquainted. Poor Van!

* * *

Dolls 'n' stuff: Teresa Wright's been borrowed from Goldwyn to co-star with Ray Milland and Brian Donlevy in "Too Good To Be True" . . . Alan Ladd has just purchased a one and a quarter acre lot in Holmby Hills, the first property he's ever owned. And Alan's drawing plans for his first home, to be built after the war . . . Judy Garland's wedding ring is black enamel with tiny pink seed pearls, to match her engagement pearl . . . Deanna Durbin still steady with Producer Felix Jackson . . . Had expected to see Dick Jaeckel when he came home from the Mediterranean, but he had his head shaved when he crossed the equator, and was shy about seeing anyone. (Lotta other girls were disappointed too). Just visited quietly at his beach home with his Mom . . . Better luck with Lon McCallister, who confided that he only asked for one date while he was in town. That was with Jeanne Crain for a party. "They're serving buffet dinner at the party, but I'm taking Jeanne to dinner first anyway," said Lon.

Quit complaining—I like my men a trifle muscle-bound anyway.

* * *

Watch for terribly good-looking Bob Clark, 25, single, brown eyes, who's with Frances Langford in "Radio Stars On Parade." Bob's been studying dramatics for a year at RKO—since he came out of the army. But being a new heart-throb doesn't stop him from slugging sandwiches at a Sunset Strip drive-in after hours. His pal bought the hamburger haven, and can't get help—so Bob's helping out.

* * *

Confusing — and do you know your movie stars? Lana Turner was mistaken for Betty Grable the other day when she walked out of a restaurant. Honest injun! She tried to explain, but some chickies insisted she was Betty. So Lana signed "Betty Grable." Although one dubious autograph fan said, "She looks more like Lana Turner."

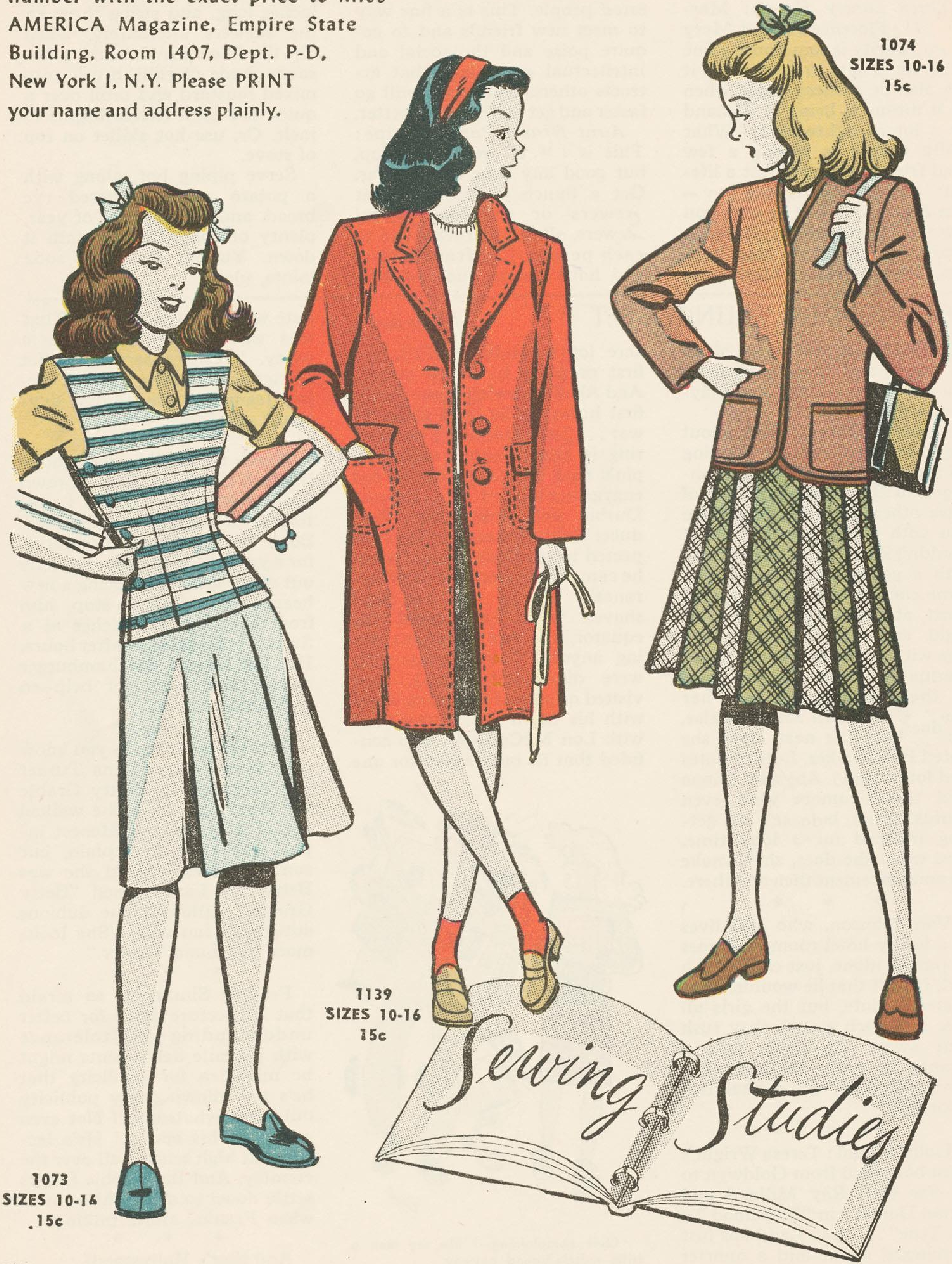
* * *

Frankie Sinatra is so afraid that his lecture drive for better understanding and tolerance with juvenile delinquents might be mistaken for publicity that he's not allowing any publicity out on it whatsoever! Not even copies of his speech! He's lectured at high schools all over the country. And the Bobbie Soxers settle down to a breathless hush when Frankie starts talking.

* * *

And that's Hollywood!

For your patterns, send your size and pattern number with the exact price to MISS AMERICA Magazine, Empire State Building, Room 1407, Dept. P-D, New York 1, N.Y. Please PRINT your name and address plainly.



1074
SIZES 10-16
15c

1139
SIZES 10-16
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1073
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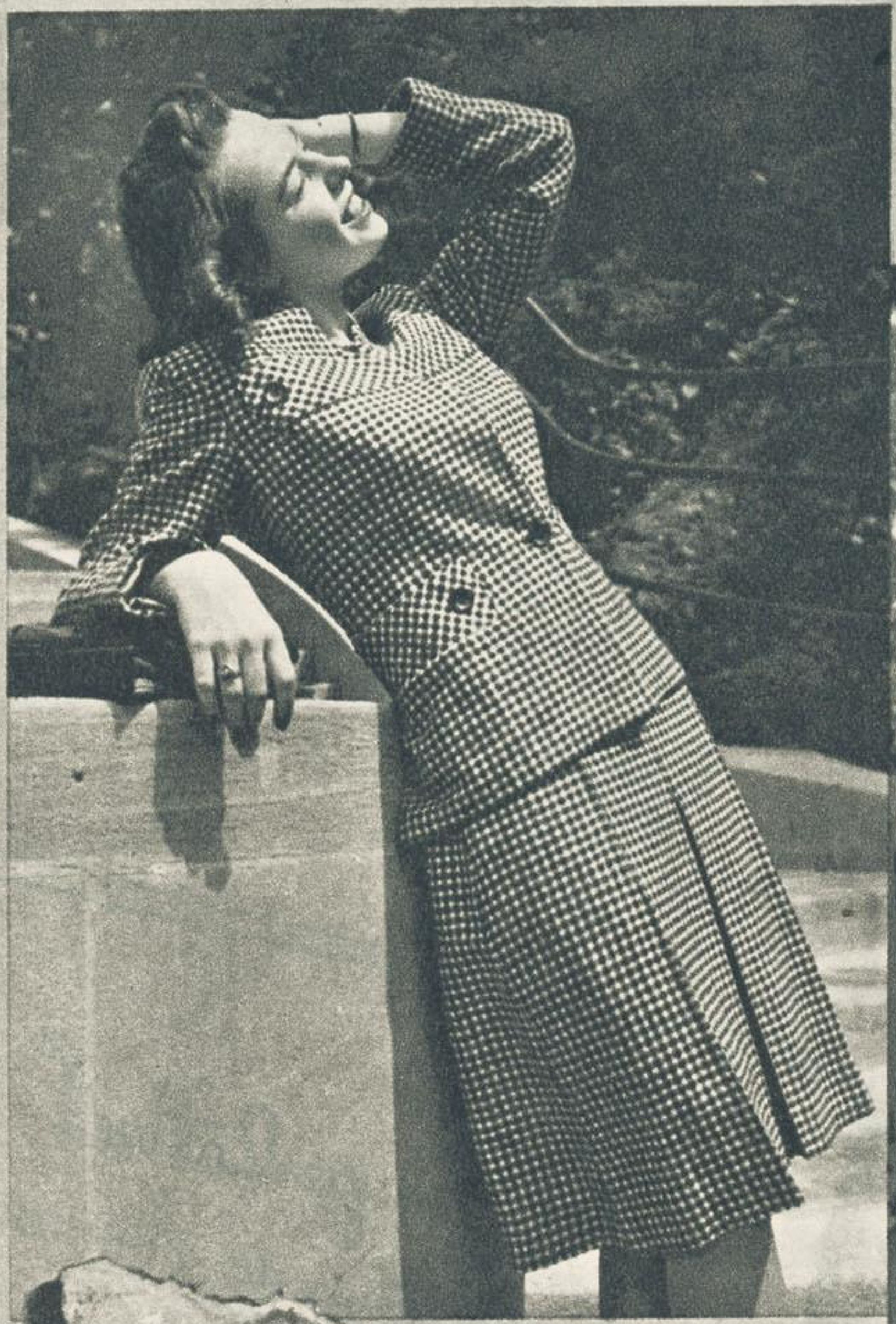
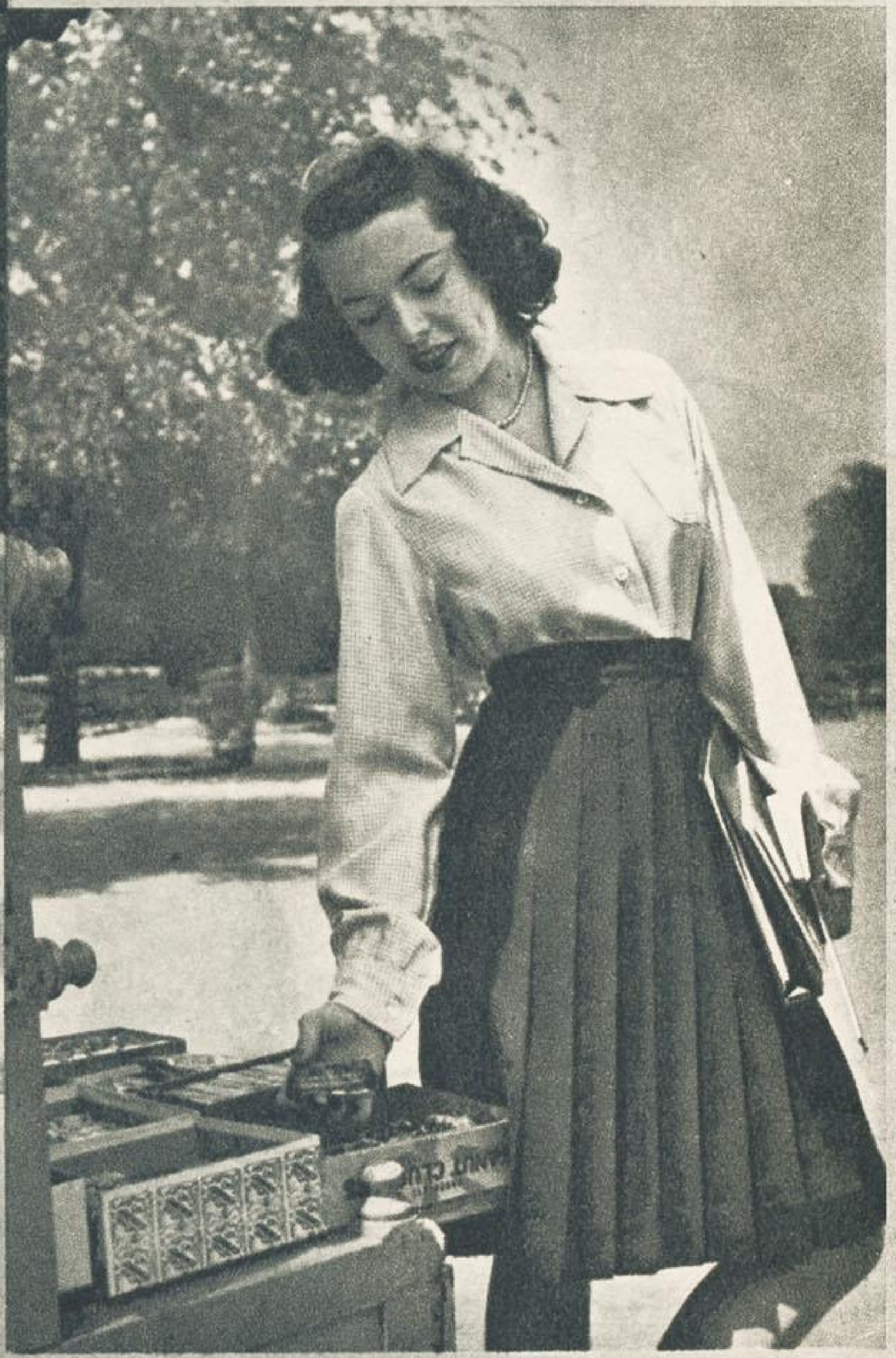
While strolling in the Park

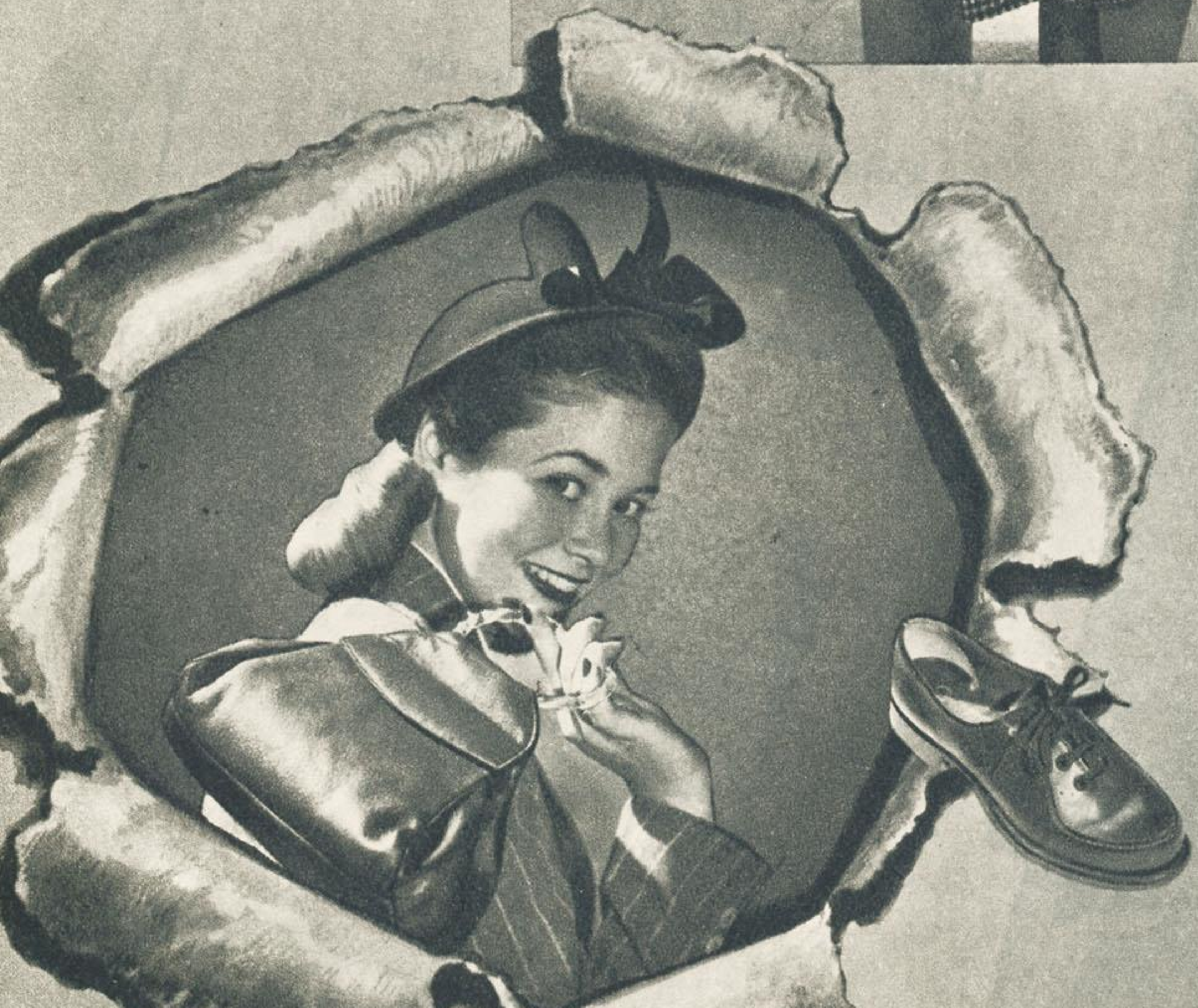
Let the sun shine bright on clothes that suit your age, your type, your active hours. *Miss America* takes you to Central Park to show you clothes that fit right into your active American life.



Derby Sportswear presents the beloved checked cardigan suit with box-pleated skirt, in 100% wool. Sizes 10-16 in black or brown and white, for about $18.



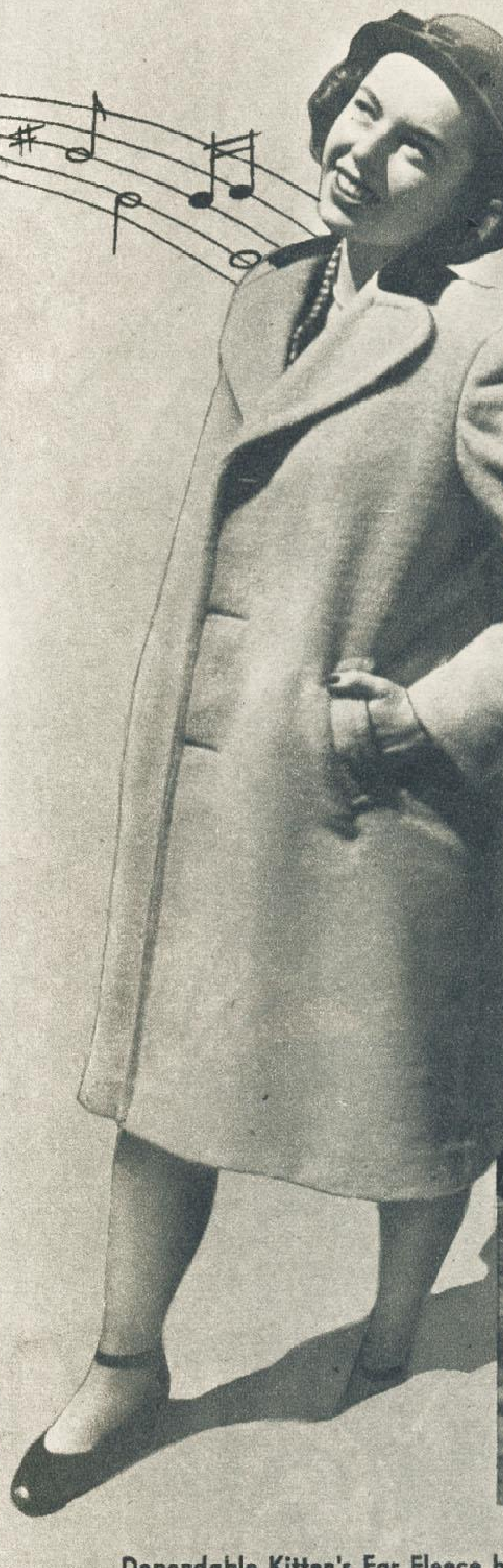
Trig and trim Moorivill blouse in brown, blue or beige tattercheck, 100% wool all-around pleated skirt in red, navy, brown or green. Derby Sportswear blouse about $4.50, skirt $6.50.. Sizes 10-16.



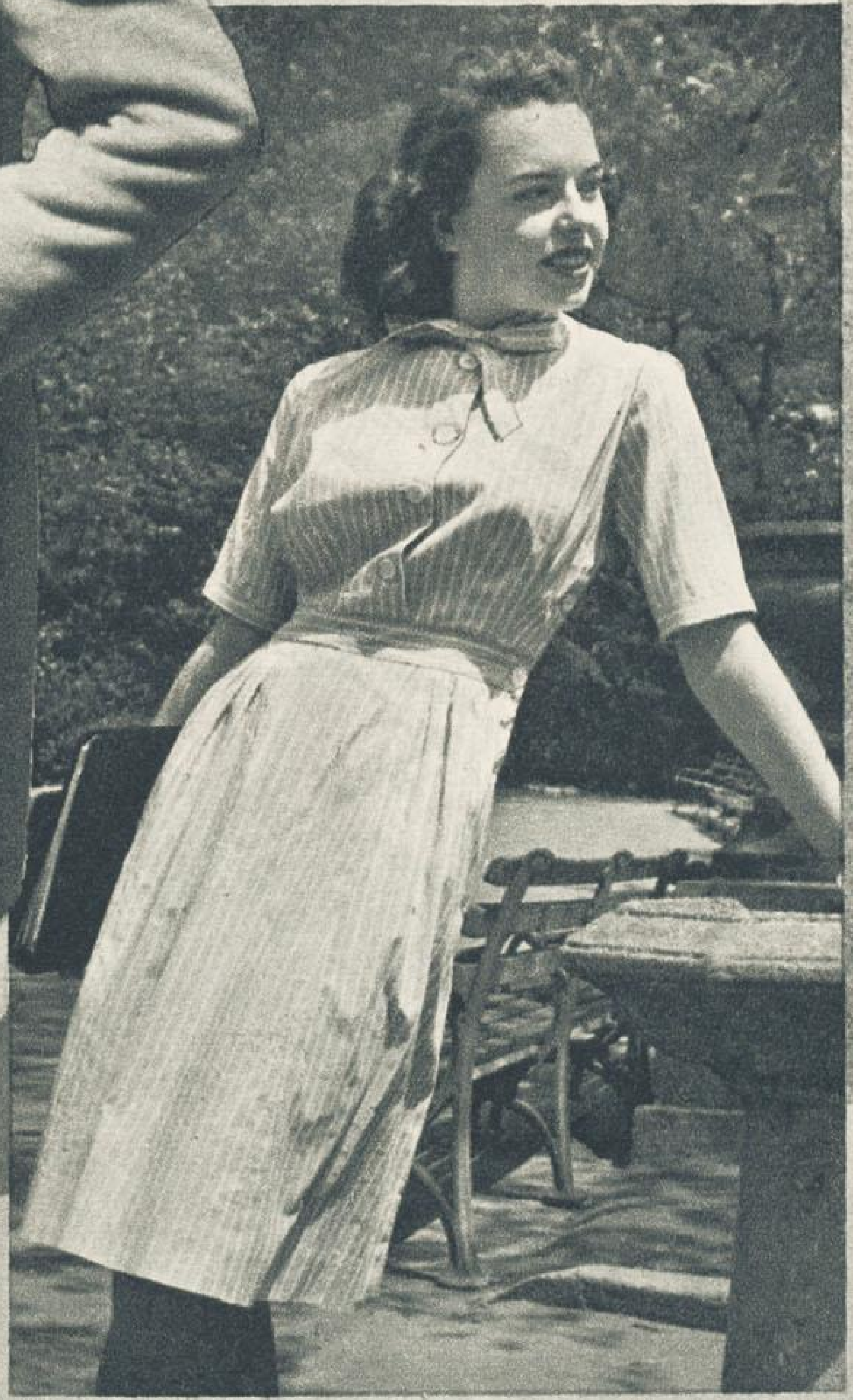
Spirit-lifting Greenberg Fisch hat with soaring bow. Fall colors. About $4. Tote your Belt Modes' lammie calf bag with lucite bracelet handle around the town. In nifty new fall colors.. About $5.

Shoes—Sportsters by Sandler of Boston.

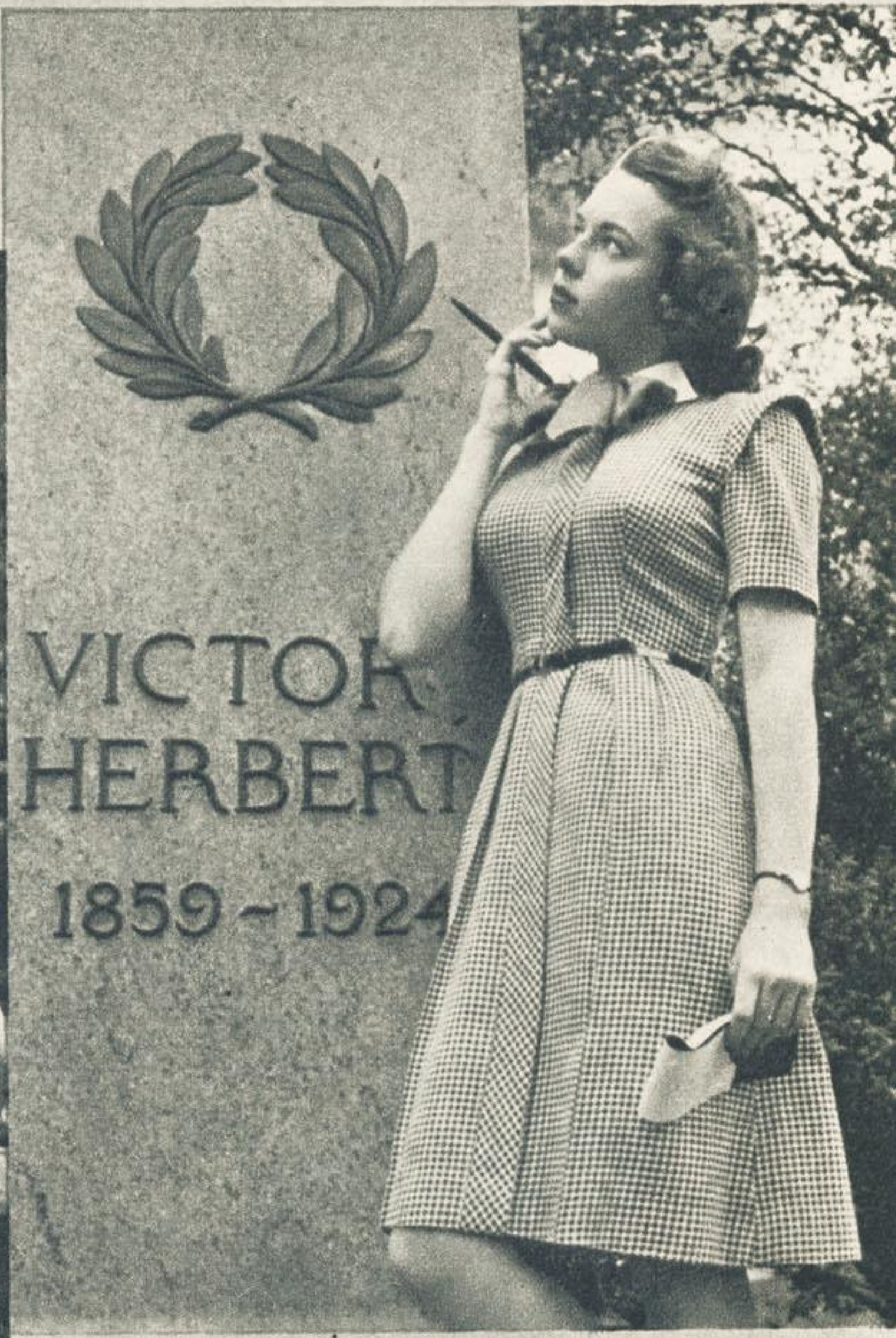
*All styles shown available in leading department stores and specialty shops.



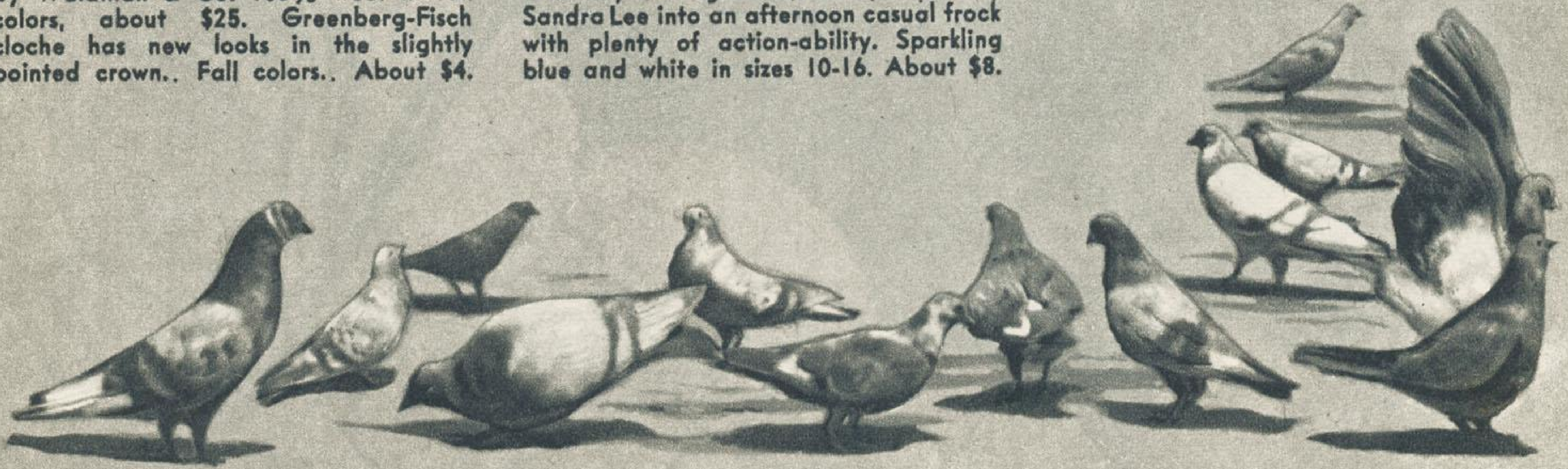
Dependable Kitten's Ear Fleece box coat by Waldman & Co. 100% wool in fall colors, about $25. Greenberg-Fisch cloche has new looks in the slightly pointed crown.. Fall colors.. About $4.



Cheerful chambray with a woven stripe, and tiny side gathers, manipulated by Sandra Lee into an afternoon casual frock with plenty of action-ability. Sparkling blue and white in sizes 10-16. About $8.

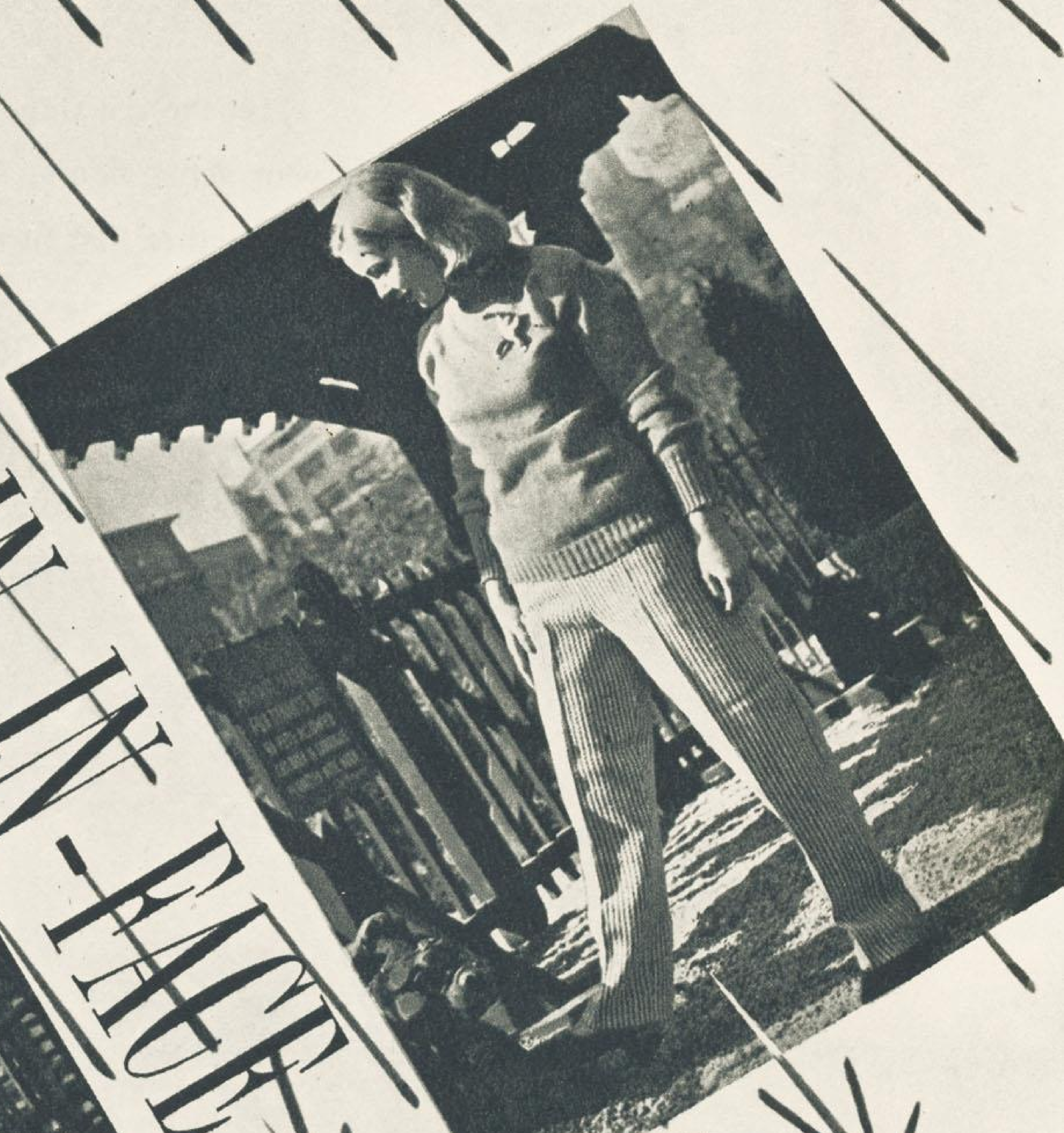


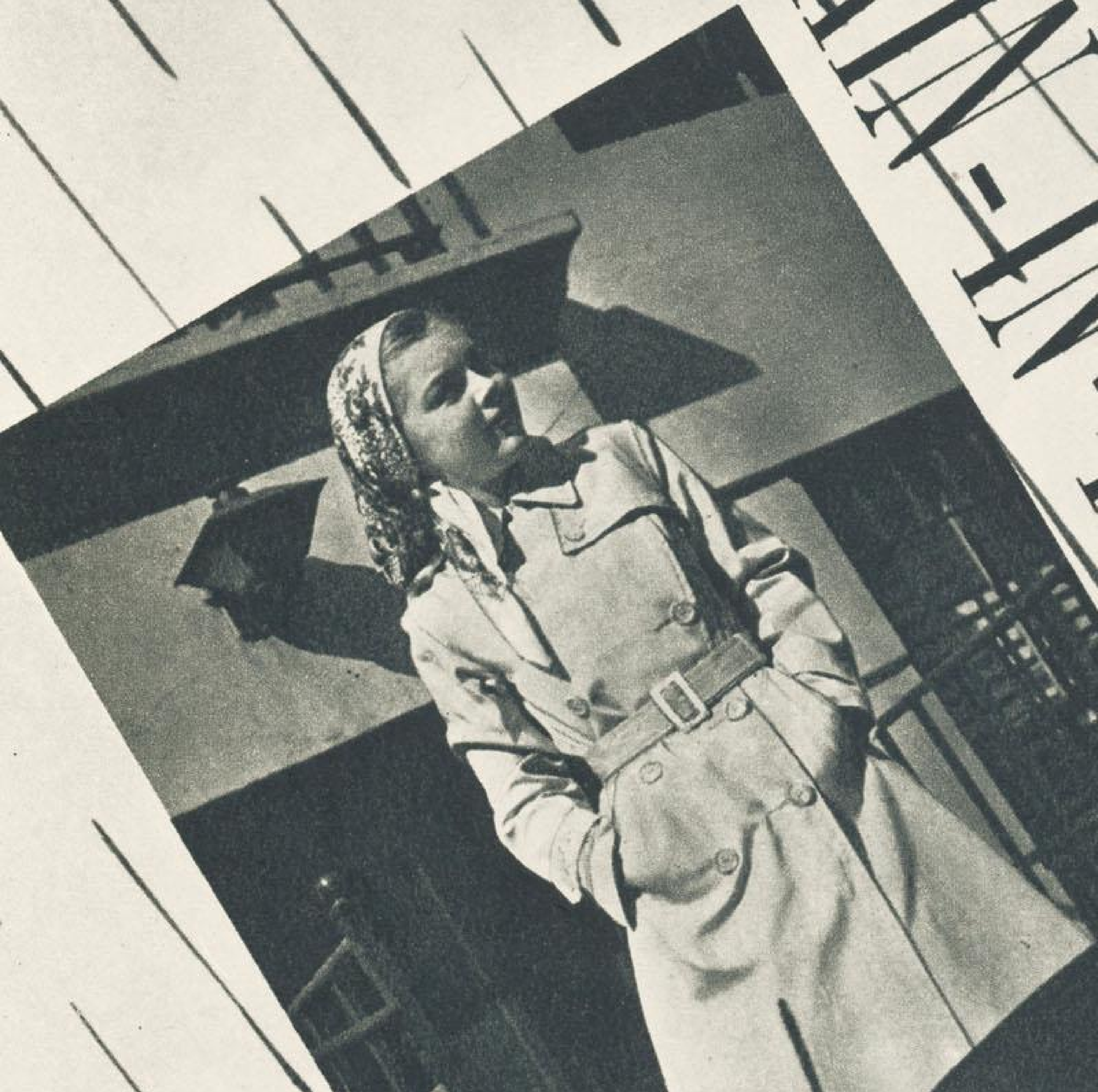
Not too dressy, not too plain. A Juniorette fly-front frock in black and white checked rayon with white collar, black patent belt, red bow like a choir boy's. Comes in sizes 10-16. About $11.

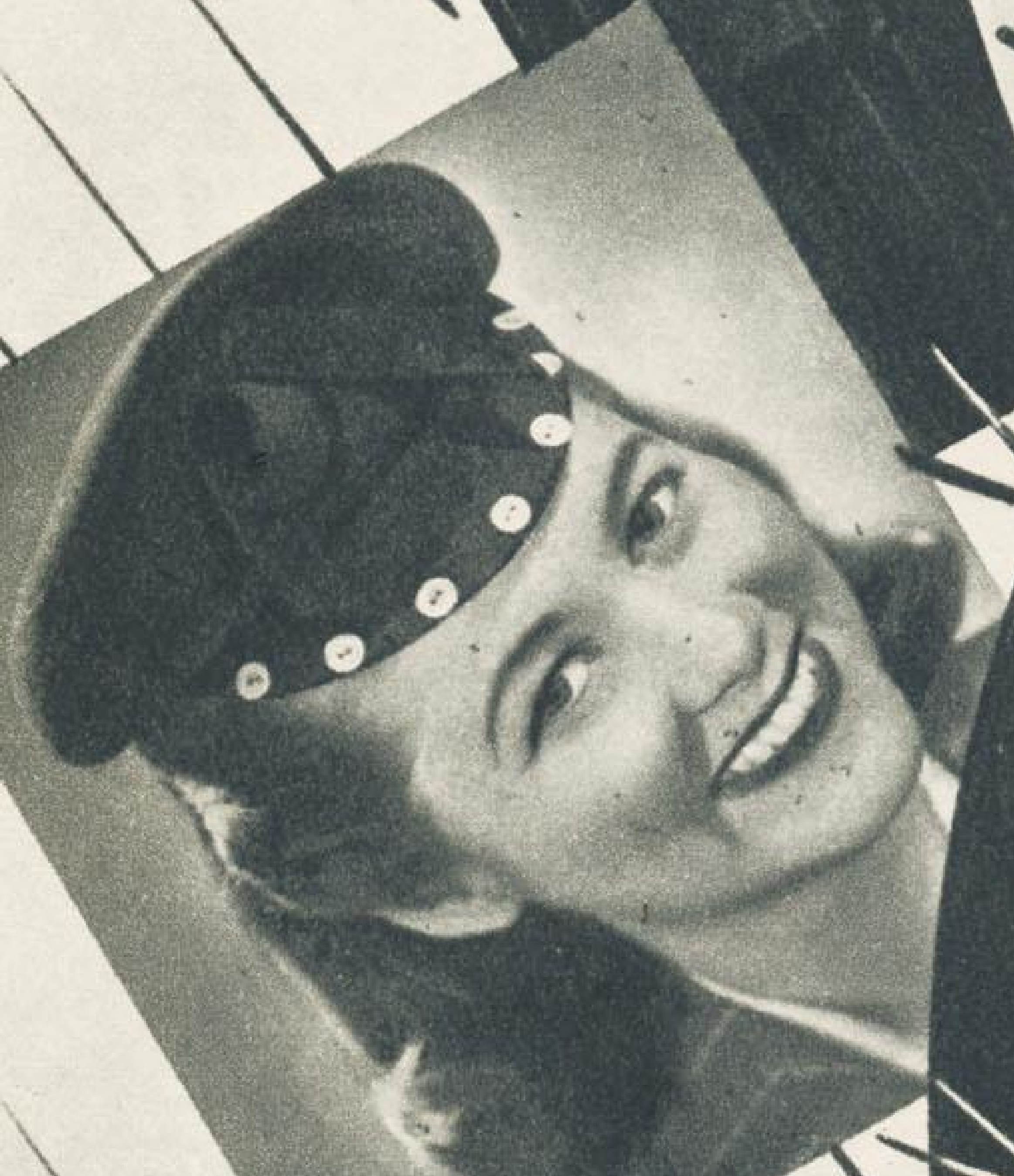


RAIN-IN-FACE

Rainy days are fun if you're prepared to weather every storm in tough, trusty garb which keeps you warm, dry, and blooming amid the showers and storms . . .





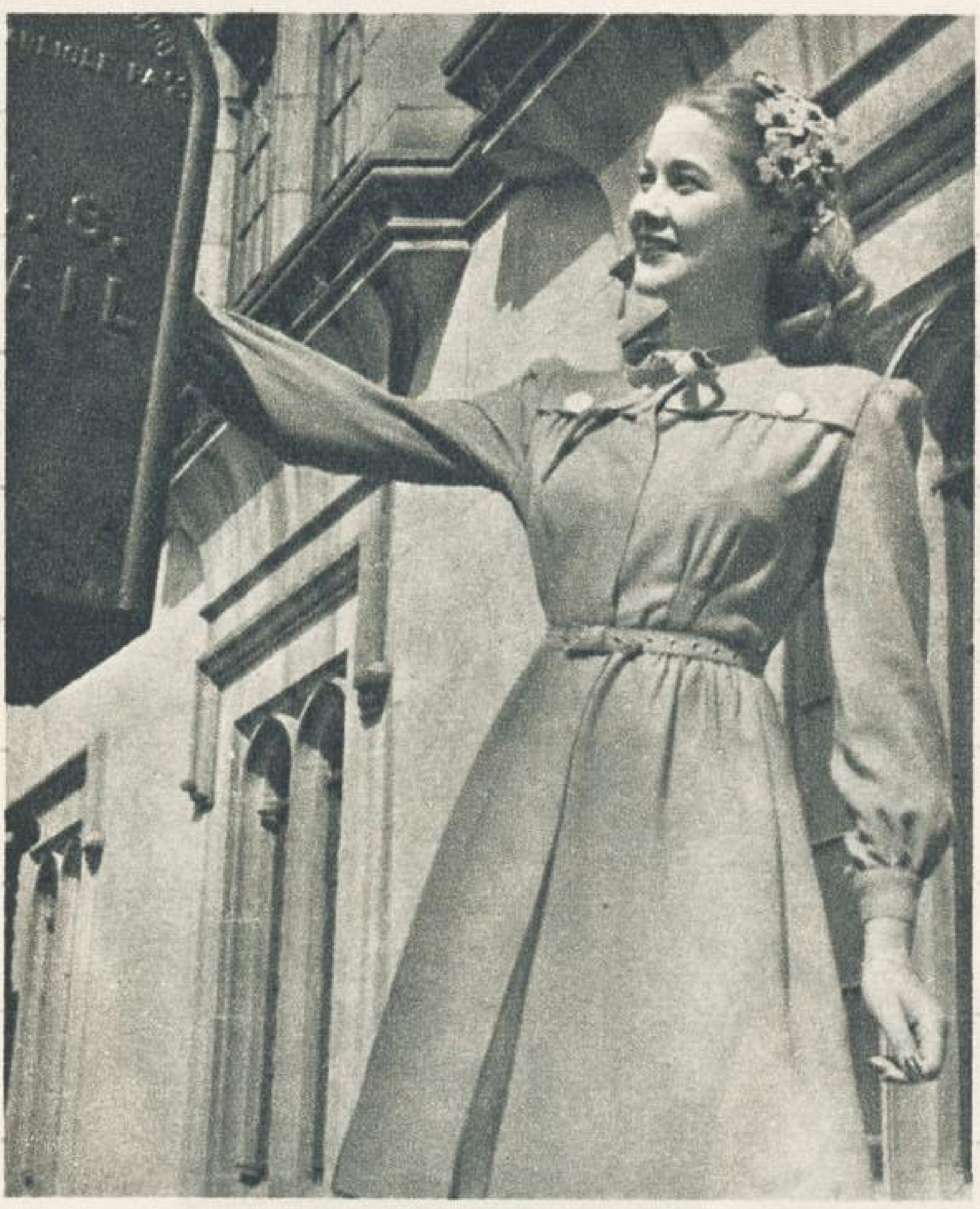


Triangle's Weatherbee is a trench coat, *veddy* snooty to raindrops. Natural or gold rayon poplin, self lined. About $16. Sizes 10-16. Rayon twill printed square by Kimball in generous size, luscious colors, about $1.50.

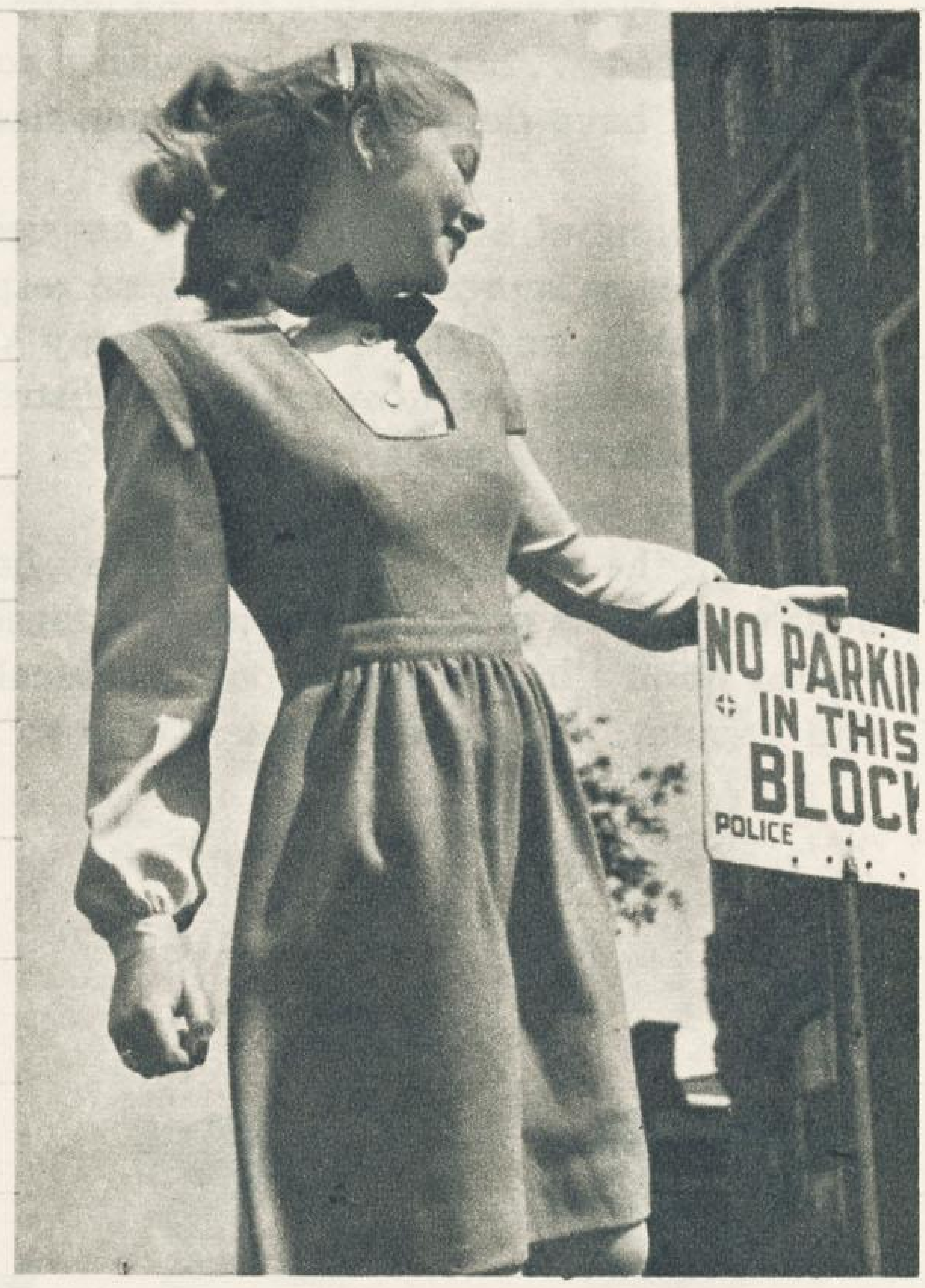
100% wooly warmth in a Bonnie Lassie sweater. All colors. About $4. Stride along in King of Slacks man-tailored all wool tweed. Available in different wool fabrics, sizes 10-16, about $7. Lapelle's Cheerleader pin, $1, will cheer a rainy day.

Visor beret by Park Ave. Jr. has pearl "button-button" trim. Comes in fall colors for about $4. All styles available in high school sizes 10-16 at leading department stores and specialty shops.

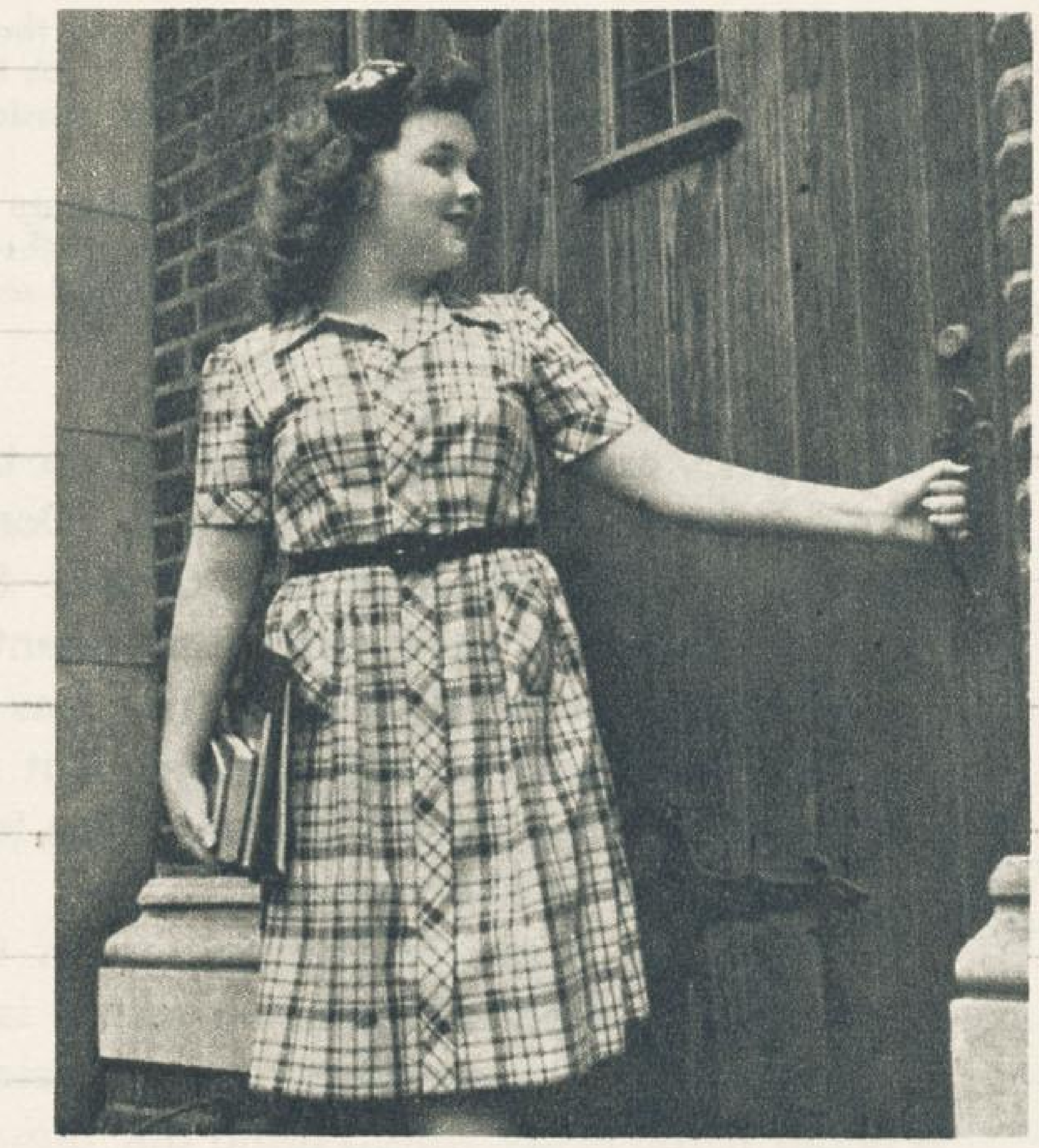
FIGURE YOURSELF IN!



Flatter yourself in Petiteen's rayon and wool flannel dress with fly front, neck bow. 10-16, petiteen sizes. All pastel colors. About $11. Lapelle's "Bandream" of gay felt flowers binds your hair. $2.



Teenable jumper and blouse costume. The jumper is half wool, half rayon, in wide choice of colors, at about $8. Checked rayon sharkskin blouse is $4. In-between sizes 10-16. Ben Hur nailhead sidecombs—50c.



Chubbette short sleeve, fly-front dress in pleasantly mad plaid gingham, for pleasant days. About $6, in sizes 12½-16½. Lapelle's heart-and-flowers felt "Kaytee Bow" can go to your head. $1.50.

Is there just a little bit more of you than you'd like? Or a little less? Designers have taken you into consideration and MISS AMERICA is happy to show you some samples.

Jam Session

Solid swing stuff hot off the platters, and dished out by Pat in record time . . .

By Pat Parks

THERE are no campaign ribbons on the jackets of Sgts. Steve Sholes or Walt Heebner. Nor do Steve and Walt wear medals for the work they have accomplished . . . but they, along with a compact little staff, have done one of the man-sized jobs of this war!

In speaking of Steve and Walt I am using their names as representative of those responsible for the making and distribution of Army V-Discs . . . records which the army makes for distribution to its personnel overseas in every nook and cranny outpost.

During the past two years, the army has built up what is probably the most extensive record library in the world, both classical and popular. The discs are sent free to the soldiers, another army contribution to GI happiness. Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Jimmy Dorsey, Woody Herman and Charlie Spivak have all contributed their time and talent. Actually, every major artist in the nation has given freely of his time and the only money spent for the discs is that which goes to the companies for the actual making of the records!

With the Army of Occupation in Germany, in huts in the Aleutians, and on sandy islands in the Pacific, V-Discs are spinning out music and morale. Wonder if the army would mind our pinning a special **MISS AMERICA** campaign ribbon on the blouses of Steve, Walt and all the others who make V-Discs possible? (*Continued on page 68*)

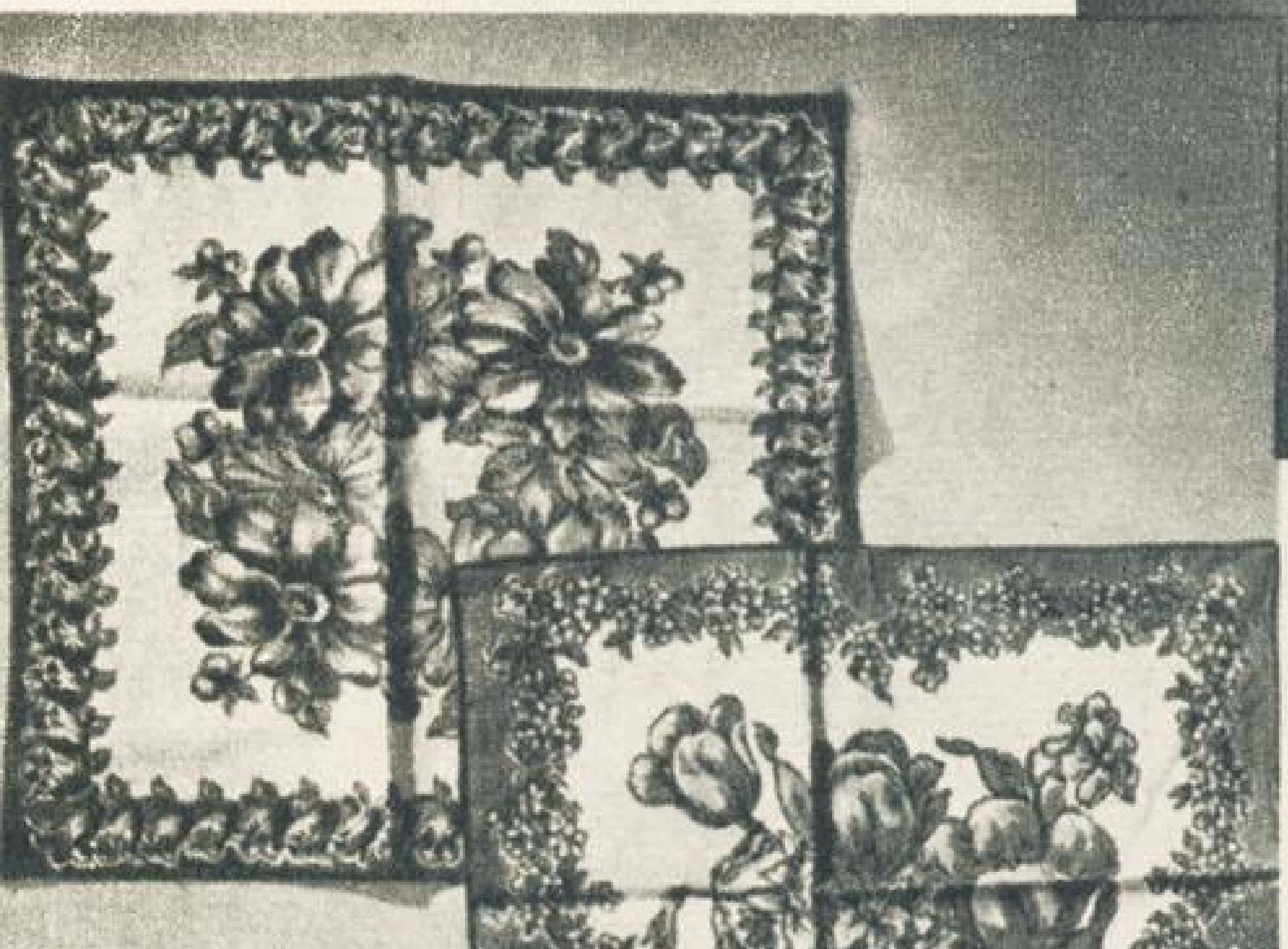
The Sentimental Gent and the Dazzling Duke, hitting it off on a new recording . . . A terrific twosome, who really make beautiful music together . . .

Lovely Ethel Smith, smiles up from her organ on the Hit Parade program, where the lithesome lady is currently No. 1 on the musical staff . . .

Approved by MISS AMERICA magazine

Here are the items which head your shopping list for back-to-school days . . . For special value, MISS AMERICA tells you where to get the "mostest for the leastest". . .

There's many a slip—but none like a Melodee Lane. This one, smartly tailored, and cut to allow for a full swing in the skirt, is heaped with plenty of dainty lace for added femininity. It comes in white and tea rose, in sizes 32-34. About $2.00 at all Abraham and Straus stores.



Hankies, which win by a nose . . . Soft and super smart for school are these Grand Duchess handkerchiefs, with large, gay flowers splashed colorfully over the soft thru print lawn. Where to buy 'em? At most department stores throughout the country for only $.59 . . .

Hold that (waist) line! And figuratively speaking, these Criterion belts will show yours off to advantage. The red cape with the tassels and sparkling nailheads sells for about $2.25; the natural saddle with multicolored trim costs about $2.00; and the natural pigskin with adjustable waist and monogram (extra) is about $3.25. In sizes 24-32 at all stores everywhere.

Button Trick

for back-to-school

You'll be the Belle of 'em all . . . cut a pretty figure . . . find a bit of fashion magic in Derby's sure-fire hit inspired by your favorite bell-hop suit. Fly-front buttoning in all-wool menswear grey, with box pleats front and back and, of course . . . two rows of shimmery, shining buttons. Sizes 10 to 16, at fine stores everywhere, under $20.

derby SPORTSWEAR, INC.

1333 BROADWAY • NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Incident in Ward Seven...

By Vera Lawson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BILLMYER

Sybil felt the gangster behind her push his gun warningly against her back.

Cadet Nurse Sybil Trent felt icy fingers of fear chilling her spine . . . She had to act quickly, but how? . . . what would she do? Then . . .

THE patient in the semi-private room on Ward Seven of the Emergency Hospital was a police prisoner and under constant guard. Officer Bailey, whose turn it was tonight, looked thoughtfully at the sleeping man. He'll be ready for trial soon, he thought. These gangsters never seem to die, even with a bullet hole in the chest. When are they going to stop these gun battles between mobsters, he wondered. It used to be liquor; now, it's the black market.

A young girl's head, topped by a nurse's cap, appeared in the doorway.

"Everything all right, officer?" she asked.

"Sure, Miss Sybil. He's sleeping." The officer came nearer. "Alone on the ward?" he asked.

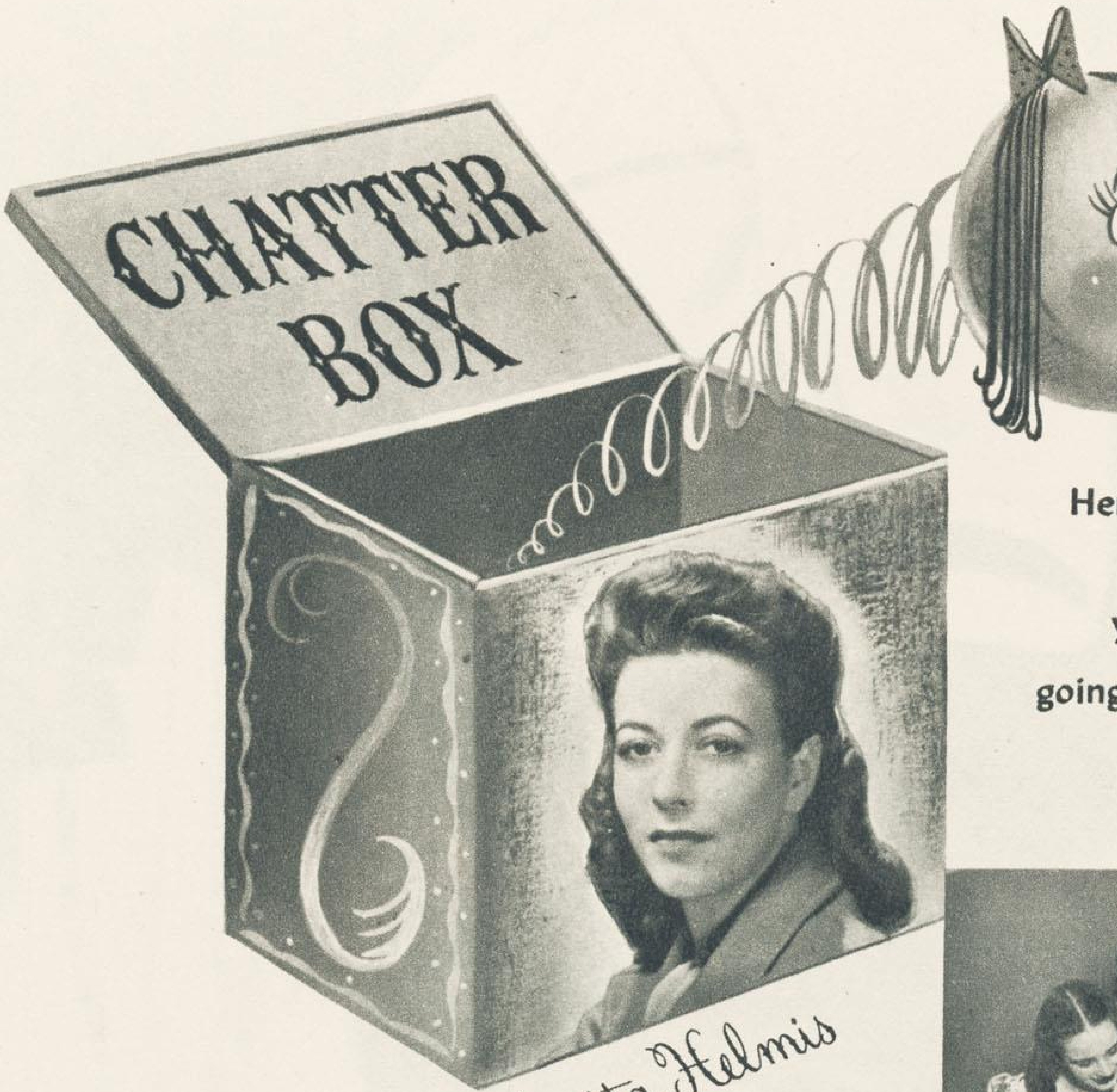
"Just for a while. The senior nurse has gone for her rest period. I'll be at the desk, if you need me."

Student nurse Sybil Trent went back to her ward. Everybody there seemed to be sleeping and comfortable. She sighed with relief. It was quite a responsibility to be in charge of a ward, even if it was only for an hour.

Sybil loved being a nurse. She really had wanted to go to college before entering nursing school, but the urgent appeals for more nurses which came from the government made her change her mind. And now, at seventeen, nursing had become her life.

(Continued on page 70)

CHATTER BOX



by Merita Helmis
Your Teentimer Pal

Here's the lowdown on teen-agers the country over. Merita Helmis tells you what you're doing, what you're going to do, what you can plan to do . . .

Fashion designer Edward Stevenson autographs programs for the winsome models at "Pin-Ups and Cut-Ups," MISS AMERICA'S pattern fashion show for New York teeners.

ANOTHER month has whizzed by and here I am again with more teenly topics which I have been storing up for you teentimers.

I had a wonderful opportunity recently to become acquainted with the Baltimore teens while staging a Teentimer Fashion Show in that city. Pretty, well-groomed high school girls did a fine modeling job and they confided to me that they really got a big kick out of it. Dean Hudson, that friendly, likable bandleader, was a surprise guest. He gave autographed pictures of his good-looking self to the huge crowd of teentimers that attended the Fashion Show.

And here's some advance news for you high-gals that have a secret yen to be this country's future dress designers: Keep a sharp look-out for a keen dress designing contest that will be announced shortly by the local department stores in your city. The prizes that will be offered are very generous and completely out of this world!

The Canteen Crowd is sizzling with activity this season. Word has reached me that in Charleston, W. Va., the Junior Chamber of Commerce sponsored a Turtle Derby to raise funds. (*Continued on page* 62)

Pauline O'Sullivan, MISS AMERICA's Fashion Editor, is mobbed by eager questioners after a CDVO-sponsored "Charm Chat" at the Brooklyn P.A.L. Loewe Center.

Approved by
MISS
AMERICA
magazine

Here's a sleeping beauty! Ideal for pleasant dreaming, or relaxing is this versatile tommiecoat by Harry Berger. The shirt-tail and carefully tailored look make it a p.i. pin-up. And a perfect dream to launder! In blue and white seersucker, at McCreery's, Altman's. About $3.00.

Fun to wear this underwear . . . The Bali Bra with A-B cups comes in crisp white and soft tearose, in sizes 32-34 at B. Altman's, for $1.50 . . . The Cupid pantie girdle in the same colors s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s from small to large sizes. About $4.00.

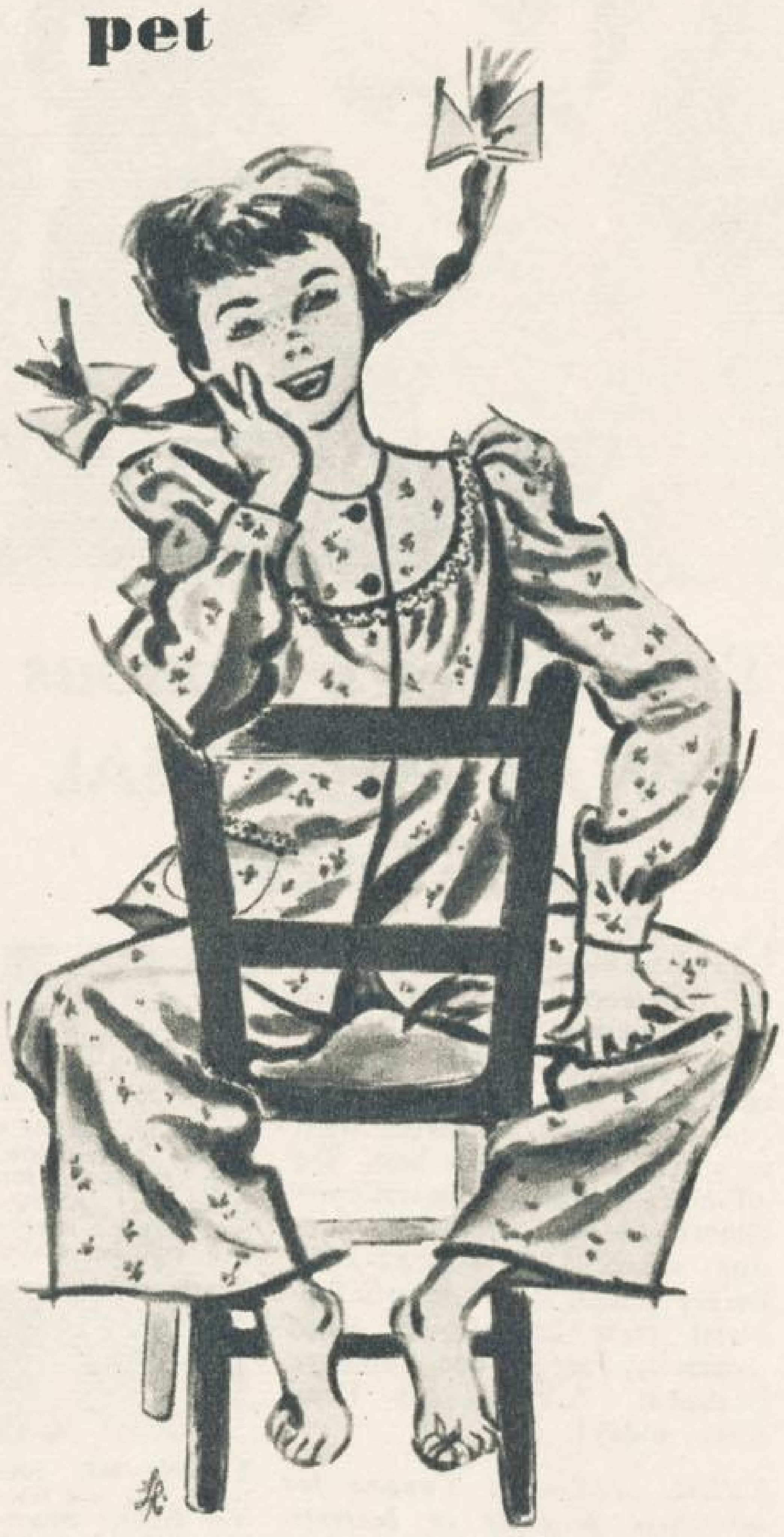
Sarong
Sarong
Sarong
BUBBLE BATH

You'll be bubbling over, with these Sarong Bubble Bath Salts. Sprinkle some into your bath, and see the rich, creamy foam dance merrily 'round the tub! This tangy, fragrant preparation is just super for "every occasion" gifts, too. Sold at all drug and department stores for $1.00.

A "handy-dandy" is this Mighty Midget Wallet swinging from a key chain. Take it to school with you on the belt of your skirt, or tuck it into your slacks after classes. Styled in glorious variety of colors in durable grain or smooth lambskin. About $2.00 at Gimbel's, Constable's.

Neck wear, and head gear . . . These Glentex scarves wrap around your head, cuddle against your neck, circle gaily 'round your waist . . . Lacy wool knit and basket weave in riotous teen colors . . . About $2.00 at leading stores.

meet
"Butch"
our
newest
pajama
pet



Youtheme
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Warm as toast, because it's Velvelette flannelette. Cute as can be, because it's yoked, ruffled and ric-racked. And comfy too, because it's YOUTHEME styled for roominess. Red or blue posies on white, sizes 8 to 16, and very temptingly priced at fine stores, about $3.

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FAY McKENZIE
young star of Pictures and Radio who last appeared in "The Singing Sheriff"

Try Glover's Famous
3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Overnight—you'll *see* and *feel* the difference! One application will convince you! Glover's leaves your hair softer, radiant, sparklingly high-lighted, with *added* loveliness, no matter what style hair-do you like best. Try *all three* Glover's preparations—Glover's Mange Medicine, famous since 1876—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress! Try them separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask at any Drug Store, today!

*TRIAL SIZE—send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton, with complete instructions for the 3-Way over*night *treatment, and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."*

Apply with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and excessive FALLING HAIR.

1—Apply Glover's Mange Medicine, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp, excessive Falling Hair.

2—For soft, lustrous hair, use Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo in hard or soft water.

3—Use Glover's Imperial Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic Hair Dress. The delicate scent lingers.

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Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper, by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name..
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City.............................. Zone........ State...........

CHATTERBOX

From page 60

Pete Mettler, chief turtler, reports that the turtles chalked up a speed record of no miles per hour, while the Junior C. of C. chalked up a tidy profit.

In Little Rock, Ark., the "Swing-In Club," which claims a membership of 2,000, held a vice-versa party. The girls asked the boys for dates this time, paid the cover charge, and bought all the refreshments. The climax of this fun-fest was when they saw the helpless heroes home to their doors. P.S. Said helpless heroes were garbed in overalls with vegetable corsages—radishes to you, Roger!

Memo to Canteen Leaders: Don't forget to discuss Hallowe'en party plans at your next executive pow-wow. You don't want to be caught short at Jack-O-Lantern time without a doughnut to dunk or an apple to bob for, just because you forgot to plan your party strategy in advance.

* * *

Pauline O'Sullivan, MISS AMERICA's own fashion editor, has been advising throngs of teen-agers at a series of CDVO-sponsored "Charm Chats" at the Brooklyn Police Athletic League Loewe Center on such subjects as Fashions, Beauty, and Boys-and-What-To-Do-About-Them. The girls come back for more—and more.

* * *

Flash, from the gadget front! To house your hair ribbons and lapel ornaments with glamor, borrow a couple of nice fat glass jars from the kitchen. Cover the jar caps with bits of self-pasting wall paper. You will be able to locate the ribbon you want in the twinkling of an eye, and mother will swoon at your newly acquired neatness.

Now for a tip from a Los Angeles teentimer that has solved the problem of keeping your "kid sister" out of your hair and vice-versa. Twin dressing tables and mirrors will keep her pigtails from conflicting with your coronet braids. If you have to share a closet with her, paint one half of the closet interior blue, and the other half rose. Divide up the hangers, paint them to match the walls, and stick to your color. If you like to read in bed beyond her curfew hour, equip your headboard with a spotlight reading lamp, which will leave her in the dark, while you bone up on your algebra or read your latest book.

* * *

1,400 teeners were the audience at MISS AMERICA's "Pin-ups and Cut-ups" pattern fashion show, held at the City Center Casino and conducted by Pauline O'Sullivan, your busy fashion editor. Julie Gibson, lovely rising star of singing, was guest of honor and Edward Stevenson, designer of fashions for many movie stars and other "Best Dressers," were present to give helpful hints to tomorrow's Schiaparellis. Meyer Dornbush, production manager for Sally Mason, Inc. gave an actual cutting and fitting pattern demonstration. Judging by the excited chit-chat at the coke party held for the guests after the show, many a young seamstress was inspired to new efforts.

* * *

To our problem corner: Marie Crawford of Mobile, Ala., who describes herself as just this side of sweet sixteen, has turned for advice on earrings. Asks Marie, "Is it okay for the well-dressed teentimer to wear earrings? I say 'yes,' but mother says 'no.'" I'd say the answer is "yes—*but*—!" Steer clear of dingle-dangle ear pendants which swing in the breeze. Avoid oversized discs which look as if you are sporting a half dollar piece in each lobe. And leave the rest of the jewelry store home. Don't send your friends running for dark glasses by blinding them with glittering earrings, sparkling combs and flashing buttons. Wear earrings if you like, but select a pair which is small and becoming to your face contour. You can't go wrong by sticking to tiny, pearl earrings or dainty gold or silver clusters which "go everywhere." Chatterbox, you see, goes for problems like a bunny for carrots. Don't forget to send us the latest news of your club and canteen activities too.

Books 'n' Looks

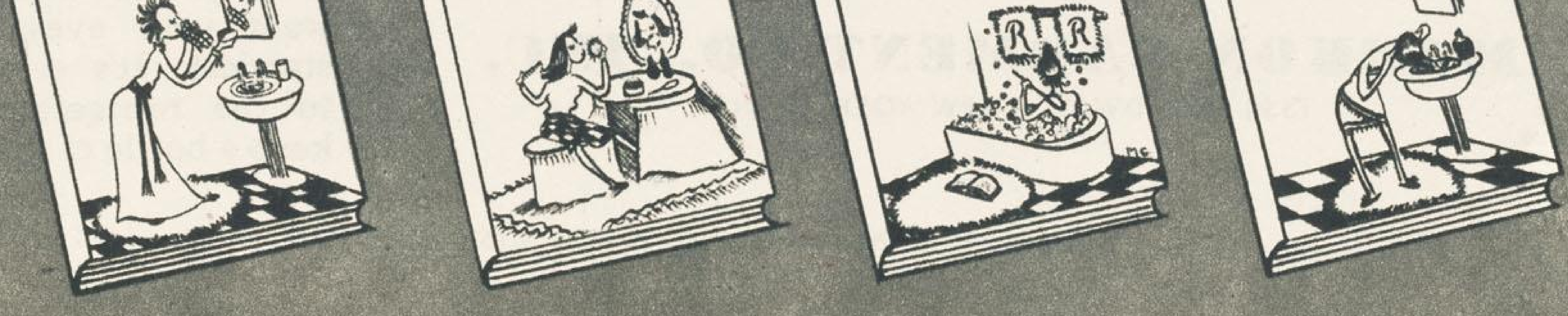
By Helene Pessl

Helene Pessl, noted expert on teen-age appearance problems, plays schoolma'am, adding a course in good looks to your curriculum . . .

YOUR class schedule is made out . . . your fall-and-winter wardrobe has been carefully assembled . . . now, what about *you?* Planning is as important to your good looks as it is to your studies and your clothes. Make yourself an appearance schedule to preserve throughout school days the fresh face that outdoor life and the relaxation of vacation gave you.

Morningtime is cleanup time. Start it at the washbowl, scrubbing that sleepy look off your face. Mild soap and water should be used, followed by a thorough rinsing. Those with oily skins should douse on the cold water till their faces tingle; dry skins can finish up with cool water and then an application of emollient lotion.

Now brush your teeth, dress as far as your slip, and get near a mirror that reflects plenty of daylight for you're going to "purty up" for the whole long day at school. Use your deodorant cream or liquid first, then comb and arrange your hair but pin it back from your face for the time being. Choosing a clean powder puff or cotton pad, powder your face, then with the reverse side of your puff or pad remove all excess powder. Schoolroom lighting would be merciless to a "maskey" look. Remove all traces of powder from eyebrows and lashes but—leave a delicate film of it on your lips. Now get into your sweater and skirt, and prepare to wield the lipstick over those lightly powdered lips. One of the new rosy coral shades, light and gay in tone value, is the most appealing choice for that casual schooltime look. Blot off the excess (*Continued on page 64*)



"STREAMLINE"
A SKIRT TALE
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Honey Miss*
of
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IT'S A
Honey

When the crowd is heading schoolward
And a tang is in the air,
This "Streamline Skirt" by Honey Miss
Is just the thing to wear.

For it's sleek and slimly-molded,
Smartly tucked and colorific,
So get yourself a "Streamline Skirt" —
Honest — it's terrific!

"Streamline"—generously pleated fore and aft . . . made of Cohamatwist, a fine pure wool fabric. American Designers' shades: Black, Skipper Blue, Fuchsia, Pine Green and Tile. In Teen Sizes. About $8 at good stores everywhere. No mail orders accepted.

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*REG.

Books 'n' Looks

From page 63

with tissue—the powder undercoat will hold enough lipstick to keep you satisfactorily color-accented all day. A finishing touch to your hair and you're ready for breakfast! Didn't take long, did it?

At night, remove your "face" with cleansing cream and soap and water. Oily skins and those with blackheads should use these in the order named and may finish the job with a patting of mild astringent. The dry skinned group should begin with the soap and end with the cream, letting it remain on while studying. At bedtime give your hair grandma's proverbial hundred strokes and if it needs setting, pin it up for tomorrow. Then step into the tub, remembering that cleanliness is the essential basis of good looks. Do give those rough spots on knees and elbows an extra good going-over with your bath brush and don't neglect the place between your shoulder blades which, if neglected, will become Convention Hall for blackheads and "hickeys." Rub yourself down with a softening lotion now —you'll smell delicately divine and the lotion will encourage a lovely textured body. And so to bed, with medicated lotion on any spots, colorless pomade on your lips if they're chapped, and handcream on your busy "lily whites." For nine hours' sleep *must* be the beginning and end of your good looks schedule.

On Saturdays you'll have time for a few elaborations—very necessary ones like your shampoo and a good manicure. Push that cuticle back gently and don't, don't, *don't* cut it, unless you want permanent horny rims around your nails. A pedicure too, with careful lotioning of rough spots is the least you owe to those feet that take you to classes, over the basketball court or hockey field, and here and there and everywhere, and may be taking you dancing tonight . . .

Before an evening date you want your eyes to look their starriest. It's so easy! Just go to the refrigerator where you keep a bottle of eye lotion handy.

Saturate a couple of cotton pads with the nice cold stuff and place them over your eyes while you relax on your bed for fifteen to thirty minutes. You'll arise with a pair of peepers that look as if they never, never stared at an algebra book.

Your evening makeup shouldn't differ much from your day makeup—the "natural look" is *the* look this year in makeup on high school and college campuses the country over. But, for strategy under artificial lights, you might give pale eyebrows just a smidgin of vaseline. It will darken them a bit and emphasize the arch.

So you go—right through the week, according to a simple but intelligent plan to keep you a fresh and fair American girl!

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS

From page 23

—the spoon part goes behind your ear while the handle sparkles in front." Yes, Marguerite, and if you use a coat of colorless nail polish the sparkle will always be there.

Joan Jackson, of Elmwood Park, Ill., adds to our store of lapel gadgets with this idea:

"Cut an old clothespin in half. Paint a face on the head and decorate the rest with a tiny skirt and scarf, put a pin on the back and you have another lapel ornament."

Lucille Grassler, Waterbury, Conn., tells us how to keep our hair ribbons in perfect order:

"When washing hair ribbons, rinse in cool water mixed with one teaspoon of salt (salt will stiffen the ribbon just enough). To dry the ribbons stretch them across the top of the bathtub and they will require little or no ironing." This will surely save us a lot of time, Lucille!

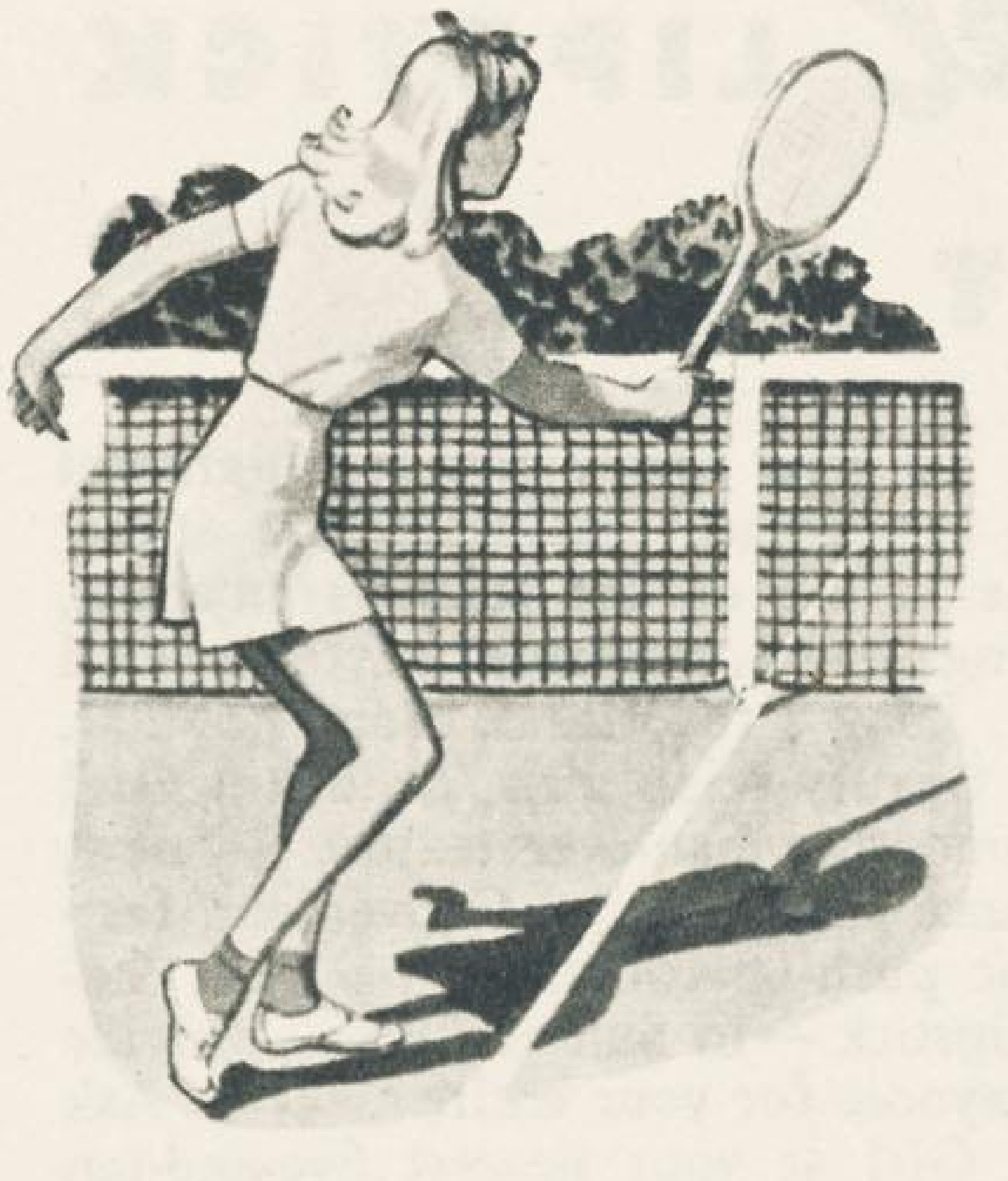
Here are two suggestions for hair pretties. The first is from Martha Bolka, Cleveland, Ohio:

"Stitch the frayed edges of your old hair ribbons with bright colored thread. Now get a small comb, tie your ribbon into a bow, fasten it on the comb, paste or glue sequins or flat beads on the bow and — whee! — it looks simply adorable!"

The second is from Marjorie Kline, Menlo Park, California:

"To keep your hair flowers fresh and lovely, wax them. Melt some parafin from the tops of jelly glasses (if your mother doesn't want it) and before letting it get too hot, dip the flowers in quickly. As soon as they cool you can wear

Are you in the know?



What tennis shot calls for speediest action?

☐ *Volley*
☐ *Forehand Drive*
☐ *Chop*

You make it near the net, before the ball bounces. You've got to be faster of foot and eye, quicker with the racket, to master the volley. And you're quick to triumph over difficult days—when you learn to keep comfortable with Kotex. Actually, Kotex is different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. Built for *lasting* comfort, this napkin doesn't rope, doesn't wad up. So chafing just hasn't a chance when you choose Kotex sanitary napkins.

How should she sign her name?

☐ *Sally Subdeb*
☐ *Miss Sally Subdeb*

Tuck this under your flat-top: A gal should never sign herself as Miss or Mrs.—*except* in a hotel register. That's so your name will check with the way your mail will be addressed. Avoid mixups . . . at "those" times, too, by never confusing Kotex with ordinary napkins. You see, Kotex is the napkin with the patented, *flat tapered ends* so unlike thick, stubby pads. The flat pressed ends of Kotex don't show revealing lines . . . and you get *plus* protection from that special patented *safety center!*

You're sure the bonnet is becoming, if—

☐ *It's a love at first sight*
☐ *It passes the long-mirror test*
☐ *Your best friend tells you*

So the hat's a honey (from a chair's-eye-view). But how does it look in a long mirror? Before buying, consider all the angles. And in buying sanitary napkins, consider that Kotex now provides a new safeguard for your *daintiness*.

Yes, there's a deodorant locked inside each Kotex. A deodorant that can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on! Another Kotex extra, at no extra cost!

Kotex
Sanitary Napkins
Containing a Deodorant
Kotex
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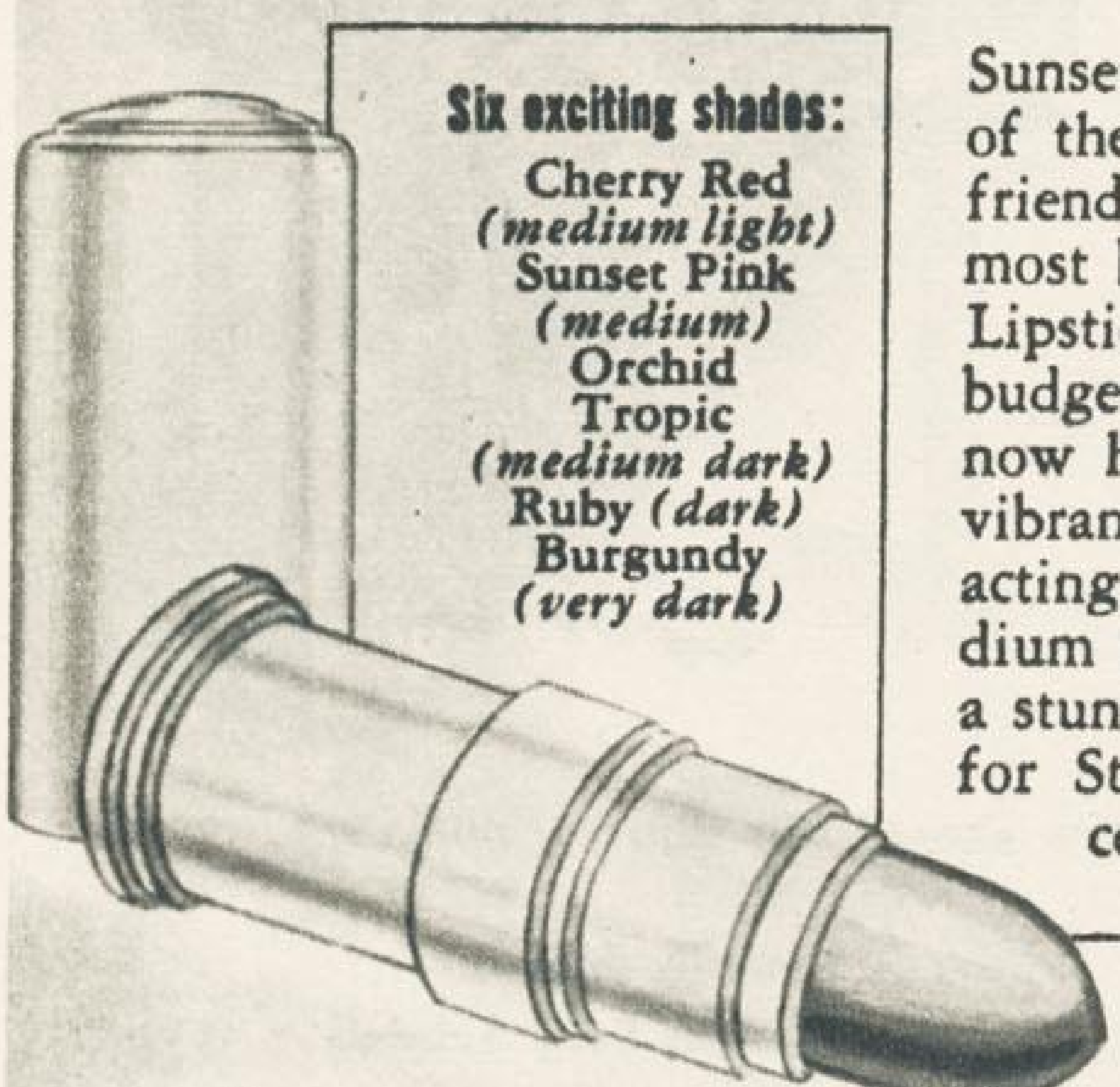
A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together

Smart keynote for attractive makeup...

Stadium Girl LIPSTICK

IN SUNSET PINK



Six exciting shades:
Cherry Red *(medium light)*
Sunset Pink *(medium)*
Orchid
Tropic *(medium dark)*
Ruby *(dark)*
Burgundy *(very dark)*

Sunset Pink on your lovely lips — highlight of the fresh appearance that helps you attract friends. One of six of the season's smartest, most becoming shades, available in Stadium Girl Lipstick. . . . Long a favorite of many popular, budget-wise, beauty-wise girls, Stadium Girl now has a smoother-than-ever texture — new, vibrant radiance for your lips. Convenient, fast-acting, plastic push-up container. . . . Let Stadium Girl Lipstick — in Sunset Pink — provide a stunning keynote for your entire makeup. Ask for Stadium Girl at your nearest five-and-ten cent store. 10¢ and 25¢ sizes (plus tax).

Leading 10¢ stores also carry Stadium Girl Cake Makeup . . . Stadium Girl Rouge . . . and Stadium Girl Compacts.

them and they are long-lasting and real-looking."

Here are some suggestions for fixing up your room before school starts again and when your friends return home, you will have a surprise for them. Anne Intravartolo, Dunkirk, N. Y., sends in this idea which some of you may know but which is so good we want to repeat it here:

"For the girls who want a new dressing table but their budget won't permit it, get two orange crates and stand them on end about thirty inches apart. Then get a board as wide as the crates and long enough to reach from the outer end of one crate to the outer end of the other and tack it on for the top. Cover this top with material or wall paper and a few yards of material will make the skirt. You will have a super looking dressing table."

Thelma Bell, Jackson, Mich., gives us an idea for the skirt for the dressing table:

"Take an old lace curtain and weave a piece of ribbon through the long side of it. Tie the ribbon in the center front after the curtain has been wound around the vanity. Tack the curtain to the edge of the vanity here and there to hold it fast." This, indeed, should make a very dainty looking dresser!

And you can make a rug to put in front of the vanity, or your bed, if you will follow this suggestion of Carol Shelton, Palestine, Texas:

"Get old material or old dresses, cut them in strips about an inch wide and as long as you wish, weave the strips together and sew at each end. You can make yourself a rag rug as small or large as you want."

For the top of your vanity, Joan Campbell, Altoona, Pa., suggests:

"If the glass in your hand mirror is broken, take two pieces of material and cut the size of the hand mirror, sew three sides of the material together and stuff with cotton or small scraps. Then sew the fourth side. You will have a little pillow. Put glue in the part where the mirror was, then fit the little pillow firmly on the glue. You will have a perfect pin cushion."

And here's a very practical suggestion from Barbara Brotkin, Fall River, Mass.:

"When you are left to do the dishes after a fish dinner, here is the solution. Pour cold water on the dishes, then spill salt on them, rinse, and behold! the odor is gone!"

And since we began with a suggestion from Canada, we will end with one from Freda Franklin, Ottawa, Canada:

"If you want cute party place cards, cut the heads of your friends from snapshots, paste them on the end of a toothpick, stick the other end into a gum drop and the place cards are ready. It's lots of fun watching your friends trying to find themselves!"

Now, girls, keep the supply of suggestions coming along and please don't forget to send a snapshot of yourself at the same time. We'll be looking for them!

PACK UP YOUR LUNCH

From page 21

SWEET BREAD SPREADS

HONEY BUTTER: ½ c. honey; ½ c. butter (or margarine).

HONEY PEANUT SPREAD: ½ c. honey; 1 c. peanut butter.

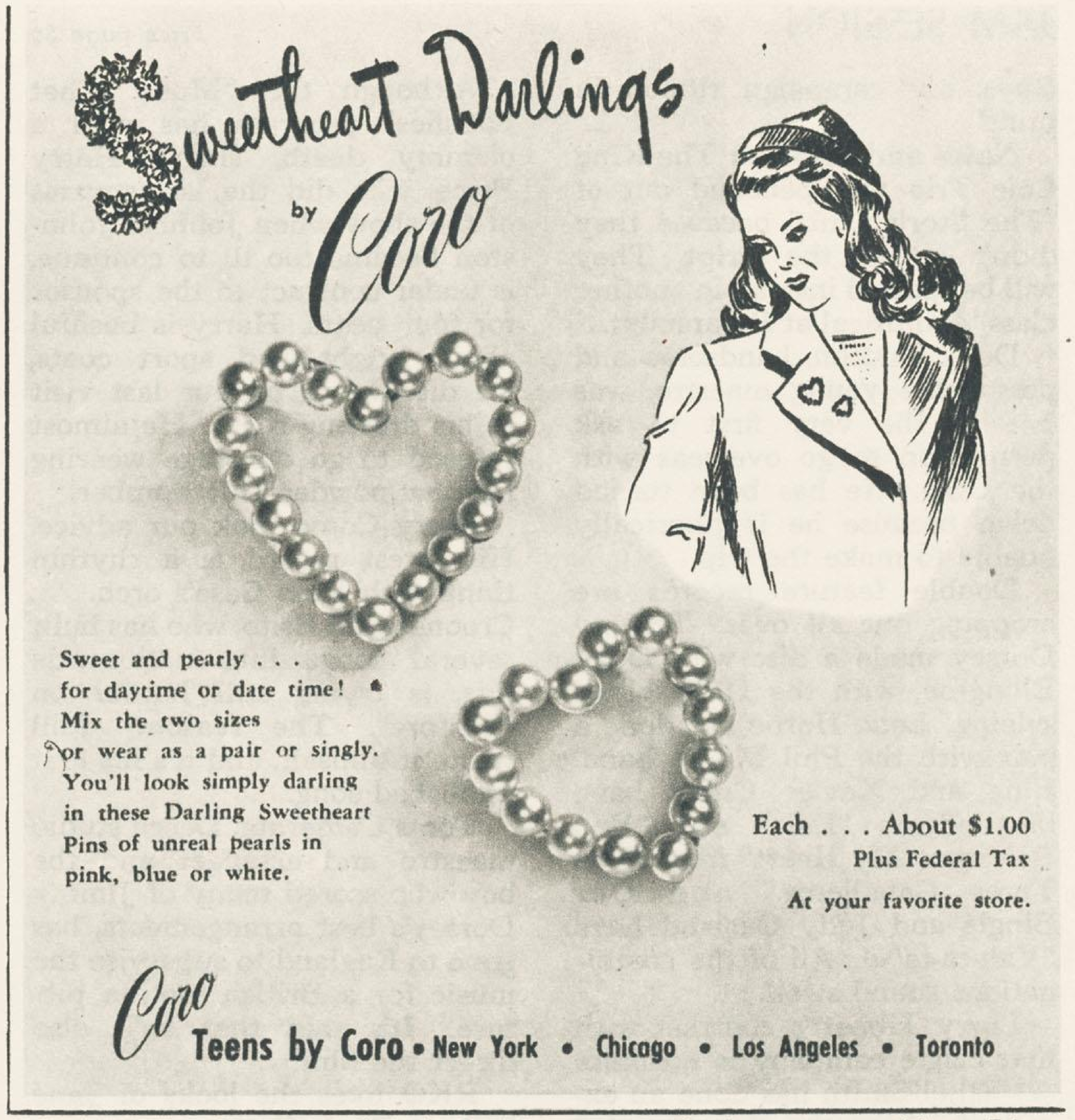
APPLE BUTTER NUT SPREAD: 1 c. apple butter; ½ c. margarine; ⅓ c. nuts, finely chopped.

MARMALADE PEANUT SPREAD: ½ c. marmalade; ½ c. peanut butter.

MAPLE PEANUT SPREAD: 1 c. peanut butter; ¼ c. maple syrup.

When using butter to spread on sandwiches allow it to stand at room temperature 'til it's soft—it'll spread easily and evenly. c.=cup tsp.=teaspoon tbsp.=tablespoon.

SANDWICH FILLINGS: Anything and everything goes—here are a few suggestions for using left-over cooked meats, poultry, eggs, or what-have-you. Combine any one of the following with your left-overs: finely chopped raw celery, parsley,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pink, blue or white.

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green pepper, carrots, pickles, olives, relish. Add just enough mayonnaise or favorite bread spread to sandwich to hold ingredients together.

CREAM CHEESE goes with grated raw carrots, nuts, olives, raisins, dried fruits, peanuts, green pepper, celery, pimentos, grated orange rind, cooked prunes and nuts; chop 'em before mixing with cream cheese. Also, honey, jams, jellies, marmalades, canned crushed pineapple (well-drained).

GRATED RAW CARROTS taste swell with peanut butter, cottage or cream cheese, chopped nuts, celery, raisins or honey.

PEANUT BUTTER is delicious as is, but for variety, use with chopped dried fruits, chopped bacon, pickles, honey, jam or jelly.

COLD SLICED meats, meat loaves, 'burgers, bologna, liverwurst, tongue, ham, bacon, frankfurters, sausages, and last, but not least, eggs, combine well with all vegetables, cooked 'n' raw, also with minced celery, parsley, pimentos, green pepper, pickles, olives or crisp bacon. Use your favorite bread spread.

AVOID *fish* as it spoils quickly unless refrigerated. *Lettuce* wilts quickly so it's best to use it only if you intend to eat your sandwich within an hour or two. If you use lettuce, be sure it's dry. *Sliced tomatoes* make sandwiches droopy and soggy, so if you use 'em, wrap separately.

IF YOU have a small jar with a tight fitting cover, or waxed paper container with a cover—and IF there's salad left-over from dinner, make a few bread 'n' butter sandwiches to go with it. This is nice for lunch, and a grand change. Keep empty jar (uncovered) in the refrigerator overnight—for the chilled jar keeps your salad nice 'n' cool.

SOME LIKE IT HOT—SOME LIKE IT COLD (BEVERAGES)

It's quite important that you have a thermos for hot chocolate, soups and bouillons—or for cold drinks such as egg-nogs, fruit juices, tomato juice, chocolate milk, plain milk and fruit punch.

DESSERTS: Here are a few suggestions for your lunch box which require practically no preparation. An apple, orange, fresh fruits in season, gingerbread, cake, dried fruits, candied orange or grapefruit peel, prunes stuffed with nuts, nuts and raisins, salted nuts, and candies. Always wrap your sweet stuff in waxed paper. If you have cookies wrap them individually, then you'll eat cookies—not crumbs.

EXTRA SPECIAL TIDBITS:

Carrot sticks, celery sticks, stuffed celery, radishes, pickles, gherkins, olives, lettuce wedges—wrap in waxed paper, tuck in your lunch box.

KEEP IT CLEAN:

Wash lunch box inside and out. Air it when not in use. Always rinse your thermos as soon as it is emptied. Wash it thoroughly at home with a pinch of bicarbonate of soda to keep it sweet smelling. When not in use, keep uncorked. Of course, wash the cork too. Pack your lunch box so the contents do not "jingle jangle." If you have spaces fill them in with tidbits or crushed paper napkins. Line your box with a colorful one.

After dinner, while you're helping with the dishes, ask Mother about left-overs for tomorrow's lunch. If you're rushed for time in the morning (and who isn't?), prepare your sandwich filling the evening before; keep in the refrigerator overnight in a tightly covered dish. Remember Mama has a great many chores to do, so pack up your own lunch, and do a nice job of it. In case of rain, double wrap if you haven't a lunch box. As an idea, how about crocheting a lunch bag with a compartment for your thermos.

Here's to a successful school year and a scrumptious lunch box career!

Opportunity Knocks!

How'd you like to have your own blouse design nationally featured and sold as the "blouse of the month" by Sally Mason, Inc.? That, in addition to a $25 War Bond and a copy of her blouse, will be the winner's award in the blouse design contest to be sponsored by MISS AMERICA and Sally Mason. Full contest rules will be in MISS AMERICA next month. WATCH FOR THEM!

JAM SESSION

From page 56

Guys, our campaign ribbon in print!

Notes and Chords: The King Cole Trio was penciled out of "The Stork Club" because they didn't fit into the script. They will be spotted instead in another class 'A' musical at Paramount...

Dean Hudson, handsome and personable young maestro, was one of the very first to ask permission to go overseas with the USO. He has been turned down because he is physically unable to make the trip.

Double feature records are cropping out all over. Tommy Dorsey made a disc with Duke Ellington, with the Duke piano soloing. Lena Horne has done a pair with the Phil Moore band. Bing and Xavier Cugat have blended on "Baia" and "You Belong to My Heart" from "The Three Caballeros," and Der Bingle and Judy Garland have "Yah-ta-ta"-d. All of the combinations sound swell.

Larry Tibbett's contract with that ciggie company is no more . . . Ethel Smith has done an excellent job on the "Hit Parade" filling Larry's shoes. She is one of the few musicians who can play competent swing on an electric organ.

Although the "Music That Satisfies" program has died a clammy death, singer Harry Prine, who did the last stanzas of the show when Johnnie Johnston became too ill to continue, is under contract to the sponsor for four years. Harry is bashful about bright-hued sport coats, we discovered on our last visit to his dressing room. He almost refused to go on stage wearing his new powder blue number!

Perry Como took our advice. His latest record is a rhythm thing with Russ Case's orch. . . . Crooner Phil Brito, who has built several songs into nationwide hits, is trying still harder on "Sempre". The reason? Phil wrote it himself, and it's his first published song.

Toots Camarata, Decca studio maestro and arranger and the boy who scored many of Jimmy Dorsey's best arrangements, has gone to England to supervise the music for a British motion picture. It's said that he'll also direct the film!

RKO likes the looks of Jane Wilson, Fred Waring songstress. We do too, but RKO will prove it by screen testing. . . . ARA record company is boasting some of the best names in the music business. Wait until they get into major production!

Record raves and rantings: Raves for Betty Jane Bonney's first solo record, "How Little We Know" and "Memphis In June" on Victor. Both are Hoagy Carmichael tunes and Betty does a quality singing job on each. Small backing group is a welcome relief, too!

I can't get enough of the Dinning Sisters in their new album from Capitol. Most of the album is composed of standard tunes like "Where or When", "The Way You Look Tonight" and "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone". One of the best discs in the set, though, is an original called "You're a Character, Dear".

Xavier Cugat's "Good, Good, Good" is a sure-fire click on Columbia. The song is a honey and Cugie does his best record job to date. Del Campo's vocal interpretation is perfect.

Subtle swing is the only word description for the new John Kirby album on Asch, but it's one of the most complimentary descriptive adjectives in our musical vocabulary. "Mop Mop" is the best record in the set. All of the sides are beyond reproach.

More and more raves for Lena Horne's record with the Phil Moore band. "I Want a Little Doggie", Phil's newest tune, is the cuter side with both Lena and Phil entering into the vocal spirit of the riff tune. This disc should skyrocket both artists and the tune. "How Long Has This Been Going On?" is the plaintive coupling.

Peggy Lee, ex-Goodman thrush, and Dave Barbour, ex-Goodman guitarist, unite on a fine Capitol platter of "What More Can a Woman Do?" and "You Were Right, Baby." What's more, the kids wrote the tune!

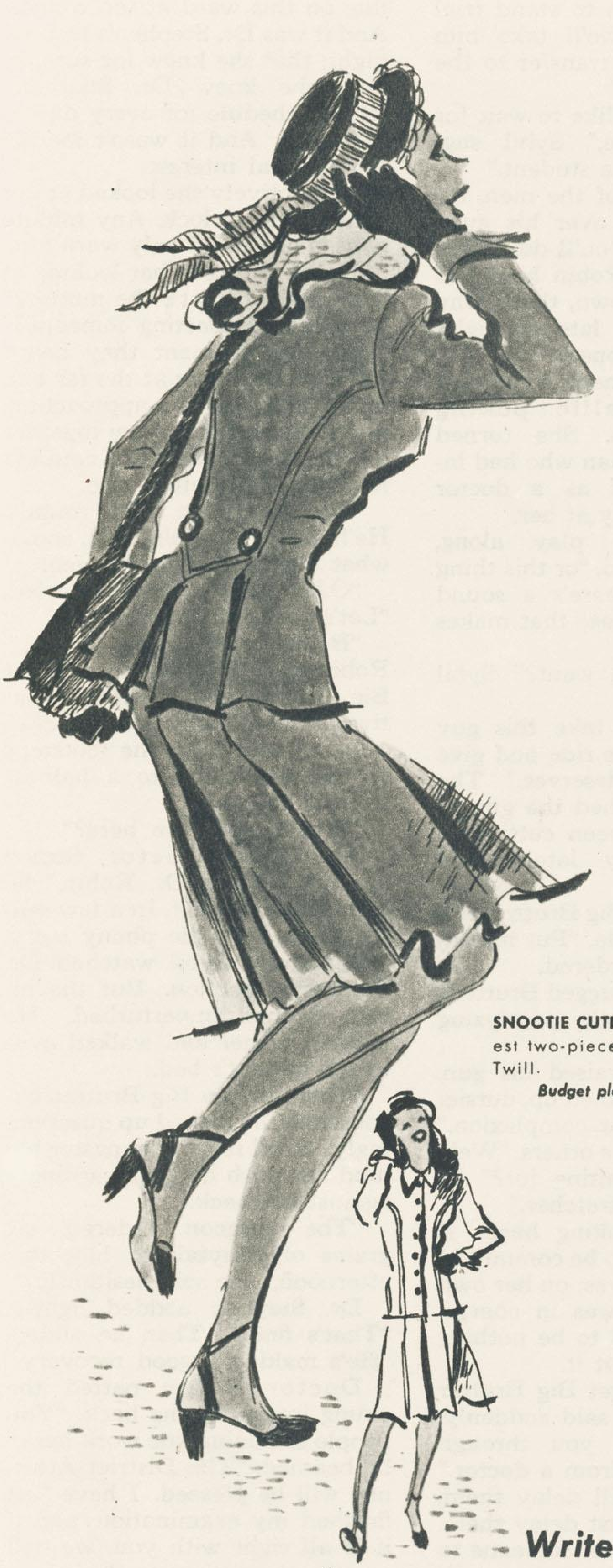
Artie Shaw plays it and Roy "Little Jazz" Eldridge blows his horn through the roof on "Little Jazz", a new Victor. . . . "There, I've Said It Again" is the new Teddy Walters vocal sensation on Decca with Jimmy Dorsey's band. . . . Lionel Hampton is hot as a two dollar pistol (quote Spike Jones) on "Loose Wig"!

Merry Carr's Fascinating Facts . . .

To test fabrics for warmth, hold the fabric to the light. If the rays come through, so will the wind. For wear, scratch the fabric with your fingernail. If the threads push together leaving a scarred surface it is not a good weave, indicating a sleazy fabric which will pull apart at the seams.

You can tell pure linen from cotton by wetting it. When linen is wet it absorbs moisture thirstily, but cotton repels water.

Believe it or not . . . man has made terrific inroads in the imitation of expensive animal skins . . . or leathers. Imitations are cleverly made, but somewhat easy to spot. In suede, watch out for a cloth-y feel. In smooth leathers, beware the imitation with a paper-y feel. In rough leathers, spot a regularity of grain . . . the real thing is irregular with a faint sign of cell and vein structure . . .



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INCIDENT IN WARD SEVEN

From page 59

She sat down at her desk and began to sort out the charts on which she had to write reports.

Suddenly she heard hushed steps coming down the hall toward her ward. She looked up. Three men in street clothes, strangers, stood before her.

"I am Dr. Robin," a heavy-set man, apparently the leader, said. "These gentlemen are my assistants."

Sybil got to her feet, as the code of nursing etiquette requires. "What can I do for you, doctor?" she asked the strangers with a feeling of distrust.

"We want to take a look at a prisoner in your ward. The name is Big Brutter, I think."

That's the prisoner in the semi-private room, Sybil thought. What could they want of him at this hour?

The man continued, "The District Attorney called me in as a consultant on the case to see if he is well enough to stand trial now. If he is, we'll take him right with us for transfer to the prison infirmary."

"Maybe you'd like to wait for the senior nurse," Sybil suggested. "I'm only a student."

"No, no," one of the men, his hat pulled deep over his eyes, came forward. "You'll do. We're in a hurry. Dr. Robin here was delayed out of town, that's why we're coming so late at night. Where is the prisoner?"

The next moment Sybil felt something metallic poking against her ribs. She turned around and the man who had introduced himself as a doctor looked menacingly at her.

"You'd better play along, nursie," he grinned, "or this thing might go off. There's a sound muffler on it, in case that makes you feel better."

"What do you want?" Sybil managed to say.

"Just want to take this guy Brutter for a little ride and give him what he deserves." The false doctor weighed the gun in his hand. "He's been cutting in on our territory lately, you know."

He glanced at Big Brutter who was stirring a little. "Put him to sleep good," he ordered.

The gangster slugged Brutter's skull with a quick, paralyzing stroke.

The gangster raised his gun. "Don't get all steamed up, nursie; it might hurt your complexion."

He turned to the others. "Well, what are you waiting for?" he snarled. "Get a stretcher."

Sybil was thinking hard. A crime was about to be committed before her very eyes; on her own ward while she was in charge, and there seemed to be nothing she could do about it.

"You'll never get Big Brutter out of here," she said suddenly. "They won't let you through without an O.K. from a doctor."

Maybe that will delay them, she thought. I must delay them. Just long enough for someone to get here. The senior nurse won't be back for another twenty minutes . . . But then, almost with a flash, she remembered—the intern on night rounds! He was due on this ward at ten o'clock. And it was Dr. Stephen's turn tonight; that she knew for sure. In fact, she knew Dr. Stephen's whole schedule for every day in the week. And it wasn't merely professional interest.

Instinctively she looked at her watch. Ten o'clock. Any minute now. If she could only warn him.

Robin had seen her looking at the watch. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Expecting someone?"

At that moment they heard the elevator doors at the far end of the hall, and the approaching of footsteps. Sybil drew together a little. Dr. Stephen! She couldn't let HIM walk into a trap.

"The intern on night rounds. He'll show you!" she said, somewhat testily, to hide her fear.

"O.K., boys," Robin snarled. "Let's play doctor again."

"Better play along, nursie," Robin said. "Tell that intern that Big Brutter had a strong sedative, and that's why he's out cold."

A moment later the footsteps in the hall came to a halt in front of the room.

"What's going on here?"

The false doctor turned around. "I am Dr. Robin," he introduced himself. In a few sentences he told the phony story.

Anxiously Sybil watched Dr. Stephen's reaction. But the intern seemed unperturbed. He nodded to her and walked over to the patient's bed.

When he saw Big Brutter unconscious, he looked up questioningly. Sybil felt the gangster behind her push his gun warningly against her back.

"The surgeon ordered six grains of Amytal for him this afternoon," she said hesitantly.

Dr. Stephen nodded lightly, "That's fine." Then he added, "He's making a good recovery."

Doctor Robin patted the young intern on the back. "You people are doing fine work here," he beamed. "The District Attorney will be pleased. I have just finished my examination, and if it is all right with you, we will remove the patient to the prison infirmary now. We'll need a discharge note, though. Just a little formality, I suppose." He tried to look very indifferent.

"Certainly, sir. Glad to oblige."

Sybil followed his movements with a feeling of helplessness. Something had to be done, she thought. It simply had to.

Suddenly an idea came to her. In the most offhand manner she could muster under the circumstances she turned to the gangster. "Dr. Robin," she addressed him. "Please be careful on the way, or the patient's spleen may rupture through the chest wall."

Robin nodded. "Sure, nurse. I'll take care of that. We won't let that spleen break through."

The warning had sounded innocent enough. But who had ever heard of a spleen rupturing through a chest wound? It was absurd. Yet Dr. Stephen didn't seem to notice the contradiction. He signed the discharge note. Then he turned to Sybil.

"I have to look at a critical patient on another ward. I'll be back in half an hour to finish my rounds." He shook hands with Robin. "Thank you for coming, doctor," he said politely, as he walked out.

She felt anger surging through her, anger over Dr. Stephen. Had he noticed and cowardly walked out, leaving her in the lurch? Probably not, she thought. It was just that he couldn't understand a clear hint.

Then, suddenly, it happened. Before anyone had time to make a move, the detectives were all over the place, putting handcuffs on the surprised gangsters. Sybil recognized Sergeant Patrick of the hospital squad.

"At first I thought the doc was kidding when he 'phoned from the floor below. But then I remembered that he's sort of a serious-minded young fellow and we rushed right up."

Dr. Stephen poked his head around the door. "Can we make rounds now?" he asked with mock indifference.

So he did understand, Sybil thought. And he wasn't a coward.

The intern looked fondly at her. "You deserve an 'A' in anatomy," he said. "But really, you must have thought I was an awful . . ." Before he could finish, she gently closed her fingers over his mouth.

SQUAREUP

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BODY AND SOUL

From page 8

said "leisurely," because that's important, too. A cup of something gulped down at breakneck speed, or a piece of toast stuffed into your mouth on your way down stairs doesn't really help. Take your time over breakfast. Ten minutes isn't too much.

It will pay off in your feeling good the rest of the morning, and you'll work more efficiently. Chances are you'll feel pleasant and look it, too. People will crowd around you and want to be friends with you, because you are so pleasant. And making new friends, I think, is the most important thing in life.

See what a little breakfast can do?

But now back to what I wanted to talk about in the first place.

I want to talk about IT, meaning the monthly period. Our grandmothers called it the "monthly curse," which was a rather silly way of putting it. And there were other silly things they said in those times.

If you would have lived fifty or a hundred years ago, your family would not have permitted you to wash yourself from the waist down during the period, or—heaven forbid—take a bath. They wouldn't have tolerated you in the kitchen because they said you turned wine to vinegar and spoiled the food during "those days." The garden would have been closed to you, because you were supposed to make the delicate blossoms wilt. You would have been considered poisonous and unclean and dangerous, and maybe they would have kept you in bed.

All this has changed, of course. Girls today know that the monthly period is a sign of healthy, functioning organs; and with the aid of modern hygiene a girl need never be uncomfortable.

Some girls, to be sure, are really miserable for a day or two before or during their period. That's "one of those things," but it isn't dangerous in any way.

The first time the period comes is always a great day; a little mysterious and frightening maybe, but it also gives a proud feeling. Yet there are some girls who are frightened badly by it. Chances are that nobody warned them. Such poor girls then go around thinking they have been hurt or that they are dangerously ill. But the whole thing is really so very simple and natural. Also, most mothers today prepare their daughters in a sensible way.

The statistics say that the average girl in the United States begins to have periods some time between her 13th and 14th birthdays. But statistics deal only with averages, and she may start any time between the ages of 11 and 16.

Your period may last two days or seven; there are no fixed rules about that. So don't get scared if it lasts a little longer or shorter with you than with your girl friend.

Besides, every girl has a rhythm of her own. Some come every 23 days and some every 40, or anywhere between that. But most girls have it every 28 days. Only during the first years there is some tendency to be irregular. No cause for worry in that, either. If you skip a month or come twice—you can still consider yourself perfectly normal.

Only in case things are very irregular with you all the time, a visit to the doctor may be indicated. I'm sure he won't even hurt you. They say doctors are generally nice people. But then, maybe I am a little prejudiced.

CINDERELLA

From page 11

comer's embarrassment.

Kathy had been talking across the aisle to Sandy, when the door opened and the room hushed with sudden interest.

Mm-h'm, here was something special for Laird Lake High. But the new boy's eyes, going over the roomful of future classmates, flicked on past Kathy Towne to

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linger on vivid Cynthia Lanning, and pretty Eleanor Plante.

That was the way it always was—Hugh Melbourne's eyes flicking past Kathy, over her, around her, not seeing her there at all. Whereas she was always seeing him, Hugh, everywhere, every detail, the first boy who'd ever made her feel—like this.

There was always Sandy. At this moment, his slightly impatient voice came sliding through Kathy's open window.

"Hey, get a move on, Kathy! Whatcha doin'?"

Sandy Murray, the boy next door. She could remember him at ten and six and even four, a square sturdy boy with big ideas and a limitless enthusiasm for working at them. He hadn't changed much in all this time. Taller, of course, and bonier, maybe, with a deeper voice. But still a little guy, not man-size, like Hugh Melbourne. Now, he was swinging his racket in the air, improving his stroke.

Kathy sighed, tied a ribbon hastily around her straight light-brown locks, and hollered back, "Coming! Hold your horses!"

"Hi, Sandy," said Kathy, "You're getting good."

"Skip the applesauce," said Sandy. "What's come over you, Kath? Dawdling, not on time any more. If I didn't know you, I'd say you were in lo-ove, drooping around like Cyn Lanning."

"Silly," said Kathy, "who would I be in love with?"

"Me?" suggested Sandy.

"Haw," said Kathy.

"Haw, haw," said Sandy.

And they went off to the courts to play a fast, deadly argumentative game. Sandy won, but the game didn't seem important. None of it, any more.

"Well, will you" he asked, after they had left the courts.

Kathy realized guiltily that he'd been talking to her for some time.

"I know I don't dance so good," said Sandy, going on apologetically. "But we could sort of get in some practice ahead. Of course, I'm not much taller than you and if you maybe don't want to—but I thought it might be sort of fun to take in the Field Day Dance this year—"

The Field Day Dance! Sandy asking her to go! A quiver of wonder went through Kathy. She hadn't dared think of it. She hadn't dared hope anyone would ask her to go, what with the glasses and braces and straight hair. But, of course, Sandy was used to them. He wouldn't mind. Sandy was like a brother.

"Why, Sandy," said Kathy, "Sure, I'd love to go."

"Swell!" said Sandy fervently. "Swell, Kathy. Then—" he got up eagerly—"let's go back to your house and put on some records and start practicing, huh? I don't want you to be sorry you went with me."

In school, the girls were suffering tortures of suspense because Hugh hadn't approached them about the dance. Cyn and Eleanor were nervous as witches, jumping whenever Hugh so much as said, "Hi" to them.

A week before the dance, Kathy had to call off a practice session with Sandy. Her mother had made appointments for routine examinations at the dentist and oculist.

"Well," Dr. Edwards said, when he was through cleaning her teeth, "I guess you can do without braces now, if you want to." Casually, like that.

Kathy stared at him wildly, as if he were a fairy godfather. Jeepers, he meant it! He did!

Another surprise at the oculist's—permission to leave her glasses off part of the time, too.

Kathy felt wonderful. Like a caterpillar turned into a butterfly. Like—like Cinderella. It was a day to celebrate.

Through the trees, as she approached her own house, Kathy caught a blue sparkle. The lake!

Into last summer's red bathing suit, her skin petal-pale against contrasting scarlet. Clogs on her feet. Hair swept up under the hairline cap. No glasses. No braces. Praise be!

Kathy smiled at herself in the mirror. It was a lovely smile now, flawless. Her great dark eyes glowed under tangled lashes. NOW when Hugh Melbourne

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saw her at the Field Day Dance. . . !

Swinging her white terry cloth cape over her shoulders, Kathy was off down the winding path to the Laird Lake. She could hardly wait to get there.

But she wasn't to be alone, after all. Standing tall and straight on the canoe dock, hair wind-roughened, was Hugh.

Kathy stopped short as if she'd run into a wall. Coming upon him like this, unexpectedly, took her breath. Her first instinct was her usual one, to run, to disappear so she wouldn't have to talk to him, so he wouldn't notice those braces.

But today was different. She took a deep unsteady breath, came on down the path.

She had stepped onto the dock before Hugh Melbourne turned carelessly. He was wearing slacks and a polo shirt.

"Hi," said Kathy, not quite easily yet, but she'd learn.

Hugh Melbourne's eyes didn't flick past her this time. "Hello-oo," he said in a very special way.

Kathy's cheeks felt warm. She sat down, took off her clogs, swung her trim legs over the edge of the dock.

Then he slid down beside her. "You're new to me," he said.

Kathy lifted her great eyes, dropped them again behind lashes.

"Am I?" she said.

So he hadn't recognized her, after all. Kathy wasn't quite sure how she felt about that, but at least it showed that a terrific transformation there'd been in her appearance.

When she told him her name he looked incredulous. "Not—Kathy Towne—the little girl—"

She nodded, smiling teasingly.

He looked incredulous. "But—but what's happened to you? You don't look—"

Casually, Kathy told him.

"Say," he said, "that's wonderful! Won't the gang be bowled over! You'll be a sensation." He snapped his fingers, leaned forward. "Look, Kathy, how'd you like to go to the Field Day Dance with me?"

Kathy said breathlessly, "Oh, I'd love to. Only—only I'm not sure I can."

"How come?"

"Someone else has asked me," said Kathy hastily, "but—"

"Oh," he said, "you can get out of it. Nothing to that. I slide in and out of dates all the time."

Of course, she reassured herself for the eleventh time, Sandy would understand. He always did. Why, they were like brother and sister. He'd see that he couldn't expect her to turn down Hugh Melbourne. He knew as well as anyone how all the girls were crazy for that honor.

Hours later Sandy's footsteps on the walk scattered her reveries. Here he came, sturdy familiar flame-headed Sandy, taking the porch steps by threes.

"Buenos noches, señorita," he said heartily.

"Sandy," said Kathy softly. *"Look* at me!"

"Look at you? What for?"

Sandy snapped his fingers, clucked. "Your glasses! Kathy, you're not wearing 'em—"

"No," said Kathy, "nor my—"

"Kathy, you didn't lose your glasses, did you, or break them?"

"I don't," Kathy said wearily, "have to wear my glasses much any more. Nor my braces."

"Well, that's—that's great."

Kathy nodded wordlessly, her thoughts in a snarl. She ventured, "And Saturday I'm going to have a permanent—"

"No!" Sandy straightened, horrified. "You mean you're going to wear your hair like—like other girls, all fuzzed up? I like it the way it is—it's you."

Now was the time to tell him. Kathy stood up shakily.

"Sandy, there's something I've been wanting to—to tell you—"

Sandy, standing there so trustingly, so familiar, so much fun, picking out a record. . . .

"I—I just wanted to tell you," burbled Kathy, "that I've decided not to—" she gulped, hard—"to have a permanent if—if you don't like it!"

"The way you were working up to it, I thought it was something important."

Kathy said, suddenly tremulously happy, "Uh, huh. That was all. Come on—put on that new record, Sandy!"

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